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[LADY EDGEcombe ATTEMPTS TO POISON NEVILLE ONSLOW.]

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XIX. DANGEROUS RUINS.

Lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. *The Princess.*

EVEN the fire itself was hardly more startling than the results it had suddenly brought about.

Sir Noel Edgecombe's dismay on making the discovery that Neville Onslow was concealed in the old chapel which his ancestor had converted into a dining-hall was pitiable. It crushed and paralysed him.

The danger to the Manor House had moved him less, and it was only on hearing the cries which burst from the lips of Blanche Selwyn as the sight of Onslow's apparently dead body wrung her heart's secret from her, that he appeared able to recover himself.

Then he clutched Gabriel sharply by the arm.

"He is dead?" he asked.

"I hope so."

"You do? You? But why—tell me why?"

"Look there!"

He pointed to Blanche, still upon her knees by Onslow's side, still bending over him, tearful and distracted.

The father looked and shook his head. His pre-occupied mind failed to detect what it was that stung his son to the heart.

"I have saved his life for that!" said Gabriel, bitterly, repeating the grievance to which he had already given expression.

"That?" enquired the baronet, wonderingly. Then a light broke in on his brain. "Oh, true, I see, I see," he ejaculated. "You are a little jealous—

naturally so, I dare say—and that is why you wish you had been a little less rash, a little less ready to risk your life for another. I thought perhaps you had another reason—no matter. You think life is extinct?"

"I hope so, but I fear not."

"No?"

Expressing in that one syllable an intensity of disappointment and regret, Sir Noel himself knelt by the side of the man lying insensible on the grass, and examined his face with an eager and vigilant scrutiny. Then placing one hand over the region of the heart, he paused for a moment, evidently revolving in his mind a question of the utmost moment.

"This is a case for Doriani!" he suddenly exclaimed, speaking in a loud voice. "He must be sent for!"

Already Cheney Tofts was by his friend's side, and these words were not lost upon him.

"Right. I will myself go in search of him!" he exclaimed, with a promptness with which a recollection of the doctor's wife's bewitching eyes may have had something to do.

"Stay!" cried Sir Noel, looking up sharply, and rising.

Then drawing him aside a pace or two, he whispered in his ear.

"You are this man's friend?" he said.

"Yes."

"You express no surprise at seeing him here?"

"Surprise?"

"Certainly. Did he not leave the Manor House this evening with the expressed intention of going to a distance?"

"Well—yes—"

"He did; you heard him, and it was you who drove him through the park. Is there nothing startling to you in seeing him here?"

Tofts was startled for the moment, then instantly recovered himself.

"Oh, nothing that he does startles me!" he exclaimed, in a light, airy manner, "I know too much of him. I know how odd, eccentric, and erratic he is. Bless you, he has no purpose in anything that he does?"

"None?"

"Not a bit."

Their eyes met.

The red light of the flames glowed on the rounded eyeballs, and rendered them clearly visible. The eyes of Cheney Tofts did not flinch. Sir Noel saw it, and his face relaxed into a smile.

"Go, my good fellow," he cried; "your friend's case is serious, and it may be a satisfaction to you to know that no time was lost in obtaining medical advice. Gidley," he added, shouting to the keeper, who happened to be near, "see that they saddle my chestnut mare instantly. Mr. Tofts will ride over to Doctor Doriani's."

Gidley hesitated and put his forefinger to his cap.

"Beg pardon, Sir Noel," he said.

"Well?"

"The doctor isn't at home."

"No? How do you know this?"

"Because he had the pigeons in the carriage as he drove past the east lodge nigh upon sunset."

"The pigeons?" Cheney Tofts interposed with surprise.

The baronet explained. Doriani, he said, kept a number of carrier-pigeons, and whenever he went to attend an important and difficult case at a distance, he took several of them in his carriage, so that he might send home messages, should occasion arise, either to report progress, or to have chemicals or other necessities conveyed to him at the shortest notice. So whenever the pigeons were seen in the carriage, it was known that the doctor had an important case on, and might be expected to be absent for some time.

Tofts heard the explanation with surprise, and made a mental note of it for special use.

Sir Noel in giving it was evidently thinking of something else.

"What is to be done?" he now asked.

"Is there no other doctor in these parts?" Tofts enquired.

The baronet hesitated and bit his nether lip.

"None that I—that you, as Onslow's friend, could have confidence in," he replied, reluctantly. "And yet it won't do to run any risks. We must have

attendance. Doriani would have been our man, but in his absence we will call in the first who happens to be available. I advise that. Should your friend happily survive, you will bear in mind that I advised the calling in of a medical man so that he might have every chance of recovery. I really don't know who, but Gidley will fetch the nearest."

There was something singular in these words, and the suddenly excited manner in which they were uttered rendered them still more remarkable.

"You would like to accompany Gidley?" the baronet asked.

But Tofts did not see the necessity for that (the black eyes of Juanita having vanished out of the question), and expressed his conviction that he could be of more service where he was, in the way of endeavouring to restore his friend to consciousness. Sir Noel heard this proposition with a strangely distrustful look, but dared not object, and indeed there was no time to do so, for the conflagration still raged, and his attention was required fifty ways at once. He contented himself with advising that Onslow should be removed into the house, and left in the care of Lady Edgcombe and Blanche until the doctor came, and entreated Tofts, as a personal favour, to return to him as speedily as possible.

Tofts heard the urgent entreaty with surprise, but promised to comply with it nevertheless.

Meanwhile, spite of all exertions to subdue it, the fire still kept its firm hold of the building, lighting up the night, and spreading terror far and wide.

The destruction of the east wing of the Manor House appeared inevitable, even if the rest of the building was spared, which at one time seemed impossible.

Only one thing was favourable. There was no wind, even the breeze which had preceded the storm having dropped, and the flames and cloud of sparks rose straight into the air, thus lessening the danger of those portions of the building not yet touched, but momentarily liable to accidental ignition.

Perhaps it was owing to this, and to the right good will with which everyone set to work that, imperfect as the appliances for the purpose were, the fire at length yielded, the flames grew less vivid, rose to a less portentous height, were choked with smoke and vapour more and more effectually, and at last the gazing crowd—whose upturned faces, long shining in a rosy light, grew dark and indistinct—came to the conclusion that the danger was over.

They concluded so both from what they saw and what their superstitious minds suggested.

In the height of the conflagration dark whispers had passed among them.

"Depend on it, a judgment on old Rupert Edgcombe's wickedness," they argued; "the fire'll burn up the grand dining-hall, that he took the chapel to make, and it'll stop there."

So the people said, in low, awe-stricken tones, and marvellous to put on record—they were right!

The flames which raged so brightly licked up and utterly consumed the oaken wainscoting, the mouldy timbers and grand but clumsy furniture of the deserted hall. The sparks which floated high as the clouds scattered the ashes of it all far and wide over the land, in a white, impalpable dust. But the mischief went no further. The consecrated stone walls remained standing: even the joists of the desecrated chapel roof might be seen like monstrous ribs against the sky, and remained there when the fire had sunk down and died out, and only left a smoking mass of sodden ashes in its place.

To the last, Sir Noel Edgcombe remained watching the exertions made to save his property.

Long after all danger had passed away he lingered on the spot, asserting with truth that his presence cheered and encouraged those who worked so manfully in his behalf.

All this time it was his whim to have Cheney Tofts by his side.

Only once did he yield to a natural desire on Tofts' part to go to his friend Onslow, who had been removed into the house, as suggested, and then he exacted a promise that he would return without delay.

And during the interval he was nervous, anxious, and excited.

Lord Englestone, who stood beside him, observed this with surprise. During an acquaintance of many years, he had known the baronet as a quiet, sedate, somewhat lethargic man, who had apparently no business or motive in life except to preserve his faultless cleanliness. And now, under the influence of this catastrophe of the fire, he appeared scarcely less excited than Gabriel had been under similar circumstances.

It was impossible for his lordship not to notice this, and he drew his own conclusions from it—conclusions to which he had hardly dared give credence—and made no comment.

Not the least remarkable circumstance was, that on Cheney Tofts' return, the excitement subsided.

"Is your friend sensible yet?" Sir Noel asked, with manifest anxiety.

"No," was the answer.

"The doctor has not arrived?"

"Not yet."

"Let us hope that we may be able to dispense with his services. Where is Gabriel? Have you seen him?"

Tofts answered that he had not, and then it transpired that no one there had seen him since the moment at which he had flung the body of Neville Onslow on the grass, and had made the discovery that it was a rival whose life he had risked his own in saving.

The baronet's face darkened at the news, apparently with alarm; but he forbore to question, dreading, as it seemed, to draw special anxiety to the cause of his own uneasiness.

Moreover, his whole attention was now concentrated on the one object of getting the grounds cleared of the crowd who had assembled, as speedily as possible. The fire being down, there was a general anxiety to peep among the blackened ruins, and this was particularly distasteful to Sir Noel.

"I will have no one's life endangered," he said; "those walls may topple down, the charred timbers of the roof may fall in a moment. Cover it all up—raise a barrier—keep everybody out. As a magistrate, I will convict every one who dares go inside, for being on my premises for an unlawful purpose. Public safety demands it; and let it be known that I am prepared to take that extreme measure. For the public good."

He was emphasizing these latter words, when Podwink, the butler, came up with a respectful inclination of the head.

"The keepers wish to know, Sir Noel, if they shall keep watch on the ruins?"

"No. It is unnecessary."

"They're afraid the fire may break out again, as it's got into the walls."

"No fear of that," replied the baronet, emphatically.

"Abner and one or two more have gone in, and they say—"

"Gone in?" cried Sir Noel, in dismay; "gone in among the burning embers?"

"Yes, sir."

"How dare they do it? Have them out. This moment—this instant! Gone in! Why, they—they'll perish!"

Without waiting for another word of explanation, Sir Noel hurried off, Tofts following in his wake, while the fat Podwink stood with uplifted hands rooted to the spot. Reckless as to danger, the baronet hurried on, close under the threatening walls, in among the hot cinders, ankle-deep in black, watery slush, which dyed his light trousers till he had the appearance of wearing black gaiters—and so reached the gap where the great window had been, as if intent on pushing his way in.

"Stand back!" he shouted, in a sharp voice. "Stand back, all of you."

The crowd obeyed.

"Let every one quit the building instantly. I will have no lives lost."

At the familiar sound of his voice, those within obeyed, and came stumbling out, begrimed and heated, and not altogether sorry to obey.

Last of all, a heavy, shambling, ill-featured man stole forth, anxious to shun observation, but on appearing, he presented himself full in the face of the baronet and Tofts.

The former recognized him, not without alarm, as the man Neville Onslow had sent with a blow down the hall stairs.

As for Tofts, he could not restrain the word which rose to his lips.

"Father!" he ejaculated.

Sir Noel heard it, but had scarcely time to turn his astonished face toward the speaker, before the intruder made a sudden rush past them, and disappeared.

"Who is this?" asked the baronet. "You called him your—"

Cheney Tofts interrupted him with a loud laugh.

"My dear Sir Noel!" he cried, "what an idea! My father! Come, I like that. Is it possible that you have never met this fellow about in these parts? An idle, drunken Bohemian, known as 'Father' all the country over."

Whether the explanation was satisfactory or not, Tofts had no means of telling; but the subject was not pursued, the very soul of the owner of the Manor House appearing to be absorbed in his anxiety to have a barrier raised about the dangerous ruins where the fire had raged.

CHAPTER XX.

GABRIEL'S DESPAIR.

And yet a whisper went That he did wrong; and if that whisper had Echo in him or not, it mattered little; Or right or wrong he were alike unhappy. Ah me! ah me! that there should be so much To call up love, so little to delight!

Bailey's "Fata."

SUDDENLY and abruptly, Gabriel Edgcombe, as was stated, quitted the scene in which he had just played such a conspicuous part.

In doing so he obeyed an instinct.

From the moment of Neville Onslow's introduction to Blanche Selwyn, a feeling of aversion, deepening into animosity, and threatening to intensify into deadly hatred, had taken possession of Gabriel's heart. It overshadowed his waking moments like a cloud upon his path, from which he could not escape into the sunshine of his old existence; but it was in sleep—when the mind, free from control, is able to give full scope to the dark passions which possess it—that it took forms so dark and threatening, that he shrank in horror from the recollection of them.

And now, at the moment when he discovered that it was Onslow whom he had saved at the risk of his life, the feeling which came over him was such as he had known in dreams, but never before in any experience of his waking life.

As in those harrowing visions, so now, he saw his rival through a haze of blood so real that he could feel the ensanguined taste of it upon his lips.

As in those creations of the mind, so now, the air grew full of voices, harsh, discordant, tearing and rending at the ear, and shrill above them all he heard one cry, one voice that shouted: "Kill him! Kill him!"

And yet again, as in his sleep, so in this waking moment, a fear and distrust of himself, a doubt whether he could resist the impulse to fall upon his foe, and rend and tear the life out of him, took possession of his being and filled him with terror.

The sight of his unconscious rival was alone sufficient to give birth to these monstrous fancies. But when, in that moment of distraction, Blanche Selwyn forgot discretion, duty, everything, but the strong passion of her heart for Neville Onslow, the promptings of jealousy had no longer found a limit.

"If I stay, he dies."

He was sufficiently himself to feel this, to know instinctively that he was dangerous, and that in flight alone lay Onslow's safety and his own.

And this instinct he obeyed.

With the face of a demon, terrible in the lurid glare of the flames, he stole from the spot, threaded his way through the crowd, burst with a cry of anguish into the misty solitude of the park, and seeking—still, rather by instinct than as the result of any will or purpose of his own—a deep, dark covert, where giant trees stood knee-deep in tremulous forms, threw himself headlong among the dark shadows at their feet.

The fire still raged. He could see the red glow of it reflected in the glare of the oak leaves, above him, every leaf a mirror to the light—but what cared he?

What if the old house was razed to the ground? If not a brick remained to tell where it had stood? If it passed with all its traditions and its treasures into oblivion?

What to him?

He was the heir, but what of that? Beggary could not impoverish him. The loss of all that made life easy and pleasant to its possessor could not fill him with dismay. Fortune had done her worst. She had robbed him of the only treasure he had ever prized. She had made him an object of alarm, of detestation almost, when he had every right to suppose he had inspired a passion equal to that which burned in his own breast.

What mattered, then, what happened next?

The flames rose, the burning timbers crackled, the sparks rose lighter than clouds, the murmur of the wind came to him as he lay there, nay, he could almost fancy he heard voices shouting his own name, but he heeded not. If the raising of a hand could have saved the Manor House he would not have released his hold of the tough ferns at which he clutched with mad desperation, as if instinct again taught him that he was only safe while thus anchored, so to speak, in that deserted hiding-place.

"Oh, that I could die, that I could perish lying here, like a poisoned rat in a hole," he cried out, in a voice so unlike his own that it would have been impossible to recognize it. "Am I not cursed enough already, but I must bring this calamity upon me. Who is this man that he should overwhelm me with misery? Oh, fool, fool, that I was, not to obey the first instinct of my heart, that bade me shun him, as I would the plague! I hated him before a word had passed our lips. In the first moment of our meeting a loathing sprang up in my mind toward him—the prompting of

my good genius for my safety. 'Shun him,' it said, as plainly as a voice speaks in the ear. 'Fly him! He is dangerous. He means you evil and cannot bring you good!' And I—idiot as I was—laughed the presentiment to scorn. Rushed on my doom. Sought him out. Courtied him. Made much of him. Subdued antipathy, scoffed at danger, and so made him my friend. My friend! May heaven defend him from me! A scornful smile, a taunting word, the liberty of a bold look at her, and I shall lose all power of self-control. Let him avoid me—I am dangerous now."

Clutching more fiercely at the straining ferns, he bent his face down and buried it deep in the cool green fronds.

They could not cool his burning brow or throbbing eyes, but there was a pleasant freshness in them, and he lay there with fever in his brain, and hard, bitter thoughts in his heart, more like one dead than alive.

Was that a sharp cry ringing in his ears? Was that his name breathed in familiar tones? He thought so; and half incredulous, looked up. Flora was there. His sister Flora, with a light wrapper thrown about her, and falling back from her face, so as to leave it fully exposed, and looking deadly white in the half gloom.

"Gabriel," she said, tenderly, and dropping on her knees by his side, "it cuts me to the heart to see you here."

"Here or there—what matters it?" he answered, with impatience. "On the earth or beneath it—what is it to me—to anyone?"

She laid her hands on one of his. "I have tried to be a good sister to you, Gabriel," she said.

He did not answer. "Loving you so much, pitying you so deeply, I have done my best to make you feel what a sister can be to the brother whom she dearest upon."

"And I—have I been ungrateful?" Gabriel asked. "No, no, Gabriel! You have been all a brother could be—good, generous, kind, indulgent—more, far more than a lover could be; only cruel when you ask me what your life or death can be to anyone? To me, you are, you must be, everything. And because of this I come to try and soothe you, to ask you to share my sympathy, and to give me confidence for confidence. I know your sorrow, Gabriel—"

He raised his head and looked at her fiercely. "Sorrow!" he ejaculated. "No, no! Wrong! Hate! Loathing of myself! Pitiless thirst of vengeance! Hideous thoughts and fiendish promptings! Not sorrow—not mere sorrow."

"As you will," she answered, meekly. "I know something of your nature, brother, and can understand the fierce intensity with which you suffer. But while you can reason as well as feel—think. You believe that your friend has betrayed you?"

"Friend! Pahaw!"

"You think that Blanche is false?"

"Can I doubt it?"

"One moment. You think that it is because of his treachery and her deceit that this misery has come upon you?"

"I should be a fool to question it."

"And it may be only womanly folly that makes me urge, with a sister's privilege, even in this crisis of your suffering, whether these are the true causes of it?"

He had listened to her with an impatience which found vent in snapping teeth and a quick rending and shredding of the ferns about him. Now he looked sharply at her.

"And if not these?" he asked.

"Gabriel," said the gentle sister, pressing his arm, "it is in your nature to be impulsive. You are hot and impetuous. You exaggerate every feeling and emotion of your nature. Hope raises you to impossible heights, to which the most sanguine cannot attain; despair depresses you to the very dregs of melancholy. So it is with your affections. Your friendships are enthusiasms—intense, absorbing, self-consuming, from the white heat to which they suddenly attain. What, then, is likely to happen where your heart is concerned? Is it impossible that you should exaggerate your own emotions, and mistake simple admiration for absorbing love? Is this impossible?"

"Yes," he answered, promptly, almost fiercely. "Impossible!"

"And yet—"

"Flora," he interrupted, springing to his knees, "what mockery is this? Do you come here to insult me by questioning the sincerity of my love for Blanche?"

He was so excited, and raised his voice to such a threatening pitch, that Flora shrank from him in alarm.

"Not to insult you, Gabriel," she said. "Do not think of me so poorly; but to entreat of you to ask of your own heart whether this is not so?"

Before the words had well left her lips, he was upon his feet, his face terrible in the faint glow of the far off sinking flames.

"Flora!" he cried out. "You know me, Flora?"

"I do," she replied, "but I do not fear you, Gabriel. I have not come here to anger you. God knows I had no such purpose; but I must say what it is in my heart to speak. You are smarting from a sense of wrong and outrage. All your jealous fears and maddening doubts are aroused, driving you to desperation. And you believe that it is your love which suffers; but, brother, once more I ask you—is it so? You believe that you love Blanche?"

"Believe!"

"You have both grown up in a conviction of a mutual passion?"

"Well?"

"It tortures you to find that, as you think, Blanche has mistaken her own heart. But have you not done the same?"

"Flora!"

"Is it impossible that it is your own self-love, your own outraged pride, which the ardour and impetuosity of your nature has exaggerated into a lover's jealousy? Ask yourself, Gabriel, what has been the nature of your love? How have you shown it? What fruits has it borne in you? Have you loved Blanche well enough to refuse to make her your victim?"

Gabriel stared aghast.

"This from your lips, Flora!" he cried.

"From mine—from your sister's—from the only lips that dared have uttered them! They are sharp, bitter, acrid words, Gabriel; but think whether they do not hold the wholesome cure for this great sorrow? Had you loved her you would have refused to sacrifice her, even at the cost of your life."

Gabriel heard; but the words only turned to bitterness in his heart.

"Leave me, Flora," he screamed rather than said.

"I hate you for these words. I hate you, and I am dangerous to those I hate. What! Is my wrong so slight—is my suffering so little, that you must come here to taunt and scoff at me, to charge me with selfish grief, and tell me I have never loved? Love! What do you know of love? Like a school-girl, you think it mild and soft, forgiving and self-denying. Pahaw! Love is a tiger, not a lamb. It is selfish, cruel, exacting, desperate. Its object is its victim, as Blanche is mine, and shall be mine, in spite even of herself. There! Go, leave me, in heaven's name, leave me!"

Uttering the words with a startling fierceness, he threw himself once more headlong upon the crushed ferns.

Flora hesitated for a moment, looked at him with a face full of the deepest commiseration, and then, step by step, glided from the spot.

Some faint hope stirred in her heart that he would recall her; again and again she paused and listened, but no sound from his lips reached her ear.

So she moved farther and further from the spot, but still loitered in the dark shadows of the trees.

And as she shrank there, in the loneliness of the night, her eyes attracted by the fading glow of the conflagration, and her ears painfully on the alert to catch the faintest sound of a brother's voice, the feelings of her heart found utterance in faint, almost inaudible words. As a child murmurs to itself in its play, so she unconsciously gave expression to her thoughts.

"Cruel!" she said. "I have been cruel; but I dared not spare him. He is hating me for my words, despising me, detesting me; but I had no course but to utter them. They were gall and wormwood to his heart; what then? They may arouse his manliness and help to throw off the influence that overwhelms him. He does love Blanche. His love is pure and strong; but if he is true to himself he will master it, trample it down, and secure her happiness at the cost of his own. And my words may move him to spare Onslow and to do her justice. Heaven knows they should, for all they have caused me to suffer. Not present pain alone, but future happiness. Yes, Gabriel, to save you from a great wrong I have sacrificed all my life. You do not know—you shall never know—how dear your friend is to my heart; but I am content to tear his image from it, to seem indifferent to him, to do anything if only I may rouse up your better nature, and see you act upon its nobler promptings."

Bad words these, that spoke of sorrow and of sacrifice, to fall from the lips of one so young and fair. Bitter, too, were the tears which dropped unseen in concert with them.

And while she spoke, and long, long after, the fond sister listened anxiously for the sound of her brother's voice.

Listened in vain; for all that night he lay among the ferns, like a dead man, motionless and still.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEVILLE ONSLOW'S DANGER.

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy tremor; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest.
Shakespeare.

As Sir Noel had learned with complacency, Neville Onslow had been left in the care of his lady, who, from that experience which living in an isolated country-house is sure to bring, felt confident of restoring him to consciousness, even should Gidley fail to return with a doctor.

Her ladyship was perfect mistress of a chest of chemicals which was kept in her room, and was replenished from time to time under Dorant's supervision. More than this, her general knowledge of the proper treatment of ailments was sound and stood her in good stead.

The young stranger, so nearly suffocated in the burning wing of the Manor House, had been removed to his own room, and laid upon the couch there, before the open window, so that he might have the full benefit of the cool night breeze.

To this room her ladyship went, accompanied by the girl Ruth, who by virtue of her good temper and smiling face, enjoyed privileges in the house far above her position, being, in fact, a general favourite.

"Poor young gentleman!" cried the sympathetic Ruth, clasping her hands and shuddering a little at the sight of the white, inanimate face, "how beautiful he looks, my lady."

Her ladyship responded by an inclination of the head, and approaching the couch, gazed steadily down upon the upturned features.

Neville Onslow's face was of a rare type of manly beauty. It combined the delicacy and purity of outline which denotes good blood, with a firmness and manliness not often met with in such organizations. The brow was square rather than high. The eyes, now closed, were sufficiently sunk, for the overhanging brow to throw a shadow on them, intensifying their hazel depths. The nose was straight, but inclined to the aquiline. Short and upcurled was the upper lip, investing the mouth with a charm not otherwise to be attained, and the chin followed the like direction, sweeping round, and up in continuation of the smooth cheeks, and ending in a cleft like a cherry. What added to the masculine aspect of the stranger's face was the darkness of the skin, resulting entirely from exposure, probably to the sun of a warmer clime.

Lady Edgcombe held her breath, and her lips quivered as she regarded this face.

In the first moment that it was presented to her, the reader will remember, it had created a feeling of surprise, or rather uneasiness, almost amounting to alarm.

From that time to this she had never been able to regard it with indifference.

Now, however, she had for the first time an opportunity of bending upon it a steady gaze, and examining it with close scrutiny. In the casual intercourse of daily life that would have been impossible; now every difficulty was removed.

"Beautiful!" repeated the girl Ruth under her breath, as she too looked on.

"You think so, Ruth?" said her ladyship.

"Oh, yes my lady; not but what Master Gabriel's every bit as good looking. Every bit."

Lady Edgcombe turned sharply upon her.

"Why do you mention my son and this—this stranger in the same breath?" she asked.

"I don't know, my lady, indeed I don't," faltered Ruth, "unless it is that they're so much alike."

"Alike?"

"Oh, yes—the very spit of one another. Only Master Gabriel's best looking, my lady."

She raised her eyes to note the effect of this delicate touch of flattery on the mother's heart.

The lady's face was pale and haggard. Her white lips were pressed close together, so that the blood was forced out of them, while her eyes were fixed on the inanimate face before her, as if under the effects of fascination.

"She sees it," muttered the white lips. "This girl!"

Ruth did not hear these words. She had turned away and was looking hard at the still face.

"He would make a beautiful corpse, my lady," she said.

Lady Edgcombe started.

Perhaps the words touched some jarring chord in her own mind.

"A sweet corpse," the girl went on. "Oh, my lady, are you sure he's alive?"

"Quite sure." She hesitated. "That is—I hope so."

"Because cook dreamed of ravens last night, and that means a corpse in the house, and—"

"Fetch me my medicine-chest," interrupted the lady mistress.

Ruth obeyed, and quitted the room.

Directly she was gone, the lady hastened after her and slipped the bolt of the door.

Then she sank down in a chair near it, her heart palpitating, her limbs trembling, her whole frame strangely and unaccountably agitated.

"I am more foolish than this ignorant girl," she exclaimed. "I laugh at her faith in dreams, and yet believe in this presentiment as if I had already proof of its correctness. Yet what does it amount to? The moment this youth enters the Manor House I am struck by his resemblance to the Edgecombe family. He has their eyes, their features, the trick of their voices, the besetting melancholy which marks them all. What then? It may be accident, mere accident. Noel has proved that in one respect our fears are groundless. This youth declares his writing bears an exact resemblance to his father's. His hand has been compared with the writing of Balliol Edgecombe and it is wholly unlike. But then again, he mentioned Balliol's name to Lord Egglestone! Why should he have done that? How should he know him? And why does he act in the strange way he has done to-night? Why leave the house and return in secret, hiding in that part of all others? Has he some suspicion—some clue? Is it possible that it was not the lightning, but his hand which fired the house?"

Arguing with herself in this way, her ladyship stimulated rather than repressed her fears.

She could no longer sit; but standing up, agitated and alarmed, drew again toward the couch on which Neville Onslow lay.

"If I could be certain that our fears were justified," she ejaculated, "what a chance were this! He is so near death. Left to himself he would drift away into a better world, no one the wiser."

The thought had in it some special fascination, for she returned to it again and again.

"No one the wiser," she repeated, not once only, but twenty times.

And all this while she gazed into the upturned face with intense scrutiny, as if resolved to satisfy the doubt that puzzled her. With equal minuteness she examined the rings upon his hands, the jewel which had confined his collar at the throat, and a gold watch, heavy and antique in pattern, that lay on a table beside the couch. The effect of all this was merely to increase the doubt and uncertainty of her mind, and to cause a wavering in what had at one moment been almost a settled purpose.

"It is so easy," she reflected, "and we may live to repent this hour so bitterly. And it is not for myself, but for my son. 'Tis for Gabriel's sake. Yes, and what may not a mother's duty warrant her in doing. Still—"

A soft knocking at the door disturbed the soliloquy.

It was Ruth, who had obtained the medicine-chest and the news that Gidley had succeeded in finding a doctor, who was below.

"Not Dorian?" cried her ladyship, eagerly.

"No, my lady. A stranger. Shall I show him up?"

"Yes." She hesitated, and altered the word. "No. Did him wait and see Sir Noel. I cannot take on myself the responsibility of letting a stranger approach a guest, without his sanction."

Ruth curtsied and withdrew.

Lady Edgecombe put her hand to her heart, then to her heated brow.

"This is the moment," she said; "this and no other. It is so easy now—it will be so difficult hereafter. A little neglect and a world of trouble may be saved us. It is a matter on which I can consult no one. I cannot look Noel in the face and ask him if I shall save this man's life? No, no! 'Tis not that. This is not life: he is half dead—more than half dead. He may die in any case! Most likely he will die in any case! His pulse is so feeble, and his heart has stopped. It would be madness, then, to call this murder—to call this killing him. Killing? No: but if he is likely to die, why should we interpose to save his life?"

It was strange to hear these sophistries from a woman's lips.

Strange! It was awful; and yet Lady Edgecombe did not feel it so. The power of self-delusion which we all possess is marvellous. The faculty of persuading ourselves that what we wish to be right is right, is a common failing. So her ladyship, knowing what she did of the danger that might be in this man, and how fatally his existence might act upon all those who were dear to her, half succeeded in believing that it was her duty not to take his life, but to permit his destruction.

The mystery which underlay her past life had, of course, much to do with this. What we witness was the fruit of years of reflection, all having one tone and

bias; but it was nevertheless more than sufficiently strange and startling.

Perhaps it struck discordantly upon her better nature, for whereas her fingers had relinquished the key of the medicine-chest while she spoke, she had no sooner ceased than they returned and clutched at it eagerly.

Doubtless she was about to apply a restorative!

The lid of the chest springing open, disclosed rows of stoppered bottles, embedded in velvet, and at either end glass vessels, marked with the quantities, from which medicines might be taken.

One of the latter the lady took out with a careful hand.

Having glanced at it—holding it for the purpose between the light and the eyes, and so ascertained that it was perfectly clear—she proceeded to select a bottle suited to her purpose.

The one she sought did not constitute any of those visible on raising the lid of the chest.

To get at it she was compelled to open a secret door in the inside of the chest, which disclosed a nest of phials smaller in size and without labels.

In a moment her white hand hovered over these, like a bird uncertain whether to alight; then, with an impatient clutch, the soft fingers snatched at one containing a grey powder, and she drew it forth.

To shake out a dozen grains of the powder into the glass vessel was the work of a moment, and her ladyship had done this, and was about to replace the phial in its place, when she was startled by a sound of voices and of approaching footsteps.

Terror-stricken, she turned to listen—turned her back upon the medicine-chest and the couch on which the patient lay, and bent her head forward, listening eagerly.

"They are coming here," she murmured. "There is not an instant to spare."

With quick impetuosity, she darted to a buffet on the opposite side of the room, on which stood an arabesque water-cooler, and poured a slight quantity of the sparkling fluid into the glass vessel containing the powder. It foamed, hissed, and foamed, then the effervescence died away, and it was colourless.

Perceiving this, she recrossed the room to where Neville Onslow lay. Her eyes were intently fixed on the potion as she moved.

"This will at least seal his lips till all danger is past," she said. "What his purpose in gaining access to the old chapel may have been, Heaven knows. What he may have discovered there, we cannot tell; but it may be that which would compromise us beyond all redemption, and is not for utterance in this strange doctor's ears. Dorian alone must witness his revival."

Coming to the couch, her ladyship raised her eyes, and a cry of alarm escaped her.

To her terror, she perceived that Onslow's eyelids were raised, and that he was gazing at her with a fixed, concentrated, vacant stare! Whatever he saw, or whether seeing he recognized her, or understood her purpose, she could not tell; but in the trepidation of the moment, and obeying a natural instinct, she suffered the vessel with the draught to drop from her hand to the ground, where it lay dashed to atoms.

"You—you startled me," she faltered.

There was no reply.

"I had prepared a reviving draught for you against the doctor arrived—Ah, thank heaven, he is here."

If the patient heard, he did not speak. If his fixed, steady eyes had in them the power of motion, they did not exercise it, but remained rigid, though it was Blanche Selwyn herself who darted into the room, followed by the doctor.

"He is here! Oh, Lady Edgecombe, he is here," cried the voice that was music in Onslow's ears; but if he heard, he made no sign.

"I am glad—" her ladyship began.

Blanche interrupted her, with a face of dismay.

"Your look frightens me," she said. "He is worse? He is—dead?"

She turned, as she spoke, to the couch, and alarmed at the staring gaze of those open eyes, sank cowering before them.

Without heeding her, Lady Edgecombe addressed the doctor—a burly man, six-feet-two in his shoes, with a red face, from which his sparse yellow whiskers seemed to curl out like flame.

"I am glad to see you," she said. "I had prepared a simple draught, fearing you might be delayed."

"A simple stimulant, I suppose?"

"Yes. Camphor, ammonia, and so forth, according to a prescription of Doctor Dorian's."

At that name the stranger looked sharply into the face of the speaker, and thence to that of his patient.

"Has he swallowed it?" he asked.

"No."

"No drop of it?"

"Not one. See. I had an accident and let it slip from my hand the moment I had prepared it. But why do you ask?"

"Because I mistrust amateurs in medicine, particularly ladies."

"And you think—"

"That you have mistaken one chemical for another. Nothing more."

"But I assure you," began her ladyship.

"My dear lady," replied the other, "all the assurance in the world will not convince my nose that it smells ammonia when it is sniffing up—morphine! Poison, your ladyship, deadly poison."

It was doubtless an overwhelming sense of the mistake she had made, and of the fearful consequences which might have ensued, that caused her ladyship to stagger back a pace or two, and clutch for support at the nearest chair.

(To be continued.)

THE BOTTLE-CONJUROR.

THIS foolish experiment on the credulity of the public is said to have originated as follows:—The Duke of Montague, being in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man advertise to do the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse, who would think him in earnest. "Surely," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that!" The duke was somewhat staggered; but, for the sake of the jest, determined to make experiment.

Accordingly, it was advertised that the next day (Jan. 10, 1749), a person would, at the Haymarket Theatre, "play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then used, to surprising perfection; that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and while there, sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectator should come masked, he would, if requested, declare who he was; and that in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with which the person requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive."

The prices of admission were—gallery, 2s. pit 3s., boxes, 5s.; stage, 7s. 6d. At night the house was crowded with curious people, many of them of the highest rank, including no less eminent a person than the Colloiden Duke of Cumberland. They sat for a little while with tolerable patience, though unheeded with music; but by-and-by, the performer not appearing, signs of irritation were evinced. In answer to the continued noise of sticks and catcalls, a person belonging to the theatre came forward, and explained, that, in the event of a failure of performance, the money should be returned.

A wag then cried out that, if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle, which proved too much for the philosophy of the audience. A young gentleman threw a lighted candle upon the stage, and a general charge upon that part of the house followed.

According to a private letter—it was written by a Scotch Jacobite lady—"Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage, and called to pull down the house."

He drew his sword, and was in such a rage, that somebody slipped in behind him, and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping sticks.'

"This sword of his has never been heard of, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas reward are offered for it. Monster of Nature! I am sure I wish he may never get it. The greater part of the audience made their way out of the theatre, some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others a wig, and sword also."

"One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when, the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the seats, pulled down the boxes; in short, dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire, the curtain being hoisted in the middle of it by way of flag."

The proprietor of the theatre afterwards stated that, in apprehension of failure, he had reserved all the money taken, in order to give it back, and he would have returned it to the audience if they would have refrained from destroying his house. It therefore would appear that either money was not the object aimed at, or, if aimed at, was not attained by the conjuror. This corroborates the above statement—that the object was only to make an experiment on the public credulity.

The bottle-hoax proved an excellent subject for the wits, particularly those of the Jacobite party. In *Old England* appears this advertisement: "Found entangled in a slit in a lady's demolished dress petticoat, a gilt-handled sword of martial temper and length, much the worse of wearing, with the Spey curiously engraved on one side, and the Scheldt on the other;

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supposed to be taken from the fat sides of a certain great general in his hasty retreat from the Battle of Bottle Noddles, in the Haymarket. Whoever has lost it may inquire for it at the sign of the Bird and Singing Land, in Rotten-row.—*Romance of London.*
By John Timbs, F.S.A.

THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.

SIR HENRY DYMOKE, the seventeenth of his family who inherited the ancient office, and who died in 1865, had been champion at three coronations. His grandfather, John Dymoke, was champion at the coronation of George III., and his second son, the Rev. John Dymoke (father of the late baronet), was called upon to officiate as champion at the coronation of George IV. He was obliged, owing to his clerical character, to act by deputy, and appointed his eldest son, the late Sir Henry, who fulfilled the duties of the office accordingly. Sir Henry also officiated as champion at the coronation of William IV. and our present most gracious sovereign; but the ceremony was then shorn of its ancient chivalric state.

Sir Henry Dymoke received, in 1841, a baronetcy, which became extinct at his death; the hereditary office then devolved upon his only brother, John. The entry of the champion at the close of the banquet in Westminster Hall, at the coronation of George IV., was a splendid spectacle. Haydon, the historical painter, thus describes the ancient feudal ceremony which he witnessed:

"The hall-doors were opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewing flowers. The distant trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the king, crowned, and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody.

"After the banquet was over came the most imposing scene of all—the championship. Wellington, in his coronet, walked down the hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He shortly returned, mounted, with Lords Anglesey and Howard. They rode gracefully to the throne, and then backed out.

"The hall-doors opened again, and outside, in twilight, a man in dark-shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the champion stood in full view, with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald then read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne."

Sir Walter Scott, in his letter describing the coronation, says: "The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquis of Anglesey showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of horsemanship. Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much as to derange the ceremony of returning back out of the hall. The champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much of the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in a king's behalf. He threw down the gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowds of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. The young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

Thus have the Dymokes enjoyed, for nearly five centuries, this singular and important estate, and have continuously performed the duties its tenure enjoined. It falls not, however, within our province here to narrate the distinguished achievements of the successive Lords of Scrivelsby; to tell how they maintained in splendour and dignity the ancient office they inherited, or to chronicle their gallant services on the battle-field of the Plantagenets, in the Wars of the Roses, and at the siege of Tournay. *The greater part of Scrivelsby Court, the ancient baronial seat, was destroyed by fire towards the close of the last century; and in the portion consumed was a very large hall, in the panels of which were emblazoned the various arms and alliances of the family through all its numerous and far-traced descents.—*Romance of London.* By John Timbs, F.S.A.

THE MEETING OF THE FLEETS.—At the end of this month the Prince of Wales, who will be then staying at Mount Edgecombe, will have the opportunity of passing in review the combined fleets of England and France. Plymouth Sound will on that occasion be the scene of a display not only of surpassing grandeur but also of world-wide significance. On the waters of this historic port the alliance of the two

traditional foes will be renewed and reconsecrated. It is a meeting of peace, for the very objects of peace, and will prove an efficient guarantee of the tranquillity of the world. When Russia seized upon the Danubian Principalities and engaged in the Crimean war, her action was prompted by a deep conviction that France and England never could have a common policy, nor bear arms in a common cause. The Emperor Nicholas learnt at last the truth when it was too late for him to recede. Had such a spectacle as this been offered to him when first his plans were fore-shadowed, he would have retreated in time, and we should have been spared the bloodshed and horrors of that great war. After the great display at Plymouth, the fleets are to visit various ports of England and France. At Cherbourg they will probably be inspected by the Emperor.

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER CLIII.

REUNION.

It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. Oh, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.

Shakespeare.

THE next morning, in a private parlour of the Queen's Hotel, a pleasant party of three sat down to breakfast.

It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Lily May. They had slept well, had risen refreshed, and were in excellent spirits.

Even Lily May was elate with the idea that she had got to the end of her voyage, so that the next move would be to turn round and go back again.

At another time and under other circumstances she would have desired to see all that was worth looking at.

But now she was only anxious to go back to England. She was hungry, thirsty, faint, and sick for home and friends.

"Papa, dear," she said, as she divided her attention between the breakfast-table and the bow-window which looked down upon the busy street with its gay shops and strange folks—"papa, dear, when shall we return?"

"You spoiled, impatient little woman! We shall not be able to return till Wednesday."

"Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—four days to wait, papa! Oh dear!"

"They will give you an opportunity of seeing Wales."

"Oh, indeed, I don't want to see Wales, papa—at least not this time; I want to go back!"

"And, by the way, Arthur, would it not be best that you should ascertain when we can?" said Mrs. Powis.

"Yes, I will do so at once."

And as he had now finished breakfast, he left the table and went to make the necessary inquiries in person.

Mrs. Powis and Lily May withdrew their chairs from the table and went and sat at the bow-window to look down upon the unfamiliar street with its strange faces.

Mr. Powis went down to the manager's office and on reaching it found some one was asking questions, and so he waited his turn.

"Who was it you wanted, my man?"

"Sir William Wynne Llewellyn, sir, of Rhys Rhydie, Cardiganshire, Wales," answered the man, touching his hat.

Arthur Powis, with a start, turned to look at the stranger, who had named the very young baronet that was the next heir, failing Lily May, to the Llewellyn estates. The questioner was a respectable-looking, middle-aged person, in a footman's livery.

"Sir William Wynne Llewellyn is here," answered the manager.

"Then will you please send this note to him, sir? It does not require any answer," said the footman, laying an unmistakeable *billet doux* upon the desk, and touching his hat as he retired.

"Did I understand you to say that Sir William Wynne Llewellyn is at present in this house?" inquired Arthur Powis.

"Yes, sir; the baronet always stops here," was the reply.

Arthur Powis drew two cards from his pocket, wrote a few words in addition to his name, put the cards in a small envelope, directed it, and handed it to the official, saying:

"When you send the note just left with you, oblige me by sending these cards also."

"Certainly," he replied; and he called a waiter, and put both missives into his hand, telling him to take them to their direction.

Arthur then inquired as to the means of returning; and having obtained the desired information he went upstairs to rejoin his wife and daughter.

The apartment had been cleared of the breakfast service and set in order. And Lily May was sitting beside her mother at the open window, looking down upon the sidewalk, and clapping her hands with delight at the exhibition of Punch and Judy—a street entertainment of the most ridiculous description, with which, nevertheless, the gravest people are entertained.

Lily May stopped her lively demonstrations to turn and inquire anxiously of her father:

"Well, papa, dear?"

"Well, I have some news for you both. Gladdys, love, what do you think? The kinsman that we came over to see is at this very time lodging in this very house!"

"What, Arthur?"

"Sir William Wynne Llewellyn is stopping here."

"Is it possible? Why, how did that happen?" exclaimed Mrs. Powis, in surprise.

"By chance, I suppose. But there is really nothing very strange in it."

"But how did you find out that he was here?" inquired Mrs. Powis.

Mr. Powis told her.

"And you sent him our cards?"

"I sent him our cards, with a few lines written upon the back of mine, telling him who we are, and that we should be happy to make his acquaintance."

"I suppose he will call on us?"

"Yes; I shall stay in this morning to wait for him, as I expect him every minute."

During this conversation Lily May had turned again to watch the progress of Mr. Punch's adventures, which were now becoming exciting.

At this moment the waiter rapped, and being told to enter, came in, bringing upon a small silver tray a card, which he handed to Mr. Powis, who, without glancing at it, dropped it upon the table, saying:

"Quite right. Show the gentleman in."

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Powis, looking up.

"Our young baronet, of course. Who else could it possibly be? We have not an acquaintance in the town."

Lily May was still deeply interested in the fortunes of Mr. Punch, whose fate was now imminent.

The door opened.

Mr. and Mrs. Powis looked up, and then arose to receive the expected visitor.

But a lady and gentleman entered.

"Mr. Arthur Powis, I presume," said the gentleman, advancing with a smiling face and outstretched hand.

Before Mr. Powis could answer, a piercing scream from the occupant of the bow-window startled all the hearers, and the next minute Lily May sprang up, overturning her chair, and, straight as a bird to its nest, flew to the bosom of Owen Wynne, who caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Oh, Owen, Owen, Owen, my dearest! Thank God that you have come!" she cried, dropping her head upon his shoulder, and bursting into tears of joy.

"Heaven be praised for this exceeding great happiness!" exclaimed Owen, fervently, as he bent his head down caressingly over hers.

And both forgot that there was anyone else in the room.

"Oh, Owen, dearest, you followed me, did you not? Oh, I knew you would! I knew you would! though I didn't dare to say it even to myself. You followed me all this way?"

"Yes, my darling, I did, as I would have followed you all over the world and spent my life in the search until I should have found you."

"God bless you for coming, Owen, and shortening the pain of separation. I didn't deserve it; no, I didn't deserve it. But I have been so wretched since I came away! oh, so wretched! I thought I left you for your own good, Owen. But can you ever, ever forgive me for leaving you? I know I shall never, never forgive myself."

"My darling, you could never do anything that would require my forgiveness," replied Owen Wynne, tenderly smoothing her brown hair, and fondly gazing into her sweet face.

"How pale you look, my dearest! How pale and thin and worn!" murmured Lily May putting her hand gently on his cheek; "and it is all for me! for worthless me! I never was worthy of your care, dearest Owen, or I never could have given you so much pain!"

"Mr. Wynne, I am rejoiced to welcome you, and to express my eternal gratitude for the invaluable services that you have already rendered my daughter," said Arthur Powis.

"I thank you for your kind welcome, sir. For the rest, the services of which you speak were rendered to the dearest object of my affections, and therefore deserve no gratitude," said Owen, very earnestly.

"I do not say I thank you, but I say I will love you for your tender care of my darling child—a care to which she owes her life and all that makes her life happy—I will love you as if you were my own son," said Mrs. Powis, in a voice vibrating with emotion, as she offered him her hand.

"Dearest lady, it is the most earnest wish of my heart to be indeed your son, and to be worthy of the blessing," said Owen, as he pressed her hand to his lips.

"My Gladdy," said Arthur Powis, frankly. "I think that in this young gentleman we are receiving a son-in-law! How say you?"

"I think so, too," smiled Gladdy.

Owen respectfully took a hand of each, and bowed deeply over them, as he answered:

"Thanks, thanks, from the depths of my heart! My proposal may have seemed sudden, presumptuous even, but you have not characterized it as such; you have generously recognized that it was justified by the circumstances."

"I should think it was fully justified by the circumstances," said Arthur Powis, with something between a smile and a sigh, as he glanced at the sofa where the two Lilies sat.

The eyes of Gladdy followed his glance, and then turned upon Owen Wynne.

"That young lady sitting by my daughter is the sister of whom I have heard her speak so often, is she not?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Owen. "Will you allow me to present her now?"

"Certainly."

Owen arose, but Lily Gay, having heard, seen, or guessed the drift of the conversation, got up, accompanied by Lily May, and crossed the room to where Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Owen were standing.

"Mr. and Mrs. Powis, my sister, Miss Wynne," said Owen.

Lily Gay executed her best ladies' college curtsey. Arthur bowed, and shook hands with her.

Gladdy kissed her on both cheeks, and said:

"I am quite sure that we shall be good friends, my dear."

Then all the circle reseated themselves in and near the low window.

"You came here in search of this young lady. You have found her, and found, I hope, a satisfactory welcome from her parents," began Mr. Powis.

Owen bowed and smiled.

"But, by the way, it surprises me to discover that you knew her parents."

"And so it does me, dearest Owen, though it seemed so natural that I did not at first wonder at it," put in Lily May.

"Why, we ourselves did not know it until we were half way here, when the child told us her little story—though, doubtless, it was a natural instinct that led us to protect her in the first instance," continued Mr. Powis.

"I never, certainly, even suspected who were the parents of Lily May until she was nearly grown up, and I never had my suspicions confirmed until very recently; in fact, until a few days before I sailed. How they were confirmed, I do not wish to explain in this first happy hour of our meeting. But a little later I will place in your hands a packet, of which I am the bearer, which will put you in possession of all the facts of the case, and afford you legal proof of the identity of your child, if such proof is needed," said Owen.

"Yes; such legal proof is wanted, and my mind is relieved of a great anxiety by hearing that you have it in your possession; for, though not the least shadow of a doubt rests upon our own minds that Lily May is our own child, yet, where the inheritance of a large estate is concerned, it is well to have the most unquestionable evidence of the fact," said Mr. Powis.

"I can assure you that the proofs are all conclusive," replied Owen.

Mrs. Powis had listened with interest to this part of the conversation, but had taken no share in it.

Mr. Powis now remembered his arrangements for returning on Wednesday for London. But seeing, under the changed circumstances, no necessity for so speedy a return, he looked at Owen and said:

"Let us come to some understanding about our immediate movements. Now that you have accomplished the object of your search, what are your present plans?"

Owen smiled as he answered:

"I am a merchant, and I have never been able to separate entirely business from pleasure, or duty from

inclination, or the strongest attractions of social life from the 'main chance.' So it follows that now when I have come only to see Lily May, I am charged with an important commission by my senior of the firm, which will detain me here for some weeks."

"Ah! and now for our plans," said Mr. Powis. Then turning to his daughter, he asked: "Lily May, my darling, shall we go home on Wednesday?"

"Oh, no, no, no, papa!" Lily May answered, energetically, for she was much too pure, frank, and earnest in her tone for any of the pretty little airs, affectations and insincerities of girlhood.

Mr. Powis laughed, and turned to Owen and said: "I hope that you will stay and lunch with us. And afterwards we will arrange our future course. I trust that we may be as much together as the nature of that 'business' which you can never entirely separate from pleasure will permit."

"From my heart I thank you. You have reposed a noble confidence in me, which I wish to prove to you has not been misplaced. At your earliest convenience, therefore, I would like to submit to you the references and testimonials of character and position that you have a right to require from a stranger who presents himself as a suitor for your daughter's hand," said Owen.

"As a stranger I cannot consider you, Mr. Wynne. You have long been known to us by reputation, and recently made very dear to us by the revelations of our daughter. Besides, there are faces that are unquestionable letters of recommendation, and yours is such a one to a physiognomist like me," said Mr. Powis.

Owen bowed deeply.

"Lily May, my darling," said Mrs. Powis, "take your friend into your own room, where she can lay off her bonnet. We are all going to lunch together."

Lily May led off her foster-sister, as requested.

And had Owen been cursed with the passion of jealousy and the power of clairvoyance, he might have become envious even of his own sister, upon seeing the kisses, the embraces, the tears and the sobs of joy that passed between the two girls, when they found themselves alone, and gave way to their feelings!

Oh! this beauty! it is well sometimes to make its form immortal in unfeeling marble; for how human emotion does mar it! The two Lilies came back into the parlour with smiling lips, but with red eyes. They had cried so much for pure, excessive happiness.

After luncheon, Mr. Powis and Owen retired to another private room, where Owen placed in his hands the sealed confession of Mrs. Jay Llewellyn; and where he also gave him such proofs of his own—Owen's—lineage, character and resources, as must have proved entirely satisfactory to the most exacting of fathers.

Meanwhile Mrs. Powis took the two Lilies out shopping. What? With two young girls on her hands, two thousand pounds in her pocket, and a town full of shops, that were full of feminine finery—should she stay at home? When Gladdy was pleased with any one, her first impulse was always to give something. So she ordered the best carriage from the nearest livery stable, and took the two Lilies out shopping.

She took them to milliners, jewellers, fancy dealers, booksellers, photographers, and in fact to every attractive shop they saw. And she quite persecuted them with presents.

At five o'clock they returned refreshed, happy and expectant, to meet Mr. Powis and Owen at dinner.

The two gentlemen joined them, looking entirely relieved and contented. Their private interview had evidently been a satisfactory one.

The afternoon passed pleasantly. And in the evening they all went together to hear a celebrated lecturer.

On Monday morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Lily May were sitting in their private parlour waiting for the arrival of Owen and Lily Gay, a card was brought in by the waiter.

"At last," said Mr. Powis, with a smile.

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Powis.

"Sir William Wynne Llewellyn," answered Mr. Powis. Then turning to the waiter he said, "Show the gentleman up."

A few moments elapsed and then the door was rather pompously thrown open by the waiter, who in a sonorous voice announced:

"Sir William Wynne Llewellyn."

And the young baronet entered.

Lily May could scarcely repress a start and exclamation, so much did he resemble Owen, except that he was somewhat fuller in form and fairer in face.

Mr. Powis advanced to meet him, welcomed him warmly, and introduced him to Mrs. and Miss Powis.

"I have so few relatives in the world that I should be inexcusable for neglecting an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of them; and so I

should have responded at once to your note had I been here. But the fact is, I started off to Chester on Saturday morning and did not get back till last night," said the baronet.

"Chester!" involuntarily exclaimed Lily May; and then she blushed at having "spoken out in meeting."

"Yes," answered Sir William, very softly, turning and bowing blandly to the young lady.

"Chester seems a familiar name to you, my love," observed Mr. Powis.

"Oh, it is, papa dear! It is the place where Doctor Wynne, Owen's father, came from," said Lily May.

"Wynne?—I had near relatives, or rather I should say, one near relative who went from Chester to settle in England, some years ago. He was my father's older brother, and his name was Hugh Wynne."

"That was Owen's father!" exclaimed Lily May, impulsively.

"Owen?" echoed the baronet, softly and doubtfully.

"Mr. Owen Wynne, a wealthy young merchant of London, and the son of the late Doctor Hugh Wynne, formerly of Chester. I have no doubt, from what I have just heard, and also from the remarkably strong family likeness there is between you, that he is the son of your father's brother," said Mr. Powis.

"If this is so, then I have no right to the title I now bear. The young gentleman you mention would, as the son of my father's elder brother, take precedence of me in the succession," said Sir William, in a very grave tone.

"I do not think," said Mr. Powis, smiling, "that Owen Wynne would ever be disposed to disturb you in the possession of your title. He is a self-made man, a merchant prince, prouder of the position that he has attained by his own talents, industry and perseverance, than he would be of a dukedom inherited from others. I am glad, however, that he is of your family, since he is about to become a member of my own."

The young baronet bowed gravely, glanced at Lily May, who was blushing vividly, and then bowed again.

"And by the way," said Mrs. Powis, "if Owen Wynne is the first cousin of Sir William, then Owen bears the same relation to us that Sir William does."

"Certainly, they are both our kinsmen in a remote degree. And by the way, here comes the young gentleman himself with his sister," said Mr. Powis, who, standing at the window, saw Owen and Lily Gay pass by and enter the house.

And a few minutes afterwards they were announced and entered the room. They shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Lily May, and then turned and bowed courteously to the stranger who was with them.

Mr. Powis was smiling to himself. Not upon any account would he have missed going the honours of the ensuing introductions; so, turning towards the young people, he slightly waived his hand and said:

"Sir William, I have great pleasure in presenting to you your kinsman, Mr. Owen Wynne, of London. Owen, my dear boy, this is your cousin, Sir William Wynne Llewellyn, of Chester. Sir William—Miss Wynne."

There were bows, curtseys, and hand-shakings. And then the baronet, smiling blandly and speaking softly, as was his custom, said:

"I am happy to make the acquaintance of my kinsman and my fair kinswoman, and to welcome them both to Wales."

"Thanks, Sir William," replied Owen. "We are equally happy to know you. But I doubt whether we may claim kinsmen's right to your regard. Our father was of Chester, it is true, but of very humble parentage, his father having been only a druggist and chemist of that town."

"Exactly—the druggist and chemist in question was my grandfather and yours. His eldest son, Evan, died unmarried; his second son, Hugh, long lost sight of by the family, appears to have been your father; his third son, Griffith, killed in the Afghan war, was my father. And if, instead of talking about 'humble parentage,' you had spoken of 'humble circumstances,' you would have told the truth of our family. We were in very humble circumstances until quite recently, when, by the death of old Sir Griffith Grizly Llewellyn without direct heirs, the baronetcy devolved upon me, a remote kinsman, yet supposed to be the next of kin and heir-at-law. On succeeding to the title I assumed the name and arms of Llewellyn. If, however, you are, as I firmly believe you to be, the son of my father's elder brother, then it is certain that I have no right to the title that I bear, and you are Sir Owen Wynne," said the baronet, gravely.

Owen had been listening to him attentively and reading his character accurately, and had seen and appreciated the honesty that led him to this avowal

and the pain that it cost him to make it; so he smiled cordially as he grasped the hand of the young baronet, and answered:

"My sister and myself are proud and happy to claim you as our cousin—for until this day we had believed ourselves to be, in the matter of kindred, alone in the world. But as for the title in question between us, I have neither the will nor the power to deprive you of it. I am by nature and education a merchant. I neither could nor would bear yours. Long may you enjoy it in honour and peace."

"I told you so!" said Mr. Powis.

Then he mentioned that his party were going that day to see all that was to be seen in the neighbourhood, and he invited Sir William to accompany them.

The young baronet willingly accepted the invitation.

The beautiful Lily Gay had already fascinated him, so that his eyes were seldom off her face, when they could rest there unobserved.

They went out in two open carriages—Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Lily May occupying one, and Sir William, Owen and Lily Gay the other.

They spent a pleasant day and dined together at the Queen's Hotel.

In the course of dinner Mr. Powis mentioned that their whole party were going up to London the next morning; whereupon Sir William suddenly discovered that he had very important business in the metropolis, that required his immediate personal attention. And thus it was arranged that he should accompany them on their journey.

And from that time Sir William Wynne Llewellyn attached himself to the party of Mr. Powis, and went with them, not only to London, but to Scotland and to Ireland.

At the end of two weeks they returned again to London.

And there at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Right Reverend the Bishop of Broadlawn, assisted by the Very Reverend the Dean of Dunover, Owen Wynne, Esq., was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mary, only daughter of Arthur Powis, Esq., of Cader Idris.

"The fair bride" (thus the *Court Journal*) "was attended to the altar by the beautiful and accomplished Miss Wynne, the sister of the bridegroom, who was himself attended by Sir William Wynne Llewellyn, as best man."

"After the ceremony, the wedding party was entertained at an elegant breakfast by the parents of the bride. In the afternoon the happy pair left town for Dover, en route for the Continent."

When Owen Wynne and his bride set out upon their wedding tour, Lily Gay was left behind, in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Powis, who immediately took her with them to Brighton, where they purposed to spend the autumn.

Sir William Wynne Llewellyn followed them down there, and took apartments in the same hotel with themselves—"The Bedford." And he spent as much time with them as he possibly could, without becoming glaringly intrusive.

He talked, read and sung with Lily Gay in-doors, and he walked, rode and drove with her out-doors. Lily Gay honestly tried to keep him at a distance, whenever she could do so without being rude. But she could not keep off his proposal; for in spite of all gentle discouragements from the young girl, he determined to put his hope "to the test, and win or lose it all," and so he asked her to become Lady Llewellyn, and lost it; for she thanked him for the honour he had done her, and informed him that she was engaged to a young medical student who was the intimate friend of her brother, and to whom she was to be married as soon as she should return home, by which time he was expected to receive his diploma.

Shocked and disgusted at the idea of being set aside in favour of a young undergraduate, the baronet accepted his congé and retired into Wales.

About the middle of November the young married couple rejoined their friends in London.

Everything was well prepared for their reception. Owen had written full instructions to his agents, and they had followed them faithfully.

In one of the finest streets at the west end, a handsome house, elegantly furnished, with old Nancy installed as housekeeper, at the head of a skilful retinue of servants, was ready to receive the bride and bridegroom.

Old Mr. Spicer was in town, and had done his part in making preparations for his own young couple. He had sold out his business and retired on an ample fortune. He had purchased a mansion in Owen's immediate neighbourhood, furnished it splendidly, and installed himself and his son in it. Willy had graduated, and they were only waiting for the return of Lily Gay to complete their happiness.

The second marriage took place at Christmas at St. Martin's Church, and the young pair made a bridl

trip to Glasgow. There they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Powis and Mr. and Mrs. Wynne.

But more than all the gaieties of the busy Scottish town, our friends enjoyed a quiet evening at a suburban house called Ceres Cottage, where they took tea with three quaint old maiden ladies, whose name was Crane.

And in the course of this visit, the fact transpired that Owen and Lily Gay were grand-nephew and niece to the old ladies, being the grand-children of their youngest sister.

Before our friends took a final leave of Ceres Cottage, the Miss Cranes were made comfortable for life.

Early in March our whole party returned to London. Each wedded pair retired to their own happy home, to enjoy the manifold blessings that spring from good lives, pure affections, and perfect union.

THE END.

WITH A SWEET SMILE.

With a sweet smile the year has laid
His iron harp far in a cave
The mountains proudly hold,
Unseen by mortal eye.

And now beside the deep, blue wave,
His broad brow bound with tender flowers,
Flowers themselves sweet smiles,
He blows a crystal flute.

A flute whose song is of wide peace,
While answering it, the west wind floats
An anthem from the hills,
Whose burden is wide love.

How beautiful, how glorious the time!
The ports of the wood, yon birds,
Take up the glad refrain
And rapturously sing:

Rest, bairn of iron, in that cave!
Blow, flute of crystal, by the waves!
Bloom, flowers, on his broad brow!
All earth turn into love!

R. W.

A HOME FOR APPRENTICES.—Mr. Hartley, of the Westminster Marble Works, Earl-street, London, has founded a home for boys, who are taken as apprentices, and placed in a small house, in which a person resides connected with the works, who acts as a master; his wife is the superintending matron; and the control of these lads is placed in their hands. They are called in the morning to go to their work; they return at stated times to their meals, which are always ready for them. After the work is over, there are books and newspapers for them to read, or occupation is found in writing and drawing. They are allowed full liberty of ingress and egress, being fined, however, if not in by a stated time, which varies according to the season, and they are allowed a small sum per week for pocket-money. They are thus placed in a position which must have a very material effect in qualifying them to fulfil their duties properly when arrived at manhood. The boys are taken at about thirteen or fourteen years old, and retained until twenty-one, at which age they ought to be able to take care of themselves, and make room for others. This institution is said to have been found exceedingly advantageous, not only as an industrial school, but to the master who has founded it; for, on a comparison made by Mr. Hartley of the loss sustained by him during a year, taking twelve boys of the Home and twelve apprentices living at their own homes, he found that the loss by absence amounted in the whole to but 11s. 3d. from the college boys; whereas, from the apprentices living with their parents, the loss on the same account exceeded £40 during the same period.

ARTISANS IN PARIS.—The manufacturing class in Paris is at present passing through a crisis slow but severe. It commenced by a demand on the part of the operatives for an increase of wages, and this movement coincided, unfortunately, with a falling off in the demand for manufactured goods. The position of the labouring classes gradually became worse according as they struck work, and those who obtained an advance of wages found, on the other hand, their period of employment curtailed. The operatives, finding that the severity of the law against coalitions was mitigated, hastened to avail themselves of the liberty accorded to them; but as the right of meeting was denied, they had no opportunity to prepare resolutions or to explain their reasons for the step they had taken. It is generally admitted that the price of the necessities of life has enormously increased in Paris during the last fifteen years, especially for the working classes. Moreover, being ejected from their old dwellings to make room for new streets and stately mansions, they were forced to seek for lodgings at a great

distance from their seat of work. The new buildings were doubly injurious to the labouring classes in Paris. They raised the price of their lodgings, and they attracted a greater number of artisans from the provinces, and thus diminished the demand for them. They were no longer able to live on their old earnings, and were reduced to the alternative of demanding an increase or of quitting their employment, and, perhaps, Paris. The masters, on their side, were not all in a position to grant an increase of wages, and they tried the experiment of raising the price of their produce in order to meet the demand of the men. Should the manufacturers continue to raise the price of their goods, it is probable that the consumer will seek to supply himself from England or Germany if he can obtain what he requires at a lower price. Should this be the result of the strike, the men will have injured instead of improved their condition. Should, for instance, the merchants of the Northern and Southern States of America withdraw their orders from the Paris manufacturers, the latter would find it necessary to discharge a great number of their men. This would be one of the first results of the demand for increased wages. Some propose to remedy the evil by increasing the amount of public works. That might be a palliative if the operatives employed in the Paris manufactories were suited to such works as are going forward, but they are not. Paris has hitherto been remarkable for its manufactures, but expensive buildings carried to excess would have the effect of transforming it into a city of pleasure, fit only for persons of enormous fortunes, where all articles of luxury would be found in abundance, but where manufacturers could not exist. An opinion prevails in Paris that the excess of public works has tended to produce the crisis.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Children like tender ozers take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned always grow.

The minds of children while tender, like wax while soft, are susceptible of any impression, and both become hardened by time: how essential then should be our care that the first stamps are those which we may review with satisfaction when they are no longer able to receive others.

The now tough and knotty oak, which stands straight, and bends not to the boisterous winds, once bowed to the softest breezes of the western hemisphere, and might have been curved with pleasure; and so with mankind, the creatures of either wandering in the mazy labyrinth of vice and folly, and from which neither the calls of reason nor the admonitions of amity can now divert them, might probably have been conducted so far in the road of virtue, that they might now be as impenetrable to the attacks of sin, to form them vicious, as the sturdy oak to the will of man to bend it, for they had both their time.

'Tis education forms the tender mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Parents should therefore instill into the minds of their infant progeny those principles they wish them to imbibe in maturity.

I have frequently formed my opinion of the future dispositions of children from the manner in which I have seen them treated in infancy; and in those I have seen afterwards I have rarely been deceived. It is too prevalent an opinion that they should be indulged in everything, and their inconsistent requests gratified, merely because they are children; when that, in fact, is the precise time at which they should be taught patience, obedience, and resignation to disappointments.

There would be no more difficulty in the practice, however it might appear in theory, of teaching resignation to children to the will of their parents, in every respect, and to inculcate the sentiments of virtue and good behaviour, than there is in instructing them in a variety of other things less useful.

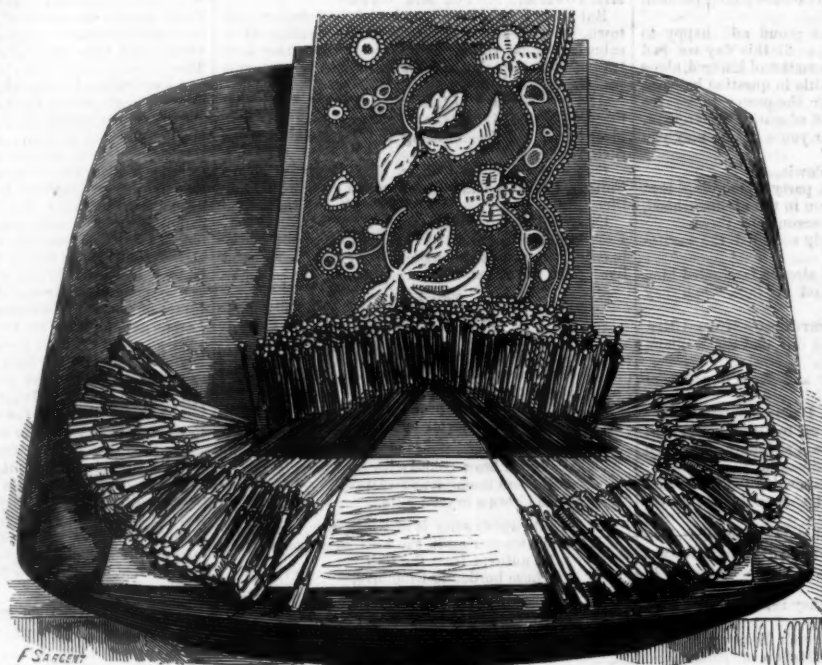
Where the desires of children do not in themselves appear immediately hurtful to them, the fond indulgence of too many parents are apt to comply with them, thinking that if a child cries, and appears unhappy for the possession of any particular toy, the giving it can be attended with no future prejudice; but fond as I have ever been of children, I shall never be brought to subscribe to such an opinion.

Checking them in trifling matters will make disappointments in more material ones appear lighter; for, let it be remembered that,

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

THE SWEDISH SEAL-HUNTING.—In many places off these coasts the inhabitants in February and March fit out a small fleet of boats, with iron-shod keels, each provisioned for two or three months for eight men. These boats sail out to sea among the ice islands in search of the grey seal. Three or four boats generally follow each other in case of need in this adventurous chase. When they come to an ice

berg, they fasten the boat on its lower side, and then try if they can find any seals on it. Such an island of drift ice is often three English miles long, and stands up twenty to twenty-five feet above the water's edge, and consists of larger and smaller masses of ice drifted together, forming a surface full of holes and cracks. On such an island the grey seal often assembles in large flocks. As soon as the hunters perceive them, they rush up, and with their clubs stun as many as they can before they can creep down into the sea through the holes in the ice. They let the young ones, which are now small, lie, as they will not take to the water by themselves. But if there are many holes in the ice the shooter must creep within shot and kill the seal with his gun. If it happens that a great many are assembled, and are fighting for places, which is usually the case, there is such a riot and confusion that they take little heed of the shot; and the shooter, who is dressed in seal skin and moreover imitates beautifully the wriggling motions of the seal and their roaring cry, can often fire shot after shot, and secure a rich booty.—*The Old Bushranger's "Ten Years in Sweden."*



[LACE UNDER PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.]

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[Tenth Notice.]

IRISH LACE.—Lace has a peculiar character quite independent of its costliness. It has a mysterious beauty, which partakes of the charm that lies in the wonderful wood-carvings in Gothic cathedrals.

Lace, old lace, is a product of art, not of manufacture; human life, human volition, is expressed in every inch of the delicate mesh, which makes the costly ground to set forth the pattern. There is individuality impressed on each kind of lace, just as there is upon the great schools of painting; for they in each put their seal upon their work.

It used to take a lifetime to produce even a small quantity of lace. "*Les belles et éternelles Valenciennes*," as they were called, required so much labour that some workers could only produce twenty-four inches in the year. The changes in the atmosphere and the fluctuations in the health of the workers told on the finer kinds of lace; and it was a well-known fact, that if a piece were begun in the city of Valenciennes and finished outside the walls, it would be inferior, though it might be the work of the same hand, made with the same thread, and also on the same pillow.

The flax of which the old Brussels and the point d'Alençon were made was cultivated on purpose; it was chiefly grown in Brabant, Halle and Courtrai, and had to be spun in underground cellars, because contact with the external air made the thread brittle. The thread was made so fine as almost to elude the sight; the spinner had to go by the sense of touch, examining every inch as it left the distaff, and the slightest irregularity stopping the wheel. The room was kept in darkness, except for one single ray of light to fall on the thread, which was thrown up by a background of dark paper. As it was in the sixteenth century, so it is now. The wheel and distaff are still used to spin the flax for lace thread, and under the same conditions. No machine has yet been invented to equal the work of the trained flax-spinner and her distaff. At the present day, the hand spun thread is often sold at £240 for one pound avoirdupois of thread, and at the French Exhibition in 1859, it was stated that sometimes the price runs as high as £500 for the kilogramme. Fine lace may well be costly!

There are some important displays of Irish lace in the Dublin Exhibition, at the respective stalls of Mrs. Allen and of Messrs. Forrest and Co.

Two very interesting collections are those which

show the class of embroidery executed in schools throughout the country. One of these—of which the process of the lace manufacture is depicted, with cushion and bobbins, in our smaller illustration—is exhibited by the Countess of Erne, under whose patronage is the school at Lisnaska, county Fermanagh, from which come many elegant specimens of Valenciennes lace. The Commissioners of National Education are the exhibitors of a fine assortment of work contributed for the most part by pupils in those reformatory schools which have already done so much to form habits of honest industry.

The examples in our second engraving are chosen from the collection of Mrs. Allen, and form very fair specimens of the manufacture that is just now at its height of popularity. It is singular, the reputation Ireland has acquired for the beauty of its hand-made lace, and that the very name of Irish point lace should have become so famous as it has throughout the civilized world. Probably the excellence of design and execution which Irish lace has attained may be in some measure owing to the ladies of former days who belonged to great religious houses bringing home the choicest patterns and methods of working of the foreign convents most skilled in the beautiful art. The way in which the Irish keep at bay the innovations of mechanism in their unrivalled productions of hand labour would seem to suggest something of the kind; as also may the cheapness of female labour.

The manufacture classes itself broadly into three kinds, guipure, Irish point, and *appliqué*. Irish point is the most valuable, and *appliqué*, which consists of the figuring stitched on or cut out of net, is the cheapest. The guipure is of the same class of lace as the *appliqué*.

The lace suspended across the upper part of the engraving is a tunic of Irish guipure.

The parasol-cover and tunic shown below are of Irish point. The shawl of this same lace formed part of the bridal gift to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales from the ladies of Ireland, and to which the casket illustrated in this series—a present from the gentlemen—formed a companion.

The great start which Ireland has taken in the present revival of its lace trade really originated with the Great Exhibition of 1851, and is in all probability a proof of the success of one of those carefully thought out schemes for his country's welfare which have made the name and memory of the late Prince Consort so dear throughout the United Kingdom.

A more exquisite piece of work than the bridal suit exhibited by the Messrs. Forrest, of Grafton Street, has rarely been seen. In gracefulness of design and accuracy of finish it is a trophy of art. The various articles of guipure are equally charming, and the Irish point compares very favourably with the foreign and English laces and embroideries, of which the building contains so many excellent specimens. The Messrs. Forrest, as is generally known, have their factory in

Limerick. For the past few years this trade has gradually increased, and the reputation of their firm has ceased to be limited to Ireland. In fact, for this class of goods there is comparatively a small market at home.

In the Exhibition, even without the aid of a catalogue, the visitor will notice many articles formerly imported, but now made in Ireland by native manufacturers; and to such possess the means of instituting a comparison, it will be apparent that within the last ten or fifteen years several new branches of industry have been introduced into the country. This is notably illustrated by the saddlery and harness department. It is not very long since every article in this department had to be procured from England—saddles and saddletrees, bits and bridles, chains and stirrups, collars and traces. Now, however, we can observe with pleasure the great advance that Ireland, and especially Dublin, is making in this branch.

Of those who have contributed to its progress, none have done more than Mr. John Hinkson, of Dame Street, whose uniform success at exhibitions in obtaining prizes has been owing as much to his own practical knowledge as to his selection of skilled artisans to execute his work.

There is a case of Mr. Hinkson's in the Carriage Court which is worthy of attention. In this case are displayed a large collection of most perfect specimens of carriage, brougham, and American style of trotting harness; ladies' and gentlemen's saddles, and saddles and bridles suitable for India and Australia, all put out of hand in the highest style of workmanship, and, at the same time, free from tawdry embellishments which would render them unfit for general use. Attention is attracted particularly to a lady's saddle with improved balance strap of the exhibitor's invention, and panelled without nails in the stuffing, with other improvements calculated to remove inconveniences frequently complained of. On the whole, the display Mr. Hinkson makes at this Exhibition, if possible, exceeds that which he made at the London Exhibition of 1862, where he bore away the most distinguished prize in his class.

Mr. Lennan, of Dawson Street, also exhibits an excellent collection of phaeton and brougham harness of various kinds; trotting harness, ladies' and gentlemen's hunting saddles, bridles, stable collars, &c., and safety stirrups for ladies and gentlemen. Another exhibitor of a most extensive collection is Mr. B. M'Mullan, of Dawson Street. Mr. M'Mullan shows, of his own manufacture, saddles and harness of every description, military appointments, &c.; horse brushes, water and spoke, dandruff, composition, plate and crest, shoe and cloth, and boot-top brushes—all made in Dublin, and superior to those imported, as well as lower in price. He also shows an endless variety of requisites for a gentleman's stable—such as horse cloths, Newmarket sheets, rollers, knee caps, head collars, breaking pads and bridles, muzzles, horse boots, chamois, sponges, &c.; together with superior whips, in every style of mounting; spurs, bridles, &c. It is satisfactory to know that in such matters as these, Irish manufacturers are able to compete with their English rivals, and that the fame of their work has extended to the Continent and the Colonies, from which considerable orders are now frequently forwarded.

In the Furniture Department, the first striking object on entering the court of Messrs. J. J. Byrne and Sons, of Henry Street, is a superb glass and console table for the end of a room, the carving of which is in wood, and the drappings of foliage, fruit, and flowers so admirably arranged in festoons as to scarcely reveal their beginning or end. The pose of the figures of boys, birds, and caryatides which support them is very graceful. This work of art, in the Italian style, will repay a close inspection. Messrs. Byrne also exhibit a suite of drawing-room or boudoir

furniture and arm centre of these pieces, careful sh nothing reflect signers, their se enovours The a deep hangers the blue nearer London the way and gr to hold beauti introdu Exhibi

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[SPECIMENS OF IRISH LACE IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.]

furniture in the Louis Seize style, comprising single and arm chairs, together with a sofa and handsome centre ottoman, all carved and richly gilt; and whether as regards the exquisite outline of the several pieces, or the style of the upholstery or the beautiful shade of silk in which they are covered, there is nothing in the Exhibition superior to them. They reflect credit on the taste and enterprise of the designers, and show what Dublin workmen can do in their several branches when properly directed and encouraged.

The curtain branch of business is represented by a deep fringe window drapery, with ornamental silk hangers, and festoons shaded in colourings to match the blue silk suite, and, for effect, as well as upon nearer examination, could not be exceeded either by London or Parisian hands. There is also a gem in the way of a marqueterie cabinet, and some elegant and graceful flower stands, or tall "cachepots," made to hold either cut flowers or flower-pots. These are beautiful decorations for the drawing-room, and are introduced for the first time in Ireland at the present Exhibition.

AN ENGLISH BEAU AND BELLE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS AGO.

She was dressed in the height of the reigning mode. The vast pyramid or bell of whalebone, in which she was engaged, and which, under the name of hoop, had succeeded the Elizabethan farthingale to be the precursor of the Victorian crinoline, was covered with a magnificent petticoat of rich satin, whose ground of white and red was flowered with huge scarlet blossoms all bedropped with golden dew-spangles. Over this, looped up high in front and hanging in loose folds behind, was a yellow satin gown brocaded with silver stars. A white beaver hat, faced with blue silk and adorned with gold lace, rested daintily on a thick clustering mass of short fair curls.

Two little spots or patches of black velvet, one over the left eyebrow, another on the left cheek, denoted the leaning of the fair politician towards Toryism. And, as she came swimming on, with saucy smiles dimpling her cheek, on which a shade of artificial rose blushed its delicate pink, she dangled in one hand her vizard-mask, holding it by the head, which, when caught between the teeth, was used to keep it in position upon the face, and in the other, flitting with careless grace, a fan of monstrous size, on which John Wootton had painted a humorous scene of horse-manship from Bartholomew Fair. It was my Lady Belinga Brocade, a fashionable young widow, erroneously supposed to be very rich, but who had sufficient wit and skill to keep up the popular delusion upon that subject by splendid dressing and a reckless expenditure, which vied with that of the wealthiest persons of quality in London. Her obsequious attendant was Sir Charles Buckram, a baronet of ancient lineage but dilapidated estate, who not only admired the pretty widow's face and figure, but was smitten also by a secret and stronger passion for the money-bags ascribed by popular rumour to her dead husband, and supposed to have been entrusted by his last will and testament to her care.

We see in Sir Charles the model of a beau in the latter days of George I. A full white periwig, flowing in thick-massed curls upon his shoulders, and jutting forward till his face was almost buried in a nest of snowy hair—a square-cut coat of sky-blue velvet, laced with gold, the flapped pockets of its ample skirt expanded by an invisible cage of thin wire—a long waistcoat of white satin, brocaded with green and red leaves, flapping down with deep pockets almost to the knee—wide cuffs folded back six inches to permit rich ruffles of Mechlin lace, matching his long lace cravat, to expand their snowy charms—breeches of black velvet—tight stockings of cobweb scarlet silk, adorned with gold clocks—long black square-toed shoes, with gold buckles and high heels.

But to complete the picture, we must clap below his arm a small three-cornered hat, laced with gold galloon and edged with a trimming of ostrich feather—pass through the stiffened coat-skirt the cane scabbard of a small sword, from whose gold hilt, tipped with ruby, hangs a sword knot of blue ribbons tied with tassels of lace—give to one hand a foreign stick carved with a monkey's head, and to the other an ivory snuff-box, rimmed with diamonds and adorned on the lid with a miniature group by Watteau, while fringed gloves and a highly musked mouchoir peep carelessly from below the pocket-flaps of his resplendent coat. — From Dr. Collier's "Pictures of the Periods."

THE KITCHEN OF THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

This kitchen is understood to be the largest in London, its dimensions being 54 ft. long by 48 ft. wide; and the scullery adjoining being 37 ft. by 19 ft. All around the walls are recesses, formed in various parts, in which the cooking apparatus is fixed. The first which attracts the eye on entering is the large roasting range, which is 8 ft. wide and 7 ft. high; the roasting-jack over this is driven by hydraulic power, having provision for cooking at least fifty or sixty joints at one time, and is very complete in its details. Passing thence, we come to a very extraordinary and spirited piece of work, consisting of a series of stoves in a semicircular form, fitted completely round the bow-window at the end of the kitchen; they are 30 ft. in diameter, and are for the preparation of the higher class of viands, under the especial control of the chef. They include a large hot-plate, with an oven for soufflés, entrées, &c.; several charcoal stoves; gas steaming-stoves, constructed so that they cannot possibly smoke; a large bainmarie, for keeping sauces hot, heated by steam; and another gas-stove for the large stockpot, which is kept at work during the whole night, in preparation for the next day's soups. Passing on, we come to the fish-cooking department, where we have the means for frying, broiling, and boiling any quantity that may be required; one large copper pan, heated by steam, is specially reserved for salmon and turbot, the largest of which can be placed whole in this apparatus.

In the stoves for cooking chops and steaks, the fires have all the draught striking downwards, to prevent the meat being smoked and blackened. On the opposite side is the large pastry-oven, and just at the back is the pastry-room, cool and well-ventilated.

Opposite to the large bow-window is the serving window, whence all the viands are dispatched to the upper floors by means of an hydraulic lift; but before they leave the kitchen they are all brought to a serving table placed near, to be entered by the clerk in his book. This table, which is of bright polished iron, is 16 ft. long by 4 ft. wide, heated from end to end by steam and fitted with two bainmaries, one for soups and one for sauces, so that every dish leaves the kitchen perfectly hot; there are a whole series of hot closets besides, for heating plates and dishes, all fitted with steam chambers and pipes.

Passing into the scullery, we find a range of steamers for cooking potatoes, boiling hams, puddings, rounds of beef, &c., the excess steam being carried by a flue to the top of the building, and then we have a large hot-plate for cooking all sorts of vegetables. On the opposite side are sets of troughs fitted with hot and cold water for preparing the vegetables, washing up plates and dishes, &c. Another department for the scouring of the stew-pans, where the water is kept hot all day long, the large troughs and pans being fitted with steam jackets. In the centre of the scullery is a large closet heated by steam, and a table.

The grand table in the kitchen is 20 ft. long by 6 ft. wide, and has the top made of elm 6 in. thick. Some idea may be formed of the quantity of materials used in fitting up this kitchen when we state, that the total weight of the iron of which the cooking apparatus is constructed is upwards of twelve tons; and there is a complete system of underground pipes by which all the waste steam is collected and made to heat a tank holding 500 gallons, supplying hot water to all parts. The length of iron pipes used in the kitchen alone—for steam, hot, cold, and waste water, exclusive of gas—is upwards of 3,000 ft.

The largest army in the world, in proportion to its population, is that of a country which for more than fifty years has had nothing to do with war, except in a civil war of very short duration—Switzerland, to wit. This little republic has a population considerably less than that of London—2,510,404; and has an army one-third larger than that of Great Britain, 198,291 men. This includes the militia, but not the Landsturm, or army of defence, which comprises all men above forty-five capable of bearing arms. However, there is this great difference between the two countries, that whereas in England every soldier is estimated to cost £100, the Swiss soldier costs but £1 per annum.

A BABY review on a grand scale has been held by the Emperor at Algiers. There were 7,000 present. It is said he wanted to see if they were healthy, being the children of emigrants. A proposal to have a review of 10,000 nudes *au lait* fell to the ground for want of time.

THE FATAL MISTAKE.

It was a pretty little plain-stone house, with plate-glass windows, and fancifully carved cornice, while the green plumes of the aïlanthus trees brushed softly against the roof, as if tremulously anxious to remind people that summer was in its golden prime. At least such was the impression conveyed by their long unsyllabled murmur to Adrian Morley as he came up the steps, and dexterously fitted his night-key into the panelled rosewood door.

"Well," quoth Adrian to himself, "it is pleasant to have a home to come to when the day's weary work is over."

And a home-like room it was that he entered. And Mrs. Morley in her delicate little sewing chair, with a rainbow-hued avalanche of Berlin wools about her, was toying with her needle, while her thoughts were far away.

She was a rosy, brown-eyed little creature, with full red lips, cheeks round and smooth as early peaches, and silky brown hair waved over her forehead in natural ripples—a wife of whom a tolerably reasonable man might well be proud. But just at this moment there was a discontented curve to the red mouth, a droop to the fringed eyelids, that Adrian Morley understood too well.

"Grace! what's the matter?"

"Matter? nothing—only I'm tired to death of being penned up here when everybody one knows is off having a season of change and recreation."

Adrian Morley sat down by the window, rather dispirited, and began fanning himself with the cover of a book.

"I thought we had discussed and decided that matter long ago, Grace."

No answer; Grace's eyelids only fell a degree lower.

"Grace, I say—don't you hear me?"

"Yes—I hear you."

"Well, then, do pay a little attention when a fellow is speaking to you." Adrian's sunny good temper was becoming a little chilled. "You remember that I told you how very inconvenient it would be for me to leave town this season—nay, almost impossible."

"The Grangers have gone."

"Possibly—but Granger is not in any business."

"And Mrs. Ehrhardt."

"Yes; her husband don't care whether his law office is open or shut, as long as he can help himself from her long purse."

"Adrian, how can you be so ill-natured?"

"I am only speaking the truth, my dear."

"But it is so stupid here—and my dresses are all hanging useless in the wardrobe."

"Can't you wear dresses here as well as at a fashionable watering-place?"

"Nonsense, Adrian—you know what I mean perfectly well. There's nobody in town to appreciate a handsome toilette, and—and—"

Adrian Morley sprang to his feet and began pacing impatiently up and down the room.

"Grace—you are not ridiculous enough to cry over such an absurd grievance as this!"

"It's too bad to cramp me up here when—"

Grace did not say, as she thought, "when my pretty face and winning manners would create such a sensation in fashionable circles—she stopped short instead, and retreated behind her embroidered pocket-handkerchief in a flood of tears.

"But, Grace, aren't we very happy here, in our snug little home?"

"You may be—but I am miserable."

"Miserable! Oh, Grace! when I should wish no greater happiness than to sit down here by your side, night after night, and listen to your piano and look into your eyes, just as I used to do in the old courting days. You did not think it so monotonous then. Grace—my little wife—are we less dear to each other now?"

"I am wearied to death by this humdrum life, Adrian," pouted Grace, "and some change I must and will have!"

"Change may not be for the better, Grace."

"I don't care whether it is or not!"

"And you know what very disastrous circumstances may ensue from any neglect of business just now."

"That's just what you men always say. don't believe there's a word of truth in it."

Adrian was silent for a moment. He stood with contracted brows, evidently considering.

"I am sorry I haven't made home a little pleasanter to you, Grace."

"Home!" repeated Mrs. Morley, petulantly. "Anything but a man who is always harping upon home. I sometimes wish there wasn't any such word!"

"Would it really add so very much to your happiness to spend a month at Scarborough?"

"Oh, Adrian! I should enjoy it so much!"

Her eyes were sparkling now, while the soft colour rose to her cheek.

"Will you take me there, Adrian?"

"If you insist upon it—but remember that I don't at all approve of the arrangement."

"Oh, I'll assume all the responsibility," laughed Grace, merrily. "And when shall we go?"

"When you please."

"I could be ready by Monday."

"You are in great haste to leave your pleasant home, Grace; I wish I could summon up an equal fervour of enthusiasm."

Grace put her hand on his shoulder, and leaned down to peep archly up into his face.

"What a darling old-fashioned fellow you are, Adrian! I shall spend this summer in trying to make a modern husband of you."

"Do you think the modern article would be preferable?" smiled Adrian.

"Oh, infinitely! And now don't talk to me; I must make out a list of things to be purchased. Only to think that I'm really equipping for a month's stay at Scarborough!"

And she clapped her hands so gleefully, that Adrian had not the heart to damp her bright anticipations with his own indefinite misgivings.

"The prettiest woman at Scarborough by all odds!"

"Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Morley, from London. Nobody ever heard of her before, but she has flashed into society like a meteor. The young fellows are all infatuated about her, and not without reason."

Grace Morley's cheek flushed with conscious triumph, as she heard these words, half-spoken, half-whispered, in her stately sweep through the long corridor from a moonlight drive with the most stylish young cavaliers at the hotel. And she did look very lovely in her dress of deep blue gossamer, floating around her like azure billows, with a fleecy white shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the snowy plume of a jaunty little Spanish hat hanging low over the rippled luxuriance of her golden brown hair.

Yes, Mrs. Morley was a belle at last, and most completely did she enjoy the intoxicating atmosphere of flattery and adulation that surrounded her every footstep.

"Well, Grace, what sort of a time have you had?"

Adrian was lounging under the gaslight in their room with a half-read volume in his lap, looking the very victim of hopeless ennui.

"Oh, delightful! But, Adrian, how bored you look!"

"Not more so than I feel, I am quite certain."

"I wish you would try and enjoy yourself a little."

"How?"

"Play billiards—smoke—do as the other gentlemen do."

Adrian Morley opened his book once more, with a tremendous yawn, as Grace began to unfasten her hat and brush out the disordered masses of her hair. To him the trip was nothing more nor less than vanity and vexation of spirit; but for Grace's sake he was patiently willing to be bored.

"Don't you think it's almost time to return home, Grace?"

"Adrian, what an idea! Not for two weeks yet. The gayest portion of the season is yet to come."

"Two weeks!" sighed poor Adrian. "It is a long time."

"No time at all," said Grace, positively. "It will soon pass."

Alas! had Grace Morley but dreamed of the years of anguish and despair that were to hinge upon those two weeks!

As the days passed on, she saw less and less of her husband.

He was no longer wearily awaiting her coming footsteps from drive or walk—no longer leaning dreamily against the windows of the ball-room, watching her flying figure as it floated by in waltz or polka; nor did Mrs. Morley regret the gradual change.

"I am so glad he has found some way of amusing himself," she thought. "It was such a nuisance to have him asking every other minute if I were not ready to go home."

She was returning from an evening stroll, a night or two subsequently, in her prettiest toilette of blue silk and white opera-cloak, with her little hand resting lightly on Mr. Ardenham's arm, when she suddenly stopped close to the dense wall of shrubbery that half concealed the brilliant sparkle of lighted windows and doors in a showy building just on the outskirts of the grounds.

"I have dropped my fan, Mr. Ardenham; how could I be so careless?"

"Rest yourself a moment on this rustic seat, Mrs. Morley," said Ardenham, gallantly, "and I will go back for it in half a minute."

Frank Ardenham went off, vowing that Mrs. Morley's fan was worth any degree of trouble that could be by any possibility be bestowed upon it, and Grace waited his return, mechanically playing with the fastening of her pale blue gloves.

Suddenly the loud, discordant tumult of voices struck upon her ear, as a party of men issued from the lighted door beyond the shrubbery. In the moonlight she could see their flushed faces quite plainly—and she involuntarily recoiled further back into the shadow, although she was aware of being quite invisible.

"Rush! what's that?" said one, pausing, as a loud, fierce shout rose high above the bedlam of voices within the gambling-house—for such Mrs. Morley knew it to be.

"It's only Morley," returned another, deliberately biting off the end of a cigar. "I fancy he's pretty well over the hay to-night."

"Drunk, eh?"

"Just that—and playing as if there were an evil spirit at his elbow. The thousands are slipping out of his hands like quicksilver to-night."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Morley," said Mr. Ardenham, coming to her side a second afterward; "but I could not find the fan anywhere. I will take a second look for it to-morrow."

"It—it is of no consequence," said Grace, in a low, strange voice. "Please take me home, Mr. Ardenham."

"Mrs. Morley! are you ill?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell! Oh, take me home at once."

And Frank Ardenham obeyed, marvelling much at the sudden change that had come over his beautiful companion's spirits.

Her adieux in the parlour were brief enough as she hurried upstairs, with the feverish blood beating like pulses of fire in her veins.

She sat down, sick and trembling, under the white glare of the gaslight, and tried to realize the full horror of her position.

Adrian Morley—her husband—a drunkard and a gambler! Was it all a dream? or was it indeed true that she had awakened to this horrible reality of grief and shame and yet lived on?

As she bowed her head on her hands with a low shuddering groan, a new phantom of remorseful agony rose solemnly up before the accusing judgment-seat of her own conscience.

"It has been my fault—all my own fault!" she wailed aloud. "If I had not torn him away from the home to which he was so tenderly attached—if I had not kept him here to gratify my own individual vanity, this would never have been! Oh, God! the punishment is greater than I can bear!"

And she remembered with a sick heart the arguments she had used to win him away from home—the eagerness with which she had assumed all the responsibility of the change—the very words she had spoken in her reckless folly.

"I told him I was miserable at home," she thought. "Miserable! if I had known the dreadful meaning of the word! But to-morrow I will beg him, on my bended knees, to return once more—I will tell him how foolish I have been—how mad. And perhaps—perhaps we may be happy in our quiet home once more. Oh, if I had never left it!"

"One—two—three!"

As the little mantle clock sharply spoke out the hour, Grace Morley started to her feet.

"What detains him so? What can keep him away from me? I will go myself and look for him."

She drew the white opera cloak round her shoulders, and hurried with trembling limbs toward the door.

But while her touch was on the handle, it swung rudely open, and a group of men came in, bearing something prone and lifeless in their midst.

And Grace Morley, while all the blood in her veins seemed frozen into ice, knew that she was looking on her dead husband's face!

"Take care of the lady—she's fainted!" said a rude voice. "Doctor—you had better see to her."

But she had not fainted. White, speechless, powerless as she was, the blessed relief of insensibility had been denied the bereaved wife, and she saw and heard with agonizing distinctness all that passed around her.

"His wife!" said the young surgeon, pityingly. "I did not know that he was a married man. She should have been prepared for this. Poor creature—poor crushed creature! Lay down the dead man. Somers, and come here. He is past all help. Call in the women, and take away that mob of staring men!"

As the pungent breath of some powerful restorative crossed her senses, Grace fainted in the young sur-

geon's supporting arms—life and consciousness could not uphold their domain against the great billows of agony that were sweeping across her soul!

When she came to her senses, the first object on which her eye rested was the kind face of the young doctor. With a convulsive effort she strove to start from her couch.

"Gently—gently," said the young man. "Lie still a while longer; you are hardly strong enough to rise yet."

"Tell me!" she gasped, with colourless lips, "tell me all."

"Not yet—you will be stronger presently."

"I know it all," she moaned. "He is dead, but how?"

"Your husband had lost everything he possessed in the world at the gaming table, and in a fit of despair, partially aggravated by the influence of liquor, shot himself through the temples."

Contrary to the doctor's expectations, Grace neither screamed nor wept, but lay silent and voiceless as a statue.

"She takes it easily," thought he. Ah, could he but have seen into the hidden depths of her broken, crushed heart!

A few days afterwards she returned to the home she had been so eager to abandon, only to mourn with the bitterest remorse that one fatal mistake which had darkened her whole existence with its baneful shadow! A. R.

JUNE ROSES.

A DELICIOUS summer-day, such as I am so fond of writing about, so much fonder of enjoying, after my own idle, profitless fashion; the very queen of all those bright days—the one to be looked back upon as the brightest and most beautiful, however cloudless and glorious any of the succeeding train might be.

A little bay, along a picturesque shore, with lofty hills jutting out upon either side, and flinging the shadows of their summer decorations far across the sunlit water; a stretch of green lawn between, upon which the old mansion stood, with pine woods towering up at the back, and always murmuring a solemn echo to the refrain of the waves.

In front, the broad sweep of sparkling waters, dotted with silver sails, and dazzling bright with the sunbeams, save where, at intervals, close to the shore, other cliffs, stately and vine-crowned, like those near the house, cast their pleasant shadows over the golden scene.

A merry party, collected by appointment that morning at the house, had been picnicking on the hill-side, dancing on the smooth turf beneath, rowing along the shadowed shore, and enjoying one of those undisturbed gala days which occasionally brighten our lives with their Eden passage.

The sweetness of the late afternoon wore out; the last hours, perhaps the pleasantest of any, when everybody was too tired for further exertions, and they sat under the trees in little groups, talking idly, and listening to the dash of the waters against the rocks, as they seemed calling to the responsive voices of the pines.

Then the glory of the sunset flamed up against the western sky, transformed every cloud and wave into rainbow-hued shallops, that sailed across sky and water, and seemed to meet in the broad distance, where the line of light lay most dazzling.

When the brightness faded arose the pleasant confusion of separation and departure. Most of the party were to row back to the hotel that was nestled out of sight in a cove of the shore a few miles lower down; and those who were to find a way homeward by another route stood watching them as the little boats, with their gondola-like awnings, floated out upon the waters, and gay voices rang back other words of parting, glad as the enjoyment of the past hours.

There were, none of them, guests at the house on the hill-side, so where a path branched off toward the main road, Katharine Hawdon paused to hear her friends farewell and thanks for the pleasure she had afforded them.

She stood still where they had left her, even after the last of the group had disappeared, but not alone—Louis Summers was waiting to accompany her back to the house—then there must be still another parting.

He was looking silently at her as she leaned against the stile in pleasant pensiveness, her cheeks still tinged with excitement, her eyes looking fairly black, as they always did after any prolonged excitement, either of pleasure or pain, and her fair hair breaking loose from its accustomed propriety into a thousand little ripples and curls that softened her face into a more girlish loveliness than it usually possessed.

Not a handsome face, irregular in feature and contour, but something better than that—a beautiful face

from its strength and purity, and the wonderful power of expression which broke from the grand soul within.

Past the first impulsiveness of girlhood, past the wild romance and restlessness, and entering upon the serenity of womanhood, like some virgin queen moving forward to the full possession of her royalty.

I cannot tell how long Louis Summers would have stood watching her, albeit he was not a man who usually lacked words, and those, too, that fitted rightly the exact moment; but Katharine roused herself with a little start, and said:

"It has been such a pleasant day."

"Pleasant, indeed," he returned; "but it has passed so quickly."

She laughed a little.

"Poor human nature must peep out," she said; "when we can complain of nothing else, we groan because the sun won't stand still and wait for our pleasure to end."

"But if you have enjoyed it, you must be sorry to see it end," he urged.

"No," replied Katharine; "I shall have another pleasant memory; the day will grow even brighter as one looks back upon it."

"Then you hold it is a happiness to have enjoyed, even if the enjoyment did not last."

"Indeed I do! I think I could bear great suffering better if I had been happy before it. If there was only a cold monotony before the trouble came, I should feel that I had been cheated every way."

"And yet the belief is, at least, as old as Dante, and we have his word for it—that—"

*Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.*

"Tennyson says it more sweetly," returned she.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But I don't choose to pin my faith on the sleeve of either. Dante was sour and bitter; no man can be a proper judge who receives trouble in that spirit."

"But by what argument do you defend yourself for disputing my grand-hearted Tennyson?"

And she laughed in the girlish way natural to her at times, that contrasted so prettily with her usual gravity, which people mistook for pride.

"You know a prophet has no honour in his own country," she answered, "a live poet must share the same fate among his contemporaries, I suppose."

He did not answer; his thoughts had gone away from the idle jesting of the moment; the light in those clear, brown eyes deepened, and the voice had a lower tone as he said:

"I believe it would be only pain for me to look back, if I thought this day must end here."

There was something so changed in the tone that Katharine's gaiety left her, the colour fluttered uneasily across her cheek, and after one shy glance at the earnest face bent toward her own, she stood silent, her hands unconsciously pulling at the wild rose they held—those fair, slender hands, so delicate, yet possessing so much character that a true physiologist would have told from them the strength and pride, the true womanliness and gentleness which lay in her nature.

"Katharine!"

Only her name that he pronounced, but in an accent she had never before heard; and in that brief instant of confusion and bewilderment, Katharine Hawdon knew the truth, and the dream which had lain so quietly upon her soul during the past weeks, that she had gained no perception of its depth and intensity, burst into unforewarned maturity like the sudden unfolding of an amaryllis to the sun.

He was clasping her hands, striving to look into her downcast eyes, uttering broken words of passionate strength that thrilled her very soul; but all the while, though neither noticed it, the summer roses dropped, one after another, from her hold under the pressure of his grasp.

Beneath the waning glory of the June day they had passed into the brightness of the old world, which is still the new, and shall be so while any human hearts have power enough in their youth to open the charmed portals.

How long they stood there and talked probably neither could have told.

Somewhere in your life—don't be ashamed to own it—you, too, have passed through one of those indescribable seasons—at once brief as a rainbow flash and long as eternity.

It was almost a year now since those two had first met, and been drawn toward each other, as people of kindred sympathies must be, when happily the chances of this life bring them within responsive reach.

Pleasant months during the gay winter in town, where Katharine managed to keep herself free enough from the excitement about her to have ample opportunity for quiet hours with such as made a deeper

claim upon her life than the passing acquaintanceship of the time.

Pleasant weeks since, in the quiet of that sea-girt homestead, to which he had been a daily visitor, while the subtle chain which bound them grew narrower, until it had become fettered in the consummation of the present hour.

No boy-and-girl love, which is usually as weak and undisciplined as it is fresh and beautiful—Louis Summers was thirty, and this was Katharine's twenty-second birthday.

Before the twilight had time to grow grey and sombre, when the sunset burned out, the moon rose up, and made the scene only a softer and holier day, and through its sweetness they walked slowly toward the old house.

"You will not go to-night?" Katharine said.

"Not if I may stay; I want to see your uncle. Ah! there he is now, walking up and down the lawn."

Katharine could not meet anybody just then; so she stole through the shrubbery to enter the house by another door, and Summers passed on toward the lawn.

Mr. Hawdon came towards him as he approached—an elderly man, gentlemanly and proud-looking, but with a bitterness about the compressed mouth, and lines on the narrow forehead, which spoke plainly of a soured temper, and prejudices stubborn as those of all men with a lack of breadth in their frontal developments, who must necessarily be incapable of viewing a subject upon more than one side.

"Is that you, Summers?" he called out. "I began to think you were all drowned. What has become of the rest?"

"All gone home, sir," replied Summers, as he approached and stood by the old gentleman's side.

"And where is Katharine? It is ages after the tea hour! Has she gone home with the people?"

"No—no; she has just gone into the house."

"Not very polite to leave you, I should say! Come, we will go and find her, and see if it enters into her plans to give us any tea to-night."

"I want to speak to you first," said Summers, not hesitating from any fear of the man, only from that hesitation which any proud heart feels at revealing its dearest secret.

"Well," said Mr. Hawdon, pleasantly enough, "speak then, but don't let it be a lawyer's speech, for I am hungry."

"Your niece and I have had a long conversation—"

"Bless me, I don't need to be told that. Didn't I say I had been waiting an hour and a half for my tea?"

Summers was annoyed by the commonplaces which jarred upon his mood, but he was forced to laugh nevertheless.

"To be brief, then, sir, she has given me permission to ask you if I may keep her always with me."

"The deuce she has!" cried Mr. Hawdon; but as his words and voice were alike crabbed, in good or ill temper, it really was quite impossible to tell what sensation was uppermost in his mind.

"You have known me for a long time," pursued Summers; "my father was your friend."

"I know all you want to say, sir," interrupted Mr. Hawdon; "so it's of no use to go over it."

Summers began to look proud and stern.

"Am I to understand that you disapprove—?"

"There you go," again interrupted the merciless old bachelor. "No, you are to understand no such thing! I don't know much about falling in love by experience, but I know you're a splendid fellow, and Katharine's a pearl—a pearl, sir; and if you want to be married, I say do it, and God bless you, that's all!"

Summers seized his hand with a variety of insane sounding ejaculations, then darted off.

"Where the deuce are you going now?" cried his host.

"Only a moment—Katharine—I want to see—"

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Mr. Hawdon, resolutely catching his arm. "At this rate, I shall get no tea at all."

He pulled his guest unceremoniously into the hall, and never loosened his hold till they stood in the library, with Katharine visible in the moonlight.

"Kate," said the bachelor, "love is good, but tea is better; love is a commodity I should fancy just as good cold as hot; tea isn't—I want mine."

He stalked on into the little room where the table was spread, ordered in the urn, scolded the servant, wrinkled up his face portentously, and looked as pleased as an overgrown schoolboy all the while.

Oh! the dear, beautiful June evening, with the old house sanctified by the presence of that dream; the long walk up and down the moonlit shore; a night that had such glory as perhaps no coming evening might ever possess, lighted by a moon which, perhaps,

would never dazzle their eyes again—are there any human words which can describe it?

Somewhere in your life, you, too, who read, have had, or shall have, an evening like that! If the murmur of the scented wind died in a wail over a place of graves; if the moon set never to rise again; at least thank God you have known that hour! If you have yet to wait for the charmed season, for the new voice of the waters, the new glory of the night, pray that you may be worthy of the happiness if it lasts; and pray, too, that if the holier destiny of renunciation and sacrifice is to be yours, that you may be worthy to wear the crown of thorns which somewhere in eternity shall blossom into fadeless roses.

The next morning Summers was forced to return to town; by the end of the week he would be down—only a few days of separation.

As the two stood side by side, uttering the last parting, they repeated those words again and again; only a few days, and neither could have assigned any reason for the chill pain they brought, a childish weakness, not in keeping with either character.

The carriage was at the door. Mr. Hawdon had gone back into the library.

"Good-bye, darling," Summers whispered; "expect me on Saturday."

A servant came up the steps at that moment with a package of letters and papers in his hand fresh from the post-office.

"Any letters for Miss Hawdon?" asked Summers, quickly.

"Yes, sir, this one," and the man held up the epistle, which Summers took, and he passed on.

"At least I can make you a parting gift," he said, placing the letter in her hand. "God bless you, Katharine—my Katharine. Good-bye."

He sprang into the carriage, and was driven rapidly down the avenue. Katharine stood watching until the vehicle disappeared down the high road, and then turned to enter the house, forgetful of the letter she held in her hand.

At that instant her uncle's voice sounded through the hall—sounded as she had twice before in her life heard it—harsh and broken, with terrible wrath and passion.

"Katharine! Katharine Hawdon, I say!"

She hurried through the hall, while a sudden sickening horror seemed depriving her of all strength, and the moment required to reach the library appeared endless.

Mr. Hawdon was standing in the middle of the room, grasping a letter in one hand, his face rigid and harsh with a rage which no common event could have produced.

"You have a letter, too!" he exclaimed; "so you know it!"

She looked at him in dumb astonishment, glanced at the unfamiliar superscription of the envelope she held, and cried out:

"What is it? What is it?"

"That—that—your—"

He could not go on; his passion actually seemed suffocating him. He hurried up and down the room gasping brokenly:

"Read—your letter—your letter; I can't tell you!"

Katharine tore open the envelope, glanced down the blotted page, and then sank slowly into a chair, not fainting, for her glazed eyes stared always at the letter, and her lips moved in a vain attempt to articulate.

He was not noticing her, he was not thinking of her; rushing up and down the room, mad with the disgrace which had come so near his own life, blind and dumb with the passion which surged through his soul, its fire increased by the recollection of past treachery, and the stern vows he had made for action, if ever again a crisis should arrive like that which had come now.

This was what Katharine Hawdon read in the letter her lover had placed in her hand as a parting gift.

It was a letter written in a prison—written by her own brother, whom she had believed not even in the country; and, worst of all, it was the third time within the past three years that a letter, threatening sorrow and disgrace to all who bore his name, had reached that dwelling from the self-same hand.

He was in prison, arrested on a charge of forgery, and he wrote, in all the abjectness of a weak nature, for mercy and help. Poor, weak fool, praying for mercy and help, and nobody to show it but that blinded, thunder-stricken girl, and that pitiless-looking man.

Only a few moments of that dumb anguish, and Katharine was tugging at her uncle's arm, crying out in a voice as unlike that which had whispered under the moonlight of the past evening, as if years instead of hours had elapsed.

"Come, uncle, come! There is no time to lose; let us save him—save him!"

He shook off her hold; his passion was too great for him to note her agony.

"If it was to save my own soul I wouldn't raise a finger," he cried out. "Once I saved him by paying a gambling debt—once I forgave the forging of my own name. I swore an oath then, that if the third time came, it should find me merciless—it does!"

"Uncle, uncle! For God's sake—for my dead father's sake!"

"I swore an oath—I will keep it! No man would be more inflexible than that creature's father. Cast him off as I do, the time has come."

Katharine started to her feet, the whirl and insanity left her senses, the quick, vigorous nature reasserted itself.

"Never!" she cried. "He is my brother. If shame comes to him, I bear it by his side; disgrace, imprisonment, death! I will not leave him."

"So be it," he answered, in a hard, sullen tone; "go with him, but remember, you leave me for ever."

From their early childhood that man had been a father to the brother and sister; this would be no ordinary parting of relatives; it was the breaking up of home, of their lives, it was the separation between parent and children.

"You won't do this," Katharine cried; "you can't do it! Only listen to me; you shan't go. Uncle, uncle! We are your children—the legacy of a dying man; time and again you have said so! You can't cast your own son off! Uncle, uncle!"

"If he had been my son I would not have forgiven the first offence—I told you so! I have no right to sequester him any longer, no more than I would to shield a murderer. I will not do it!"

"For God's love, uncle! Only this time! Mercy! mercy! Our mother pleads for her boy—your brother's child! Think how you loved him; how proud you were of him. It isn't too late; save him this once—this once!"

"Only to bring a deeper and more lasting disgrace upon us all. Let me go, Katharine! Stop pulling at my coat! Sit down, I say! Are you going mad?"

She was past speech for a few moments. He forced her into a chair, turning away from the white face and agonized eyes that stared into his own.

"Now listen to me," he said. "This man can't keep out of crime. Freed now, he would only do worse. He has taken an assumed name. Nobody knows that he is in this country. I tell you five years in prison will be mercy and not cruelty to him."

She struggled for strength, as if she battled with some invisible foe. No tears yet to humanize her agony—voice enough at last to cry:

"Five years! So young! With bad men about him! coming out utterly hardened and lost! Uncle! uncle! as you hope for God's mercy, show it to us!"

"He is nothing to you—cast him off! You are my child—I command you!"

"Never! though all the world bade me! Uncle, if a voice from heaven bade me, I wouldn't believe its truth! My brother—my brother, that I played with, that you loved so, and said his prayers at your knees!"

The horrible tension of her nerves gave way; with one sob, on which life itself seemed going out, the tears leaped from her eyes, and preserved her tottering reason.

She wept till she had no more tears left, and then she said, brokenly:

"I shall go—will you help me?"

"Never! and the voice was like a blow on iron."

"My God! what to do—how to do it?"

"You are of age; your ten thousand pounds lie in the bank, waiting for investment—take them; bring him out of prison; be dragged down to disgrace with him. You are nothing to me; go to that forger, that thief—go!"

She rose up cold and white.

"I will go," she said. "You have shown me the way; may God show you the mercy you will not show us!"

"You are ruining your life, Katharine; neither heaven nor man can ask this sacrifice! Think of your engagement, of your love—"

"They belong to the old life," she interrupted; "the new one begins to-day."

Expostulations and pleading on either side; a stern belief in his justice upholding the man; only the thought that her brother called for help, and that it must be given at the expense of life itself, animating the woman—and thus they parted.

The evening of that day, which had dawned so brightly, found Katharine in the great city, as utterly separated from her past life, as if an earthquake had suddenly blotted the world from under her feet, but holding fast to her shattered life with only one thought, one aim—her brother!

She could think now—could see what was to be done. It was too late to obtain admittance to the prison that night. She had the address of her brother's lawyer; she drove directly to his office, only to

find him gone; to spend hours in search of his home; to find herself in his presence at last; to meet with kindness and sympathy, but little hope.

Mr. Edwards knew the whole truth—the young man's real name; these were the facts:

Richard Hawdon had got himself into some difficulty at Bordeaux, where he had been sent by his uncle, after settling the former forgery; he had hurried to Paris with a party of reckless men; being afraid to go home, had spent a few days in wild excess, and finally, being used as an instrument by his designing companions, led to commit the forgery, and left to be given up to prompt detection, while they escaped with the spoils.

The man whose name had been forged was an acquaintance of Mr. Hawdon—a stern, hard man, who said only, that as the truth could not transpire, and no disgrace would visit the family, the best thing that could happen to the creature was imprisonment. He knew of the boy's former crimes, of his uncle's resolve on that occasion—it was his now.

To find this man was Katharine's next step. She had seen him often at his own house, and at her uncle's. She must go at once. Mr. Edwards offered to accompany her.

"Better not," she said; "let me see him alone."

He saw what looked like death in her face. He urged her to wait—to rest. She could no more have done it than if a tornado had been whirling her along.

It was growing late for a seasonable visit, but Katharine paid no attention to ordinary ceremonies. She drove to Mr. Winthrop's house, and was admitted to his presence.

I do not think she was eloquent in her pleading—soul and heart were too thoroughly racked for that; but there was a look in her face which must have made itself felt to the dulllest or most unfeeling capacity—a look which said, that while there was a chance of working, of struggling against the current, neither body nor mind would give way; but when the irrevocable had come, there would be an end to the powers of both.

He argued a long while; he yielded at last when she cried:

"You are not condemning a criminal to prison, you are giving a death-blow to a woman; you are not punishing the guilty, you are murdering the innocent!"

Her look and tone fairly terrified the cold, worldly man.

"Send your lawyer," he exclaimed, "and I'll settle it! Good heaven! Miss Hawdon, don't call me a murderer!"

She tried to thank him; words were very hard to come, but the look in her eyes haunted him for weeks.

Back, late as it was, to the lawyer; once in his house, the news spoken, and for a time nature avenged itself for all it had undergone—Katharine fainted away, and the rest of the night was a blank to her.

But the next morning she was up and ready for action. She was spared that most harrowing of all visitations, the visit to the prison. She had only to sit down and be quiet, and in a few hours her brother would be restored to her.

The house where the lawyer lived was in a quiet street, set back far enough to admit of a little garden in front—and Katharine went out there during her season of watching.

As she stood in the path, she looked into the street, and saw Louis Summers passing by. He was passing at the gate; some business with Mr. Edwards called him, and not finding him at his office, he had come to the house in search of him.

When he was half way up the yard, he saw Katharine standing on the steps, whither she had retreated; and after the first look of incredulous astonishment, he darted forward, calling her name, joyfully.

She led the way into the house. Once in the parlour, and the door closed, she turned and regarded him with a look which startled him from his revelation of the sad destiny that had come upon her.

"Good heaven, Katharine!" he exclaimed; "what is the matter—what are you doing here?"

"I think to say farewell to you; although I did not know it when I came," she answered.

He stared at her in startled amazement.

"What is it, Katharine—what is it?"

"Shame—disgrace! They have passed so close to me, Louis Summers, that they have scorched my very soul—they separate me from you."

When he cried out to her in a wild paroxysm of distress to speak intelligibly, she stood there and told him the whole story in a passive, stunned sort of way, that was more painful to hear than excitement could have made it. Told him everything, even to the fact that she was cast off by her uncle; that she had no one in the world left to cling to but that weak, erring brother, to whom she must be a prop instead of find-

ing in him the support which her woman's nature required.

Even in that moment the affairs of the world without pressed so close upon him that he had no time to spare; every moment wasted jeopardized almost a human life, and it was necessary that he should be gone.

"Katharine," he cried, "did you think this would part us, child? Child, will you trust me till to-morrow?"

"Till the end of my life," she answered.

"Wait here then—I must go. To-morrow, Katharine."

A few more words of consolation, and he left her—left her with her chaotic world once more struggling into life and bloom. All was not lost; his love, his guidance were left her still.

Before the afternoon was gone, Katharine Hawdon and her brother met once more. I do not wish to describe that first interview—similar scenes have been written oftentimes.

He was very penitent—the penitence of a weak nature with a fund of stolid obstinacy at the bottom. He looked worn and ill, but boyish to a degree, although he was but a year younger than Katharine.

There was not strength enough in his character for any earnest principles to take root there. He must be whatever circumstances and association made him. He was by no means a fool; a handsome young fellow, with a pretty gift of language, and glimpses enough of ability, if any one of the gleams of talent could have been sufficiently developed for any beneficial result.

Incorrigibly indolent, always meaning to do better to-morrow; feeling by some mysterious mental analysis a sense of injury and wrong toward the whole world, from troubles which had risen solely from his own vicious habits—fretful—headstrong. Oh! neither time nor trouble had changed, or would change him. Katharine saw that before the first hour of their meeting was gone.

Of course, there was enough to be said on both sides. There was the work of living before them; and the question arose, how was life to be met?

When Richard knew the truth, that his uncle had cast them off together, his anger mastered his penitence; but Katharine would not argue or listen there.

Richard wished to go away at once—anywhere—Italy. Katharine had some money left. He could find employment. Only to be gone from that fatal city, and beyond the possibility of being followed with stories of his own misconduct and guilt.

Katharine could form no plan then—she was waiting for Summers. Sitting there in their quiet room, with the twilight about them, she told her brother of this dear one, and the change he had brought into her whole existence.

At first Richard was deeply indignant that she should think of anybody but him; that this man should know his secret; but he grew calm after a while, was glad to have a firm hand to lean upon, and sat down to wait his arrival.

The twilight passed and the evening came, but Louis Summers did not arrive.

When the bells pealed out midnight, Richard was asleep in his chamber, and Katharine still sat there, not expecting now, but trying to find reasons for her disappointment.

There was a vague chill at her heart, but no distrust. She grew very cold and faint—that was the reaction after all she had endured.

And while she watched and counted the strokes of the clock, feeling the chill and trembling increase, a distant village was aroused from its quiet by a terrible tumult—a railway train had met with an accident, and the dead and dying filled chambers which a little while before had been calm with the slumber of happy hearts.

But of all this Katharine could have no perception; only the chill at her heart increased, and at last she crept away to her bed, to find an oblivion for the hours that must pass between then and the morning.

It came—the beautiful June morning—came and passed, and the day followed—but no tidings. Another and another came, till a week was gone, but no step sounded in the dwelling—no hope came to Katharine.

At first Richard pitied her, then his old restlessness came up—he was wild to be gone. This man had shrunk from them like the rest of the world—Katharine must make up her mind to that.

She could not go away. When she counted up the days that had elapsed, she was almost mad; but she could not go—a little longer—another respite!

Richard was sick of confinement; he began to go out after nightfall, doubtful-looking men came to the house several times in search of him; late in the evening he would return, and Katharine saw that he had been drinking.

This would not do—she must save him at least. They made preparations to go away to where she had a few kind friends, who would assist them.

At last Summers' name was dead between them. Richard understood that, however long their lives might endure, that name was never to be uttered again.

Katharine saw that she could wait no longer. For a season her heart and her duty had fought a hard battle—but it was over now. She would take her brother's hand, and lead him away from the temptation and guilt of his past life.

For days and days she had refused to mark the passage of time. Each morning she had clung with new tenacity to the hope of seeing a rainbow upon the gulf of her life before the day faded. Each night she had pressed eagerly forward to slumber, that she might the sooner escape the hours which must intervene before it would be possible to catch up a fresh hope, and hold a new vigil.

There was no bitterness in her soul; she did not hate or despise the man she had loved; she would not allow herself to acknowledge that he had acted weakly in shrinking from her side after he had taken time to consider the injury that might blight his own life if he linked himself with her and hers. It was necessary for her soul's peace, nay, its safety, that the god of its worship should not be stricken down from its pedestal; and, by the strange power of her woman's nature, she kept it erect in spite of doubt, silence, everything—kept it sacred still.

This thing is possible to certain men and women; not to all, but to a few—this I know.

It seemed to Katharine that in sacrificing herself to her brother she had saved him; but justice still demanded its victim, and she must suffer for the wrongs whose consequences she had removed from his path. Her life had narrowed to the round his would have taken in the prison; she must submit to her captivity, and, perhaps, even before she stepped from this world, an angel would open the door of her dungeon and let the sunlight in upon her soul once more.

They were ready to go. Richard would scarcely permit her to communicate even with Mr. Edwards; she wrote him only a few broken lines of thanks.

It so chanced that under the name Richard had assumed, two persons sailed for Melbourne on the very day that Katharine and he stood upon the deck of the vessel and watched the last sight of the familiar land fade, and turned their thoughts toward the distant shores where they sought a haven.

Two years went by in that isolation from the world of their past.

The refuge they found was, at least, a safe one. They had not been called upon to wrestle with the loathsome ills of actual poverty; Richard had employment on an estate, Katharine taught two little children, and was companion to the commonplace old pair into whose service they had entered, and whose minds had never fatigued themselves with curiosity enough to question why and wherefore the orphans were there; content to suppose that circumstances rendered it necessary for them to earn their livelihood, and they preferred to do it as far as possible from their early home.

But Richard Hawdon had not will enough to persist in a course that would have led to reformation.

He was ashamed to go back to his native land—Katharine's influence and his retired life kept him safe from wrong which could meet with actual punishment—but he chose to fret over his thwarted youth, his broken hopes; to call himself ill-fated, to brood over his evil deeds, and pity himself therefore, and to believe that no mortal had ever been stricken by a series of such dire calamities as he.

He drank, by way of consolation; Katharine could not keep him from indulging in the vice, but she did keep him within a sort of limit. Fortunately, he did no harm to any one but himself, and, really, it seemed little matter by what means the deformed, thwarted, life was transferred to another sphere, where at least the mastery of the flesh would be done away.

And Katharine lived on, and did not falter, though the heat of those ardent skies could never warm her heart into comfort, nor the voice of the scented wind bring back the joyousness of youth.

She simply lived for others, and this complete abnegation had, at least, one sort of reward—the heavy pressure of pain gradually slipped from her heart.

The odd feeling that she was enduring the captivity from which she had saved the erring one never left her; but she had ceased to look forward to the time when an angel should open the door, and ceased to think much of herself where this world was concerned; persistently blind to the thought of a future, living in her little round of present days, and not murmuring.

Now the end was at hand. Beneath those fervid skies, Richard Hawdon's misused, cramped, listless soul was going forth to the Infinite. There was Katharine still—the same Katharine—soothing and watching, and doing much for the erring spirit at last, if she could not help the shattered body.

But she was not to bear that last trouble alone. Every landward wind blew nearer the sails that brought the resurrection of her hopes; the angel who should open her prison doors stood upon the threshold, but she knew it not.

For Louis Summers did come; and in that silent retreat he found Katharine walking up and down in the garden amid the freshness of evening.

She looked up and saw him standing there. Someway there was neither surprise nor wonder in her mind, only the thought which had lain on her heart all that time took words and cried out:

"The prison doors are at last opened. Louis! Louis!"

Through all she had believed in him—believed in him even at the worst; and now she heard the story of that accident which had left him, for weeks, with only a faint struggling life in his frame, met when he was hurrying for his mother to come and watch over his Katharine. Then the search when life came back; no tidings anywhere but the names of the people who had gone to Melbourne.

He followed—followed from one colony to another—always on their track, and always too late to overtake them; and when he did, more than a year had gone, and he stood face to face with them to find strangers.

Back to England—another illness; then a weary time of vain search, joined in by Mr. Hawdon, who had grown to the full as anxious and mad as he was.

Chance—so men call it—let us have faith enough for once to say, God's providence—at last threw in his way the captain of the ship with whom the brother and sister had sailed. Since then only time enough for the second journey had elapsed. He came, not only to cherish Katharine, but to bring words of peace and reconciliation from the old man in his lonely home.

Katharine went to prepare Richard; she broke it all to him gently as possible. Weak as he was he could be raised upon his pillows, and call for Summers—he must see him at once.

Then the pair stood by his bed and listened to his eager words—words of thankfulness at last, and after a time the yearning for home came up, and all his cry was:

"Home! I shall go home!"

"As soon as you are able," Summers said.

He slept a little with that promise in his mind, clasping their two hands in his own.

The purple and gold of the sunset swept in—the traces of illness seemed to fade from his face—a new peace settled over it; he looked as he had years back in his innocent boyhood, and he awoke with that dear thought on his lips.

"I am going home," he said, rather faintly. "Kiss me, Katy dear; Louis, brother, raise me up."

They raised him higher on the pillows. Summers saw the sudden perception of the truth startle Katharine, and gathered her to his side.

"I am going home," repeated Richard, while his hands clung closer to theirs, but the great eyes wavered a little now; "going home—another trial at life."

His head drooped suddenly, the eyes grew fixed, but the smile did not fade from his lips. He had gone home—gone to make a new trial of life, let us hope in the land where all are exempt from the struggles of mortality here below.

F. L. E.

THE REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.—The new Act of Parliament to amend the registration of county voters has been printed, and has immediate operation. It will effect several important alterations in the law of registration and as to the duties of revising barristers in the next revision of the lists of counties, cities, and boroughs. On or before the 10th June in every year the clerk of the peace is to deliver to the overseers of every parish in the county, his precept according to the form now printed, with the forms of notices, list, and copies of the register in the principal Act mentioned. The clerk of the peace is to transmit to the overseer of every parish copies of the part of the register relating to each parish; and the overseers, on or before the 20th June, are to publish the register as provided on the church doors, and the same is to be removed not later than the 20th July. In future the 20th August, instead of the 25th, is to be the last day for giving notices of objections; and the 1st September, instead of the 29th August, is to be the last day for the overseers to deliver to the clerks of the peace the papers mentioned in the ninth section of the principal Act. One of the most important alterations now made is, that the grounds of objection are to be specified in the notice given. "No person objected to under the provisions of this Act shall be required to give evidence before the revising barrister in support of his right to be registered, otherwise than as such right shall be called in question in

such ground or grounds of objection." Each ground is to be treated by the revising barrister as a separate ground of objection. Voters changing their abodes and objected to may make a declaration, and transmit the same to the clerk of the peace on or before the 14th September. No lists of voters for a county are to be revised before the 20th September. Costs to £5 and not 20s. may be awarded by the barrister. The revising barrister is to read "audibly in open court" the names expunged and the names inserted. He is empowered to order the removal of persons interrupting the proceedings of his court, and a policeman is to attend the sittings and to keep order. The word "value" in an objection is to mean the "amount of rental." The Act will forthwith make various alterations in the revisions.

THE CAVALIER OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

SIR DONALD HAS BUSINESS.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel;
But, being in, so bear that thou' opponent
May beware of thee. *Shakespeare.*

"Has it in his heart to what?" asked Sir Donald, without moving.

Gertrude made no answer, but instinctively she drew nearer to Louis, as though she feared that her uncle might strike her.

"What did you think I had in my heart?" demanded the baronet.

Louis felt the hand of the poor girl tremble upon his arm, and he considered it his duty to interfere. He knew that she was suffering—that she dared not answer—and that her uncle would be merciless.

"Sir Donald," he said, with lordly dignity, at the same time rising to his feet, "this is unseemly. You should not thus press the lady in my presence. If she held any thought either for or against you, it has not yet been spoken, and why should you seek to make her speak it now?"

"How now, young sir!" cried Donald, trying to put on the air of a lord, "are you the lady's champion? Has she committed herself to your keeping?"

"Nay, Sir Donald—nothing of the kind." The youth's voice did not tremble, nor could the closest observer have discovered that he was unusually moved. Had he been alone with the baronet he might have shown some fire; but in Gertrude's presence he meant to be calm, for he well knew how, in her present frame of mind, a scene of stormy passion might affect her. "Nothing of the kind, I assure you. What I have said I have said in the simple desire to save the feelings of one who is already, God knows, suffering enough."

"Perhaps," answered Donald, "my niece has some especial claim to your gratitude and protection!"

"Yes, sir, she has," answered the cavalier, with just the slightest tinge of warmth, and a bright burning of the eye. "She and I have been children together; we were playmates in those other years, and we have been friends in the years since. She has been as a sister to me, and I owe her a brother's protection now."

"And how do you expect to protect her?"

"Do not sneer, Sir Donald. You have seen how I did my duty when you all needed protection against a powerful foe."

"I cry you mercy, brave youth. I meant not to question your bravery. But,"—and the baronet's voice grew calm and serious, evidently at the cost of a powerful effort—"it is growing late, and the dews of evening are falling. Gertrude, you had better come with me to a more fitting shelter. Louis Moran has other duties to attend to."

Gertrude dared not resist, even had she been so inclined, so she took her uncle's hand, and suffered him to lead her towards the donjon, while Louis, thus left to himself, started up and walked in the opposite direction.

"What was it that Gertrude left unsaid?" he queried, in a deeply anxious mood. "What would she have told me had not her uncle interrupted her? Most assuredly she had some reason to suspect him. But of what? By the gods! I shall see her again; and I will then know what dark intention of Donald Lindsay gives her such fear."

The cavalier's meditations were interrupted by the appearance of one of his officers, who had come to learn what arrangement should be made touching a guard for the night.

He returned to the ballium, where he disposed of his forces as he deemed proper, making sure that a sufficient scouting party of Walter Markham's woodmen were outside, and that sentinels were posted at proper distances upon the battlements.

"Do you think we shall be attacked again?" asked the old warden, Adam Goffer by name, after our hero had given orders that every man should keep his

arms where he could place his hands upon them at a moment's notice.

"It is not impossible, good Adam, and hence you must look well to the gates, and see that the porter is not too easy with his duty."

"But," suggested Adam, "we certainly gave them enough of our quality, and I should think they might be satisfied."

"Ah, my good man," replied Louis, shaking his head, "do you know that this Castle of Clifton is an eye-sore to the Roundhead faction; and if I am not mistaken even Fleetwood himself gives assent to the reduction of the place. But still I do not apprehend any immediate renewal of the attack."

"Though you think it may be?"

"Certainly. There are plenty of Roundhead soldiers in Northampton, and also in Leicester, where Barton can get as many reinforcements as he wants; and unless I am greatly mistaken touching Ralph Barton's character, he will not so readily give over an enterprise of this kind once so vauntingly undertaken. However, if we are prepared, I have no fear of the result."

On the following day, while those within the donjon were making ready for the funeral of their late lord, Louis set his men at work clearing out the rubbish from the moat, and when this had been done, he turned his attention to fixing such obstructions as might prevent another attack like that which had come so near destroying the bridge and the gate. While he was thus at work Sir Donald approached the spot, and looked on for awhile.

"My dear Louis," he said, with a smile, "I am glad to see you taking these precautions. Be sure I appreciate your efforts."

For the moment the young man only thought of the important work he had in hand, so he frankly replied:

"I thought these steps ought to be taken, Sir Donald, for we know not how soon some of us may be called upon to defend the castle again."

"You are very thoughtful, my dear sir."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in this remark which could not escape Moran's perception, and when he would have looked more sharply into the baronet's face, the latter turned and walked away. The youth watched him until he had gone from sight, and then, smiting his fist upon his thigh, he cried:

"By heaven! there's some villainy brewing in that man's brain."

"Say in his soul, rather," said Walter Markham, who chanced to stand by Moran's side.

"No," exclaimed Louis. "The villainy is in his soul already; say—and it's now in the brain to brew up some wicked plot."

The woodman pulled the cavalier by the sleeve, and drew him away from those who were at work on the bridge; and when at a safe distance he asked:

"Have you any suspicion of what that plot may be?"

"Yes," replied Louis, emphatically.

"Ah?"

"Yes, Walter. It is aimed against me. He would be rid of me. He would send me away at once if he dared; but he knows that such a course would bring down the whole garrison upon him in indignation, and perhaps lead to revolt, and for that he is not quite prepared. But I fear him not."

"By the holy Apostles! and why should you fear him?" cried Markham, vehemently. "Let me tell you, as I would not fear to tell him, that where he has one weak, puny, cowardly man on his side, in the person of his son, you have full an hundred and fifty brave men on yours. By my soul, we will wait and see him turn you from the castle. We will see how he will do it."

"Good Walter," said the youth, taking the old woodman's hand, and pressing it warmly, "I know I have the true friendship of all our brave men, and for that reason I have no fears. So let us rest easy, and await the result."

But the old woodman was not to be put off yet. He fancied, perhaps, that he could enlighten his young friend somewhat; so he pulled him further away from the gate, and spoke in a lower tone:

"Louis, do you know why Sir Donald wishes to get rid of you?"

The young man answered by an inquiring look.

"Don't you know, Louis?"

"Do you know, Walter?"

"I think I do."

"Then why is it?"

The old man shook his head very sagely, and at length replied:

"He would have the Lady Gertrude for his own son."

"And why should that desire on his part lead him to trouble me?" asked Louis, controlling himself as well as he could.

"Don't you know, my boy?"

"I asked you a plain question, Walter."

"Well, then, my young master, if you would have

me speak out, I can do so. Sir Donald knows very well that the lady loves you."

"Hush, Walter!"

"Ah, but I speak the truth."

"It may be the truth, and it may not be the truth—but if it is the truth, in speaking it you speak too much."

"Have I given offence, Louis?"

"Not at all, good Walter. No, no, I take no offence. Only, speak no more such words to me. Now let us attend to the workmen, and in the time to come we will keep an eye upon the movements of Sir Donald."

The work was done, and night closed in; and long after Louis Moran had retired to his couch did the honestly spoken words of the old woodman ring in his ears.

Had Walter given offence in thus speaking? Ah, no! Far from it. He had rather given source to happy thought and to happy dreams.

On the next day the earthly remains of Robert Lindsay were consigned to their last resting-place in the deep vault beneath the chapel, and when the mournful services were concluded, those immediately connected with the household repaired to the great hall, where they expected to hear some word of direction from him whom, for the present at least, they were to regard as the master of Clifton.

It had become generally understood in the castle that Lord Robert had left no will, but still it had been supposed that, in place of the reading of a will, Sir Donald would publicly assume control of affairs, and plainly make known his intentions touching those matters wherein his people were interested.

But no such thing was done.

The baronet directed that refreshments should be served for those who desired, and then he retired to the library, where he remained closeted with his son for two or three hours.

It was late in the afternoon when Donald Lindsay came out into the court to seek Louis Moran. He found him in one of the bastions, sitting alone.

"Ah, Louis, you are meditating."

The cavalier could not find it in his heart, directly upon the event of the funeral, to repulse any one who approached him with even a show of kindness, so he civilly answered:

"Yes, Sir Donald."

"Do you find much to meditate upon?"

"In this world of change and sorrow," replied the youth, somewhat sadly, "the contemplative mind may find much to meditate upon."

"You speak truly, my young friend—you speak most truly. It is indeed a world of change and sorrow. And yet we who have work to do should allow no sorrow to turn us from it. I would like to retire to my chamber, and pass a time in mourning for the loss of my good brother; but that sweet privilege is denied me. I must hasten away this very evening to Warwick on most important business; and I have sought you for the purpose of informing you concerning the arrangements I have made for the conduct of affairs during my absence. I have left Edmund in charge of the household; because, as my son, I have deemed him the most proper person for that position. To you I leave the whole management of the garrison and its defences; and, during my absence, no one will interfere with your authority. You will respect your position, and act with the same circumspection which has heretofore marked your course. I trust this will be satisfactory."

"Entirely so, sir."

The baronet had arisen to take his leave, when Louis stopped him by asking:

"How long will you be gone, Sir Donald?"

"I cannot tell," he replied. "There is much business connected with the estate which I should like to attend to, beside some private business of my own. I may be gone a week, and I may return in two or three days. At all events, you will command the men-at-arms until you see me again."

With this the baronet descended from the bastion, and shortly afterwards Louis heard him ride away, and after he had gone the young man allowed himself to wonder what the business really was that could thus have called the head of the house away at a moment when his presence might be most needed.

"Perhaps," he reflected, "the man has told me the truth. I know he can tell the truth when the truth will best serve him; and I verily believe he can lie when lying will serve him better. Touching the business connected with these estates, I am sure he lied, for all that business must be transacted in Henley. Still he may have business of his own in Warwick—perhaps debts to pay. However, his business is nothing to me, and I will allow it to give me no trouble."

And with this Louis descended from the bastion into the court, where he paced to and fro at the foot of the grass-covered curtain. He had promised himself that he would not allow the business of the

baronet to give him trouble; but as he walked alone, with the shades of evening gathering about him, he could not put that business from his mind. It would haunt him, and from out the depths of the dim uncertainty arose many a weird form and perplexing phantom.

That Edmund Lindsay had been left in charge of the house did not trouble him at all. He was aware that Sir Donald desired that he should have no intercourse with Gertrude, and Edmund might have been put in charge of the domestic affairs with this view; but then, had he been left perfectly free—say, had he himself been put in charge of the domestic, he would not have forced himself upon the fair young mourner.

A bitter smile curled his lip as he thought how appropriately the stations had been filled. Himself to take charge of the brave defenders of the castle, while Edmund, shut up safely in the donjon, assumed control of the women and children; and this thought gave him real comfort. And it gave him the more comfort when, later in the evening, he heard some of the men-at-arms talking upon the same subject, and expressing the same sentiments.

"Gad zounds!" cried a stout arquebuser, "why shouldn't he be left in charge of the master's house? He's just fit for it."

"He would be if it weren't for one thing," suggested another.

"What is that?" asked the first speaker.

"Simply that I don't think he's exactly the man to be left in charge of the young mistress."

"And why not?"

"Why not? Why, bless your soul, do you think him fit?"

"In truth I do not; but then I can see no danger. Good heaven! what could he do with such a girl as Gertrude Lindsay! Let him but offer her one sign of insolence, and I'll venture my right hand that she'd turn him away as she would a troublesome child."

"Ay," exclaimed another of the arquebusers; "and let us but know of his offering insult to our sweet young lady, and we'll hang him upon the highest tower of the castle."

At this juncture Louis heard his name called by some one near the gate, and upon going thither he found Walter Markham just come in to report.

All was right outside, and new scouts had been sent out for the night; and having seen that the sentinels were at their posts, and proper reliefs provided for, our hero retired to his chamber.

The next day passed without any occurrence within the castle worthy of note.

Just after noon Louis met Edmund in the court, but they held no extended conversation. The latter asked some few questions concerning the defences, and the disposition of the forces, to which the cavalier replied with cool politeness. And then, with the gracious assurance that he had no doubt that all would be right while so brave a man was in charge, Master Edmund Lindsay returned to the donjon.

In the evening, just as the stars were beginning to show themselves, while Louis was on his way from the gate to one of the bastions, a woman approached him from the house and placed a note in his hands.

She was so muffled up that he could not see her face, and her movements were hurried and constrained.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Read it, and you will see," was the answer.

And before he could ask more the woman was gone.

As soon as Louis had attended to the duty that was calling him to the bastion, he retired to his chamber, where a servant had already placed a lamp, and having taken the note from his bosom, he found it to be directed to himself in the Lady Gertrude's own hand. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"BELOVED BROTHER:—I must see you before you leave Clifton; and as I much fear that my uncle will send you away when he returns, let us meet before that time. I have a heavy sadness upon my heart, and a harrowing fear oppresses me. If I can see you before the baronet comes back, I may give you some information that will be of service to you. I am closely watched—I am in truth a prisoner; but still I think I can make my way from the donjon to-night. If I can, I will meet you where I met you last—beneath the lindens. If I am not there before midnight, then I will try again to-morrow night. If you love your sister you will watch for her there."

"GERTRUDE."

Louis read this missive several times, and then he refolded it, and kissed it, and placed it in his bosom; and as he started forth to obey the gentle summons, there was a strange conflict between hope and despair in his soul. The sweet, confiding words of the lovely lady whispered, hope. But there was a stern, weird presence, looking out from the grim walls of the proud old castle, that whispered something far different.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR DONALD IN STRANGE COMPANY.

To him there was but one beloved face on earth;

And that was gazing on him.

Byron.

Louis heard the clock in the castle hall strike the hour of eleven, for the night was still and calm, and the sound readily reached him in his place of walk beneath the great lindens. Another hour passed, and the stroke came that told of midnight, and yet Gertrude did not make her appearance. But the watcher was not willing to give over the hope, so he waited one hour more; but with the same unhappy result. No Gertrude came, and he finally concluded to return to his chamber, and wait until the next night.

He had left the garden walk, and was crossing an angle of the baillium, when he heard some one approaching, and directly afterwards he saw a man who had apparently just stopped at the foot of one of the towers of the donjon. Supposing it to be one of his own guard, he walked freely on, and would have passed without speaking had he not been stopped by an abrupt challenge:

"Who goes there?"

"Your commander!" was Moran's quick answer, for he recognized the voice in an instant as that of Edmund Lindsay.

"Not my commander, sir," retorted Edmund.

"I am commander of the battlements and the baillium," replied Louis, authoritatively; "and all who choose to roam abroad at night are under the surveillance of my guard."

Young Lindsay seemed inclined to dispute this point; but evidently realizing that he might get the worst of such an argument, he changed the subject.

"You are walking late to-night, Master Moran."

"So are you," was the cavalier's ready response.

"I may have reason for it," pursued Edmund.

"You cannot have more reason than I have," added Louis.

"Are you out thus late on business connected with your command?"

"You will pardon me," said Louis, with frigid politeness, "if I do not answer questions touching my business. As commander of this garrison, I must keep such things to myself."

"Do not be insolent, sir!" cried Edmund, showing by his voice that he was trembling with passion.

"And," returned Louis, as coolly as though he had been speaking with a child, "at the same time allow me to beg that you will not be insolent to me."

"And what would you do if I were?" demanded Lindsay, in a tone which seemed to say that he was really desirous of picking a quarrel.

"I should simply call some of my guardsmen, and have you taken prisoner and locked up for the night."

"What! Lock me up?"

"Most certainly."

"Who would dare?"

"There are more than a hundred stout men at this moment within sound of my voice, either one of whom would do that should I command it."

"And would you dare to command it?"

"My dear sir," replied Louis, changing his tone of haughtiness to one of kindly admonition, "let me advise you not to tempt me. Our paths are different, and our spheres of duty are different. Do you go your way, and I will go mine." And with this the cavalier kept on his way, nor did Edmund seek again to stop him.

When Louis had gained his chamber he wondered if Edmund Lindsay had suspected the object of his late walk in the garden; and he wondered, furthermore, if Gertrude had been detected in an attempt to leave the house.

The thought troubled him much, for if such was the case she might henceforward be watched more closely than before, and thus be prevented from seeing him at all. But he hoped for something better, and with this hope he sought his couch.

His hope, however, was not a quiet one. That stern, weird presence, looking out from the grim walls of the proud old castle, haunted him, even after he slept.

The next day came, and on the evening thereof Louis Moran and his men-at-arms, as well as most of the inmates of the donjon, received a strange surprise. Just as the sun was sinking to rest, Sir Donald Lindsay rode into the castle-yard, accompanied by a score of men, all habited in the Roundhead garb.

Their doublets were dark and plain; their heavy top-boots were broad and lustreless; their sword-belts were broad, and joined upon the breast by enormous buckles of brass; their hats were broad-brimmed and high-crowned, and the hair upon their heads was closely cropped.

Some of them seemed to be men of rank and station, while the others were evidently servants; though this distinction was to be seen rather in the general appearance and bearing of the parties than in any mark

of dress, for in this latter respect there was but little difference between master and man.

After the party had dismounted, the baronet led them into a great hall, and then came out to seek Louis Moran, whom he found easily enough, for the cavalier had not stirred from the place when this strange cavalcade entered the court.

"Well, well, Louis, you see I am back again," said Sir Donald, smiling and extending his hand.

The young man gave his hand in return, but he placed no reliance upon the smile, for he knew full well that Donald Lindsay could smile when there was darkness in his heart.

"You did not expect me so soon, did you?"

"From the word you gave me when you went away, Sir Donald, I was prepared to see you at any time."

"I have no doubt of it, Louis. And furthermore, I have no doubt that you have looked well to the castle since I have been gone."

"I shall leave affairs about the castle to speak for themselves, sir," replied the youth, modestly.

"And I have no doubt they will speak well," added the baronet. "And now," he said, after a moment's pause, "I have something to tell you. I suppose you recognized the gentlemen who came with me?"

"No, sir. They were all strangers to me."

"You misunderstand me. I did not suppose you knew them individually; but you know their character?"

"Of course I know that they are Roundheads."

"Exactly, Louis—so they are. And I have no doubt you wonder why they have come."

"Of course the presence of such men in this place, at such a time, is rather strange, to say the least," replied our hero, with open frankness.

"I knew it would seem strange to you," pursued the baronet, "and hence have I sought you that you might be informed as soon as possible of what it means. If I am to have charge of this estate, and be responsible for its safe keeping, I cannot afford to be continually harassed by a powerful foe. I knew, as you knew, that the Parliamentary officers had planned to reduce this castle, and take possession of Clifton; and I also knew that if some compromise could not be effected the castle must eventually fall, for the Roundheads could easily bring a score of men to the attack where we could find one for resistance. Under such circumstances what was I to do. I cannot keep up an army within these walls; nor can I live in perpetual fear. The thought occurred to me that I might find some influential friend in Monk's army who could help me; and such a friend I have found; and he is here this evening with the gentlemen whom you have seen, and I think our conference will result in the safety of ourselves and our property. So, Louis, I trust that you will see to it that our visitors are treated kindly, and that no word is spoken by any of our men that can in any way wound their feelings; for, to ensure a happy termination to our negotiations, it is necessary that no hard feelings should be engendered. Will you do what you can to this end?"

Louis promised that he would.

"And," pursued Sir Donald "you will allow yourself to express no opinion upon the matter until you know what the result of the conference shall be."

"I will be very guarded in my remarks, sir," replied the cavalier, with some reservation; but I cannot promise that I may not express some opinion, should I be called upon so to do. Moreover, of this you may rest satisfied—I will not say anything that can do harm."

"I can ask no more."

And thus speaking, the baronet returned to the hall, where he had left his guests, and where he now found them just sitting down to a repast which had been prepared by his orders.

In the meantime Louis Moran was joined by a number of his men, who were anxious to know what was the meaning of the coming of the Roundheads. He explained the matter to them just as it had been explained to him, and so well did he keep the promise he had given, that the stout men-at-arms hopefully believed that all was right. Many of them had land outside that needed looking after, and if they could be honourably relieved from further service at the castle, they would like it. One or two asked Louis if he thought all was right; but he could only reply that he hoped so. In fact, he could see no chance for much that was wrong.

"At all events, my brave men," he said, "if the plan succeeds as Sir Donald has told to me, then you may all go to your homes in peace, and care for your families, and till your lands."

The men went away apparently satisfied, and determined to offer no indignity to the Roundhead visitors. Louis attended to such matters as required his immediate supervision, and then retired to his chamber, where he remained until ten o'clock, at



[LOUIS RECEIVES A LETTER.]

which hour he repaired to the old spot beneath the lindens.

And this time he was not disappointed, for in a little over an hour the still air was broken by a light footfall, and shortly afterwards Gertrude was by his side.

"Dear lady!"

"Oh, my brother," she cried, taking his hand, "I feared I should not see you. I have been watched very closely."

Her voice was strangely fluttering, and she leaned upon the cavalier as though to him alone in all the world could she look for support.

By the dim starlight he could look into her deep blue eyes, and he fancied that a warmer, richer light beamed upon him than had ever beamed upon him before.

"Gertrude," he said, taking her other hand, and thus holding them both, at the same time speaking with intense ardour, "come to me with your troubles, and tell me your trials; and if this poor life of mine can be of service to you it is freely yours!"

And then, under the impulse of emotions which she could not control, the maiden did what she had never done before. She pillowed her head upon the youth's bosom, and allowed him to wind his arms about her.

"Oh, Gertrude, if you could always rest here!"

"Would to heaven I could!"

"Gertrude!"

"The words are spoken, Louis, and God and the angels have heard them."

"Sweet lady!—Dear Gertrude! Oh, if you would look to me for support, who shall say you nay?"

Gertrude made a movement toward the seat, and Louis led her thither, and seated himself by her side.

"Louis," she said, as soon as she had somewhat collected her thoughts, "I know that my uncle aims to separate us. He fears you."

"Fears me?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Do you not know?"

"I think I can guess what you mean, Gertrude. If I am not mistaken, Sir Donald would have you marry his son."

"Yes," replied the maiden, while a cold shudder crept through her frame.

"And he fears that I may stand in his way."

"Yes, Louis."

"He suspects that I love you?"

"More than that, Louis. He suspects that you may love me. He suspects that I do love you."

"Dear Gertrude!"

"Oh, Louis, had my father been living I should not have spoken these words without his consent; but since he is gone, my heart seeks in vain for a haven of rest save in thy love, Louis!"

Once more the youthful cavalier clasped the lovely being to his bosom; and in those few short moments seemed compressed all the rapturous bliss of a lifetime.

"Gertrude," he said, when he once more looked upon her face, and his voice was low and solemn, "from this moment my heart and my life are yours!"

"Then, here," returned Gertrude, with equal fervour, "beneath the lamps of high heaven, and upon this still night air, let our vows be registered. So far as I can be the disposer of my own destiny I am yours while I live. And—but, hark!" she suddenly whispered, catching her companion's arm. "Did you not hear a step?"

"No, dearest!"

"I did. There it is again. Surely some one is near!"

Louis listened, and presently he heard steps very plainly, and shortly after he distinctly saw a dark form moving along the gravelled walk towards the donjon. He arose, and moved noiselessly forward to where he fancied that the dragging gait was wondrously like that of Edmund Lindsay.

"But," said he, when he had returned, and resumed his seat. "I think we may be sure he did not see us. If he had, of course, he would have stopped. So rest easy, dear lady, and I will keep my ears open for the future."

Gertrude's fears were calmed, and then Louis proceeded with the thought that had occupied him when he had been disturbed.

"Dear Gertrude, we are thus pledged, who shall separate us? Who has the power to place the hand of restraint upon you?"

"My uncle has, I fear!"

"How has he? He may be your natural guardian while you are unmarried, but he is not in that higher place which gives him the right of Lord of Clifton."

"How, Louis?" cried Gertrude, looking up with some surprise.

"Do you not yet know what I would have before told you, but for the sudden appearance——"

"Of my uncle?"

"No, Gertrude."

"Have you not seen the company that came with him to-day?"

"Yes."

"And can you not guess what that means?"

"Gertrude!"

"Did you not know that Sir Donald had joined the Roundheads? That he had sworn allegiance to the Protector and to the leaders of the Parliamentary army?"

"Merciful heaven! It is not possible!"

"It is possible, Louis, and it has been done!"

For some moments the cavalier sat like one upon whom some fatal bolt had fallen. He ought to have seen this, and yet he had not. His own soul had been so firmly fixed in its political principles that he could not see how another, having for years entertained the same principles, could depart from them. But it was all plain now. Now he understood the nature of the compromise which Donald Lindsay would make with the Roundheads. Now he understood how the castle was to be saved, and how the men-at-arms were to be permitted to disperse. The thought would have been simply humiliating had there not been to him a greater stake than that of Clifton.

"Gertrude," he said, taking his companion's hand. "I understand it all now. But tell me, what does he gain by this step?"

"He succeeds to my father in the titles and estates of Clifton."

"And becomes really Clifton's lord?"

"Yes—I think so."

"Does he wear the title of Earl?"

"I suppose if the Protector can bestow upon him all else, he can also bestow upon him the title."

"Oh!" cried the youth, holding both Gertrude's hands in his own, "I wish you and I were at this moment in the hut of the old hermit, Vanderthorpe. He could advise us what to do. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him."

"Would you not trust him?"

"With you, Louis, I would trust any one."

"If we could but gain his hut. Oh, Gertrude, I have a strange, a wonderful trust in that man."

"Then—then—Louis, let us seek him!"

"Say you so, Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"Then listen to me. We——"

Ah, the stern, weird presence looking out from the grim walls of the proud old castle!

Louis Moran's speech was cut short as Gertrude's speech had been cut short once before. A light tread startled him—so light and so stealthy that it might have been taken for the tread of a creeping hound, and Sir Donald Lindsay again stood before them!

(To be continued.)

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SIR JOHN.

BY MRS. LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within;
'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

Dances.

COURTNEY HALL, the seat of Sir John Courtney, baronet, was one of the loveliest rural homes to be found in England, standing in the midst of sloping lawns and terraced gardens, with winding walks and cosy little groves, where the air was vocal with the songs of birds, and fragrant with the perfumes of flowers. The main building, erected in the fifteenth century by the founder of the family, was a castellated structure, with lofty turrets and massive walls, but additions had been made to it, from time to time, with balconies, bay-windows, and other improvements, so that it possessed the blended characteristics of an ancient stronghold and a modern dwelling. A range of blue-topped hills bounded the horizon inland, while glimpses of the North Sea were afforded between bluffs and wooded shores to the eastward. A handsome park formed one side of the estate, enclosing a beautiful lake, in which tall trees were reflected, and on the other side lay green meadows and ploughed fields, dotted with thatched farm-houses and fir plantations, the whole forming a scene of unusual beauty.

In a pretty latticed porch at one side of the Hall was seated Sir John, one sunny afternoon in May, looking over some memoranda on the tablets of his pocket-book. He was forty-five years of age, hale and hearty, rather above medium size, with light hair and military whiskers, clear, blue eyes, and delicate features. His countenance was as genial as noble, displaying a kindly and sympathetic spirit, and his appearance was singularly refined and prepossessing. In brief, he was a true type of the wealthy English gentleman; simple and unostentatious in his habits, well-informed, the possessor of a sound judgment, generous and high-minded, dignified without being haughty, and regarded with affection and reverence by all who knew him, including his many tenants.

"It will cost me quite a sum to repair that property," he soliloquized, still regarding his tablets, "but the money will be well expended, since the tenants will be so much more comfortable than they

[AMBER TELLS SIR JOHN WHAT SHE HAS BEEN DOING.]

are at present. Let me see—two, four, and three make seven—"

His calculations were suddenly interrupted.

A girlish form, bearing an apron filled with wild flowers, and having a face wreathed with smiles of mischief, presented itself at an open door behind him, and a long blade of grass, advanced by a delicate hand and arm, touched one of his ears, whereupon he slapped himself vigorously, uttering an ejaculation, and a merry peal of laughter succeeded.

"Oh! it's you, is it, you little witch?" exclaimed Sir John, as he sprang to his feet and seized the maiden by the hand. "You are back from your walk already?"

"Yes, dear papa! I could not stay away from you any longer!"

She was Amber Courtney, his adopted daughter.

She was about sixteen years of age, and a little awkward and unrounded, as so many girls budding into womanhood are, with a dark complexion, and one further tinged by daily exposure to the sun, in the gardens, on the adjacent lake, or in the park and meadows. The marked characteristics of her face were her regular white teeth, not too small, and her large, earnest eyes, of a deep dark-grey, shaded by reddish-brown lashes. The rare purity and refinement of her soul were evinced by the sweetness of her voice, as she seated herself beside her father on a sofa just without the door, and continued:

"I have made a couple of calls among our tenants, as I proposed. I have made a present to Mrs. Jones, and she's going to buy a dress with it for each of her twin-babies. From Mrs. Jones's I went to the Widow Garrett's. Her daughter has had a fever, and I took her a little basket of dainties. That is all for to-day, but I have been so well received by everybody that my face still burns with excitement. How happy I am! and how beautiful everything is around me! I do not know what I have done to deserve so many blessings!"

"Well, that's the right spirit!" said Sir John, with the warmest sympathy and admiration. "I am glad to see you so radiant, so happy! The world's sunshine is not so plentiful as to be ignored or discarded. We must enjoy it when we can. The life of a young girl like you, Amber, ought to be especially sunny!"

"Mine is, I am sure, dear papa!" responded the maiden. "To-day my soul is overflowing with happiness. The sky seemed full of temples of gold, as I came home, and the air vocal with rare melodies. The clouds above, the sails on the sea, the trees waving to and fro in the wind like banners—all are

beautiful! How such a day makes one love to live! I wonder if Ralph sees more bewitching sunshine in Germany."

She referred to the baronet's only son, Ralph Courtney, who was studying on the Continent.

"Thinking of Ralph, always, Amber!" said Sir John, with a fond smile. "That is as I would have it. I am pleased to see that you are not forgetful of him. You know that he is not your brother, but can you imagine why I have wished him to remain abroad so long, away from us all?"

Amber shook her head.

"You are old enough to understand my views fully," continued the baronet, after a minute's reflection. "I have had a little plan of my own in view during the four years of Ralph's absence. He left you a mere child, but he will return to find you one of the most charming ladies in existence. He will be delighted and astonished! My long-cherished project will be realized, and you will become Mrs. Ralph Courtney, for which position you have been so carefully educated and trained!"

Amber blushed, and a happy light shone in her clear eyes, but she remained silent.

"After her ladyship's death, four years ago," resumed Sir John, "I sent Ralph abroad, lest he should learn to regard you simply as a sister. Knowing your worth, my dear child, I am sure that Ralph, when he returns, will love you as you deserve. During his absence, I have fostered your affection for him, have taught you to look upon him as your future husband; have had his picture hung up in your private rooms; have caused you to read all his glowing, enthusiastic letters; and have done everything else in my power to make you love him. Tell me, Amber, have I succeeded? Will Ralph find a loving bride awaiting him?"

The happy flush on the maiden's cheeks, the quivering of her sensitive lips, and the emotion with which she hid her face in his bosom, were sufficient answers to the baronet, and he clasped her hand warmly.

"There are so many frivolous women in the world," he continued, "that Lady Courtney and I conceived the idea of educating our son's wife ourselves; of inculcating right principles in her mind; of making her a noble, cultivated lady; one able to share Ralph's intellectual pursuits, and yet one with a true woman's heart. We engaged a suitable governess for you, adding our personal exertions, and I am proud to say that my highest hopes in regard to you are realized, Amber—that you surpass my highest expectations and wishes!"

"But I am so plain-looking!" faltered the girl.
 "So plain-looking!" repeated the baronet, smiling.
 "What! with those eyes, Amber?—those great eyes of yours that shine and glow like stars, and are constantly changing expression? Plain! not at all! Besides, you are only a child. There is plenty of time for you to develop into a great beauty!"

"Do you think," faltered Amber, "that Ralph will mind the fact that—that my parents are unknown?"

"Mind? I should hope not!" answered Sir John, with genial heartiness. "To be sure, he don't know the whole story—only that you are an adopted daughter, and not his own sister. I did not like to speak of it, or be reminded that you did not wholly belong to me!"

Amber leaned her head caressingly against her father's breast, as she said:

"Tell me all about myself, father dear. You promised me you would when I grew older, and I am old enough now. I have been thinking a great deal about this subject during the last few weeks. It is so sad and strange, you know, not to have any birthdays, not to know the place of one's birth, and to be ignorant of one's own father and mother! Do tell me!"

The baronet sighed, and a tremor of emotion shook his form.

"Does the mystery render you unhappy?" he asked.

"Oh, no," was the response. "It frequently sets me to dreaming, to wondering—but that is all. I could not be unhappy, as I see you are so good to me!"

Sir John was silent a moment, appearing to commune with himself, and then he said:

"The story of your adoption is a singular one, but can be briefly told. The event took place fifteen years ago. Ralph, a boy of nine, was at school. Just at dusk, one afternoon, a woman, with a babe in her arms, called at the kitchen door, saying that she had made a long journey on foot, was weary and hungry, and desired food and repose. She was poorly-dressed, coarse-looking, and evidently a woman in humble circumstances, if not a disreputable one, while the babe was richly dressed, clear-eyed, intelligent, and in every way presented a striking contrast to its supposed mother. So remarkable was this contrast that Mrs. George, our housekeeper then as now, whose attention was called to the wanderer, conceived a suspicion that something was wrong in the woman's relations to the infant, and Lady Courtney and myself were notified of the whole matter. On a closer observation, we found that the child wore under its cape a small but costly diamond necklace, with a quaint device and two blended initials engraved on the clasp. To our astonishment, on questioning the woman, we found that she was entirely ignorant of the value of the jewels, she declaring that she had bought them when she was in prosperous circumstances. Continuing to question her while she was partaking of the refreshments placed before her, we elicited other false and contradictory answers. She said at first that the child was hers and next that she was taking it to its parents, but refused to say where the parents lived, where she had come from, or where she was going. To suspect that she had stolen the child, through cupidity or revenge, was the sole explanation left us. During the excitement that followed, the child, which had commenced crying, stretched out its little hands to Lady Courtney, as if imploring assistance, and this act touched her ladyship so deeply that she at once took possession of it, informing the woman that she must prove her relationship to it before she would be allowed to have it. Within an hour thereafter, while all eyes were busy with the child, the woman suddenly slipped away from the Hall, vanishing as completely as if she had sunk into the earth, and from that hour to this we have never heard or seen anything of her!"

"And I was that child?" sighed Amber.
 "Yes, love. We were satisfied that a grievous wrong had been done, and that you were most respectably connected, and this was the extent of our knowledge. All our efforts to find the woman were fruitless. Neither could we find any wealthy or titled parents who had lost an infant in this manner. In short, the whole affair became a most impenetrable mystery. All we could do we did, adopting you as our daughter!"

The listener's heart beat fast with loving gratitude to Sir John, as she responded:

"To you, dear papa, I owe all that I am. You have educated me, have been a dear, dear father to me, and would now crown my life with honours and happiness! Oh, if I could repay your goodness, your kindness—"

"You have repaid me, a thousand times over," returned Sir John. "You have been to me a great blessing! How lonely I should have been since my wife's death without you! I am greatly to be envied

in the love that is borne me by my children—yours and Ralph's. I love you both alike. I see no difference between the child of my blood and the child of my adoption!"

"How strange that you did adopt me!" murmured Amber.

"Strange! Not at all. Your winning ways made us love you. Somehow, there is a void in the parental heart that a son cannot entirely fill. Ralph was a dear, good, affectionate boy, but he was away at school, and so we felt the need of a daughter, and you supplied that need. You were never so happy as when allowed to do some favour for Lady Courtney. When Ralph came home, he took a great fancy to you, and made a pet of you. And then we took the idea of educating you for him—of making you our daughter in law as in love!"

"But what if Ralph should not wish to marry me?" suggested Amber, timidly. "We have not seen each other for four years, you know, father. He may—he must have seen many beautiful women on the Continent, and may prefer some one else to me!"

Sir John started. The idea had never been presented to him in such a way before, and it now struck him with chilling force.

What if Ralph should prefer some one else? What if he had learned to love one of the ladies around him?

Not only, in that case, would the father's hopes and plans be blighted, but Amber, who had been so carefully taught to love the absent son, would be cruelly and terribly stricken.

But the idea seemed too monstrous to be entertained, and Sir John set it aside, saying, with a smile:

"No, he will not love any one but you, dear. I have hinted to him repeatedly in my letters that I have a wife picked out for him, and he has not said nay to my suggestions. He will soon be at home, and you and he can take pleasant rambles together during the bright summer days."

Amber flushed again.

Child as she was physically, her heart was a woman's already, under the hot-house process adopted by the well-meaning baronet, and it was entirely occupied by one great passion—her love for Ralph Courtney, about whose return she had long been fondly dreaming.

"We shall be very happy, no doubt," she murmured. "My heart is already so full of joy, dear papa, that it is almost a pain!"

Sir John dismissed her, after a few further remarks, and she slipped into the house, followed by his affectionate glances. He sighed profoundly when she had vanished.

"So good! so pure!" he murmured. "May heaven always shower its blessings upon her!"

Scarcely a minute had passed when Mrs. George made her appearance.

She had been a wealthy lady in her younger days, but misfortune had overtaken her, and she had accepted a home with Lady Courtney as housekeeper, a post she had filled ever since. She was getting past the prime of life, but still preserved a rare freshness of spirits, and was as genial as good-tempered. Her chief traits were devotion to Sir John and Amber, and pride in the family honours.

"Excuse me, Sir John, for troubling you," she said, with deep agitation, "but I have just learned that a strange woman has been at the village to-day, stopping at the Crown Inn, who has been making all sorts of inquiries in a cautious way, about you and your family, and particularly about Amber!"

"A strange woman?" repeated the baronet, starting to his feet and becoming deathly pale. "Inquiring about Amber?"

"Yes, Sir John, an old, ill-favoured woman, who acted in such a way as to arouse the suspicions of Mr. Goss, the landlord, who is familiar with the story of Amber's adoption, and he has sent one of his sons to give us a hint of her presence and conduct. The young man is here now. Will you see him?"

"A strange woman?" again repeated Sir John, deeply agitated. "I—I have long been expecting the mystery concerning Amber to take a turn of this kind. Perhaps the woman is the one who left Amber with us so many years ago?"

Mrs. George was about to reply, when the great gates at the bottom of the lawn were opened by the lodge-keeper, and a carriage came rolling up the drive.

"It is not Ralph—no, a stranger!" exclaimed Sir John. "Who can the visitor be? It is a visitor, for there is a trunk and a carpet-bag on the box!"

He descended the steps of the porch, and Mrs. George retreated into the mansion, at the same moment that the carriage stopped, and its occupant sprang out and advanced towards the baronet.

CHAPTER II.

Appearances deceive,
 And this one maxim is a standing rule—
 Men are not what they seem.

Alfred's "Scandalous."

THE new-comer was a man about thirty years of age, and of striking personal appearance. He was tall and slender, graceful in his movements, and his countenance presented strong contrasts of light and shade, his hair and eyes being as black as night, while his complexion was very pale. A glossy black moustache adorned his upper lip, and concealed the expression of his mouth.

As he approached the baronet he held out his hand, saying warmly:

"Have I the happiness of seeing Sir John Courtney—cousin John?"

The baronet looked puzzled for a moment at this address, and then grasped the proffered hand of his visitor, replying:

"Is it possible? You are the son of my cousin Edward?"

"I am Jasper Longley."

"Glad to see you, Jasper," declared the baronet, heartily shaking Longley's hand. "Why, it's years since I saw you. I heard a year ago of your poor father's death, and I've often wondered what had become of you and Blanche. Your sister is with you, of course?"

A glance at the carriage, however, assured him that Jasper had come alone.

"No; Blanche is in Paris," replied the young man. "I have been too unsettled to keep her with me, much as I would like to do so. Is Ralph at home?"

"No; he is at Heidelberg," responded the baronet, flushing with pride at the mention of his absent son. "Let me see, Jasper, you haven't seen Ralph since he and you were at your first school together. He is coming home soon, and will be delighted to meet you."

Drawing Jasper's arm within his own, the baronet led him into the magnificent drawing-room.

"You must be lonely in Ralph's absence, cousin," observed Jasper, throwing himself into an easy chair, and surveying the apartment. "Ah!" he added, observing a bit of embroidery on the table, "perhaps I should congratulate you on a second marriage, sir?"

There was a barely perceptible eagerness in his voice as he asked the question.

The baronet flushed strangely, and his manner was slightly embarrassed as he replied:

"No, I am not married, Jasper. I am altogether too old for that!"

The keen eyes of Longley detected his cousin's emotion, and he thought:

"Not married! But evidently in love with some one! A little observation may show me the object of his attachment!"

At this juncture the drawing-room door was partially opened, and Amber's pretty head was thrust in, as she said, merrily:

"Papa, papa, are you there? There's a young man waiting, who wants to see you. He came in a fly, and it's just gone. Just fancy Mr. Goss's young man coming in a fly, and the village not a mile away! Oh, dear—"

She paused in dismay, catching sight for the first time of the pale face and piercing black eyes of the new-comer.

"Come in, my love," said Sir John, arising and approaching her.

Amber permitted herself to be drawn into the apartment, but her dark cheeks were scarlet with embarrassment, and her eyes were downcast.

She looked really beautiful at that moment.

"You have heard me speak, Amber, of my cousin Edward Longley? This gentleman is his son—the Jasper of whom you have often heard. Mr. Longley, allow me to present to you my adopted daughter—Miss Amber Courtney!"

Jasper acknowledged this informal introduction by arising and shaking hands with the young girl, and Amber, gathering courage, bowed and smiled.

"Amber!" repeated Jasper. "You have given your daughter a very odd name, Sir John!"

"Have I?" responded the baronet, with a smile, drawing the girl to him. "It is one of those old-fashioned names that used to be very popular among ladies, and has been borne in the Courtney family for a long period. My favourite sister was named Amber, and this little girl is her namesake."

Jasper looked at the young girl more scrutinizingly, yet not in a manner that could be at all offensive. Her reddish-brown hair, her dark, bright face, and her glorious eyes, all attracted his particular notice.

"I was not aware, Sir John," he said, "that you had an adopted daughter. She does not resemble the Courtneys. I cannot trace a Courtney lineament in her face!"

The baronet seemed to be aware of the scrutiny bestowed upon Amber, and hastened to reply: "She is not yet a Courtney, Jasper—but she will be! She is the betrothed wife of my son!" A happy flush was kindled on the girl's cheeks at these words, and her eyes looked like glowing lamps.

Jasper made some light remark about Ralph's good fortune, and Sir John said:

"Tell me how you are getting on in the world, Jasper. Does all go well with you?" "I am not rich," replied Longley, with some apparent reluctance, as his white fingers played nervously upon the arm of his chair. "You know, Sir John, that my father was not the most prudent of men, in regard to pecuniary matters?"

"Yes, I know it, Jasper. He ran through his property very fast, and finally, at my solicitation, purchased a commission in the army, and went off to India. I never saw him afterwards, as he died there, I knew that he took you and your sister out with him, and then sent you back again!"

"Yes, he took us from good schools," returned Jasper, "and we remained two or three years in India. Our mother then, getting alarmed about our imperfect education, for we were both full-grown, insisted on our being sent back. Blanche went to a French pensionnat and I to Oxford. We never saw either of our parents again. They both perished in India!"

"Your father could leave you but little," said the baronet, "but your mother's marriage settlements must have amounted to something."

"So they did, and on her death her property was equally divided between Blanche and me. Our education was paid for out of it, and we have lived on it ever since. My share has grown ridiculously small, and as for Blanche, every letter I receive from her contains a request for money!"

The baronet's frank countenance expressed the concern he felt at such a state of affairs.

With a princely income of his own, he had never known what it was to be cramped or straightened in pecuniary matters, and his benevolent heart was immediately enlisted in Jasper's behalf.

"What do you propose to do, Jasper?" he asked, in his straightforward manner. "So young and healthy as you are, you cannot wish such a state of affairs to continue."

There was a slight expression of disappointment in Longley's eyes as he heard his cousin's question, but he replied quietly:

"I don't know what to do, Sir John. I couldn't turn tradesman, if I would, since I have no capital. I can't join the army for the same reason, and also because I have no taste for a soldier's life. I can't be a lawyer or clergyman for similar reasons. I have a good education, and that might bring me in a little something if I knew how to use it. In fact, Sir John, remembering your kindness to my father and the favour with which you regarded me in my early juvenile days, when you were a young man, I have determined to apply to you for a situation as secretary."

"Secretary!" repeated the baronet. "I've no use for a secretary. I write all my own letters, except those that Amber writes for me, and my steward keeps my books."

"Then if you could recommend me as a tutor in some family—"

"A tutor! Oh, dear, no, Jasper! Why, besides Amber and Ralph, you and Blanche are all the relatives I have in the world! A tutor! Nonsense. I appreciate your desire to be independent, but stay with us awhile, and I may be able to put something in your way!"

"Does Miss Amber take music lessons?" asked Longley, his restless glances encountering the magnificent grand piano.

"Not just now," was the reply. "She had a governess who was an excellent musician, but having taught Amber all she knew I let her go last week. Amber is a splendid player, but I shall engage another music teacher for her—Ralph is so fond of music!"

"Perhaps I could fill the post," said Jasper, going to the piano. "Music has always been a passion with me, and I have had the benefit of distinguished masters."

He ran his fingers over the pearl keys, producing a wildly-beautiful strain of melody, that was now as fine and sweet as a fairy's song, and again swelled out in trumpet-tones full of wild jubilation and triumph.

When he had finished, he wheeled around on his stool, and awaited the baronet's decision.

"You are a master yourself, Jasper!" declared Sir John, enthusiastically. "What a delicate touch you have! What soul you draw from those chords! It will be a favour to me if you will teach Amber!"

"I shall be glad to do so," returned Jasper, "pro-

vided Miss Amber herself is willing to accept me as her teacher, and provided that she does not herself surpass me!"

A shadow flitted over the girl's face, but instantly vanished.

She had been strangely thrilled by the music to which she had just listened, but it had also developed within her soul a feeling which she could not define—a sort of mistrust of this marvellous musician.

Instantly repressing this emotion, however, she expressed her delight in warm terms, and Sir John said:

"It is settled, then, Jasper, that you are to be Amber's music teacher. You may give her a lesson every day, and I will pay you five hundred a year, in quarterly payments. Are these terms satisfactory?"

Longley understood that he was indebted to his relationship and to the baronet's kind heart for this large salary, and he accepted the offer with grateful thanks.

"You will be a member of our family," continued the baronet, "and I want you to feel at home. The hall, the stables, the game preserves, the trout streams, everything is at your service."

"You are indeed kind, Sir John," replied Jasper, a look of satisfaction mantling his face. "I shall take every pains with my pupil, and shall in every way endeavour to merit your good opinion. I will enter upon my duties to-morrow."

"No, not till next week. This week you must devote to getting acquainted with us and the country. Ralph will come home at the close of his present term, and I want him to find Amber perfect in everything—so you may be as earnest in teaching her as you like!"

The proud look with which he regarded the girl showed that he considered her already quite "perfect."

"There's only one thing more necessary to our happiness," continued the baronet. "We must have Blanche over here, before she becomes a Frenchwoman. Write to her, Jasper, and tell her how glad we shall be to see her. Does she look like you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied Longley. "She is as fair and delicate as a lily, and her hair is as fair as mine is black. She looks wonderfully like our mother, while I resemble my father!"

"Indeed! How old is she?"

Longley hesitated a moment, seeming to be absorbed in mental calculations, and then replied:

"She is twenty-four, being six years younger than I am. We are very much attached to each other, and I run over to Paris frequently to see her!"

"Twenty-four, and at school yet!" exclaimed the baronet. "Why, Jasper, you are not doing right by your sister! She will waste all the freshness and beauty of youth in a gloomy pensionnat, when she ought to be a happy wife and mother!"

"Oh, she is not at school now," said Longley, hastily. "In fact, she left school four years ago, fully accomplished. Being a wandering sort of bachelor, I could not take charge of her, and she made the acquaintance of a decayed French noblewoman, who took a fancy to her, and who, on the payment of a handsome annual sum, consented to introduce her into the gayest French society. She has been a great belle in Paris for the past four years, but remains unmarried and, so far as I know, unengaged."

"Ah, those men of the world want money as well as beauty," remarked Sir John. "Charms must be gilded to tempt them. I dare say that Blanche is heartily tired of them all, of the hollow kind of life she leads amongst them, and their silly small-talk, and longs sometimes for a quiet home where she can do as she likes. If so, here it is! Amber would like her society, and the Hall would be all the pleasanter for two merry girls to make music in it by their laughter! Say, Amber," he added, "how would you like a young lady friend to share your sports and rides?"

The idea presented a pleasing novelty to the young girl, and her face lighted up as she answered:

"Oh, I would like it of all things, papa! Do you believe she'd like me?"

"She couldn't help it!" said Sir John, fondly stroking her hair.

"I can guarantee that she would be your fast friend, Miss Amber," said Jasper, with a singular smile.

"Oh, then, please write to her to-morrow!" said the girl, eagerly. "I will decorate her rooms myself. Won't it be charming, if she does come?"

Both the baronet and Longley smiled at the girl's enthusiasm, and the latter promised that he would use every argument at his command to induce his sister to visit Courtney Hall.

"And now run and dress for dinner, Amber," said Sir John. "I will show Jasper to his apartments directly!"

The girl bowed, smilingly, and disappeared.

The baronet was about to offer to conduct his relative to his rooms, when the door again opened and Mrs. George made her appearance.

Sir John immediately introduced her and Longley to each other in a manner that showed that the housekeeper's position in the family had nothing menial in it, but was rather that of an honoured friend.

"Sir John," said Mrs. George, as soon as she had courteously greeted Jasper. "Mr. Goss himself has come over to see you. I believe he has something particular to tell you. As soon as you are at liberty—"

"Oh, Mr. Langley will excuse me a minute," returned the baronet. "Where is Mr. Goss?"

"He is just outside, Sir John, on the front steps. I sent him there thinking you'd see him a moment."

"Right, Mrs. George. Send him into the corridor, if you please. Jasper, be kind enough to excuse me a moment."

He followed the housekeeper from the drawing-room into the corridor.

"How excited he looked when she mentioned Mr. Goss!" thought Jasper, when he found himself alone. "Who is Mr. Goss? What does he want? His manner seemed to show that there was some secret in the affair, which, as a member of the family it may be well for me to know!"

He crossed the floor softly, gently opened the door leading into the corridor, and then stood quite near it, apparently absorbed in the examination of a splendid painting, but really listening to the conversation between the baronet and his visitor.

"How are you, Mr. Goss?" he heard Sir John say in his hearty tones. "Mrs. George told me that your young man had called to see me, but the arrival of a visitor has prevented my going out to him. I intended to see him immediately."

"I've sent him 'ome, Sir John," replied Mr. Goss, respectfully. "Things has 'appened since he came up to the 'All, which change matters, sir. The woman which I sent over to you about, Sir John, has disappeared—"

"Disappeared!" repeated the baronet, in astonishment. "Why, where has she gone?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "A vehicle with one 'oss came up, and the woman being on the look-out she 'ired it, and disappeared. I make no doubt that it was the fly your visitor came in, for it came from this direction. The driver didn't stop beyond watering and feeding the 'oss, and before I suspected her intention she had gone. I couldn't pursue her, there being no animal in the stables; besides, not knowing as I had by right any business to follow her!"

"But what made you think that this woman was—the one—"

"Because, Sir John, she asked after you so particular like—and Miss Amber—why she couldn't 'ear enough of her! She asked about her position at the 'All, her prospects, her education, her looks, whether she was proud, and had plenty of pocket-money, and more such questions."

"Indeed!" said the baronet. "How did she look, Mr. Goss?"

"Like a bold woman, sir—if I may take the liberty. She's 'ansome enough in a certain sort of way, and quite refined like in her language and manners, but her eyes have got no good look in 'em! I wish we could prove that she has no right to Miss Amber!"

"I wish so too, Mr. Goss," sighed Sir John. "If the woman should return to your inn, I beg you to let me know it at the earliest possible moment!"

Jasper retreated to his seat, thinking:

"There is a mystery, then, and about this adopted daughter of Sir John's! I must find out all about her. It may be worth something to me!"

His cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of the baronet, over whose frank, open countenance a shadow rested.

"I will show you to your rooms now, Jasper," he said, without alluding to his recent visitor. "You will have barely time to dress for dinner."

Longley bowed and followed the baronet through the corridor, up a flight of massive stairs to the second floor of the east wing.

Sir John opened a door off the corridor, and ushered his guest into a handsome sitting-room, and said:

"This suite of rooms is yours while you remain with us, Jasper. The bed-room is next and beyond that is your dressing-room. You will find your trunk in the dressing-room, and unstrapped, of course. If you want anything, ring, and my man will attend you."

Longley thanked his relative warmly, and the baronet withdrew.

A change then came over Jasper's face!

A strange look flashed swiftly over it—a look made up of satisfaction and triumph!

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF CARICATURES.—The whole of Europe, and France in particular, is just now full of exhibitions—agricultural, industrial, artistic, and miscellaneous. One of a new kind is talked of in Paris at the present moment—an Exhibition of Caricatures. There is little doubt that such a collection might be made extremely interesting, but at the same time there would be some difficulty in knowing what to admit and what to exclude. Not only would the political question raise some difficulties, but many of the productions which a hundred years since were considered only grotesque could not now certainly be exhibited in public. Such an exhibition, moreover, could not well be made international; few nations would like to show how they sketched others in past times, or to see how the caricaturists of other nations treated them.

IN THE MINES.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, merry row, oh, merry row the bonnie, bonnie bark,
Bring back my love to calm my woe
Before the night grows dark!
My Donald wears a bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A snow-white rose upon it, too,
A Highland lad is he.
Then merry, merry row the bonnie bark, the bonnie bark,
And bring him safe to me.

Thus sang a young girl, wandering along the shore in the midsummer twilight. The sun had set in lurid splendour, but there were omens of a storm in the rising wind, which seemed to strike the keynote of a tempest, the foam-crests that capped the waves, and the turbulent clouds which ever and anon sailed across the sky.

Bessie Rathburn had watched a "bonnie boat" gliding swiftly over the waters several hours previously, not openly, it is true, for she was a strange, contradictory little personage, but with many a furtive glance, from the quaint dormer windows that looked out upon the sea; and now, though she would not have confessed it for the world, her heart beat quick with vague misgivings, and unconsciously the words of this Scotch song rose to her lips. Had you searched the broad universe, you could not have found a more beautiful girl than the young syren who had blossomed out from the rocks and woods, like a tropic rose.

Light-footed, red-lipped, and laughing-eyed, with a figure all grace, and a face all light and bloom, it was not singular that Bessie Rathburn was fast becoming the belle of the country side. Old dames shook their heads, and declared the girl was quite spoiled: young men admired and coveted the prize, and ladies of her own age looked upon her with envy and dislike. She could dance every set, while it was with difficulty their chaperones could procure them a partner. She never lacked an escort at a ball or picnic; and what is more, Gilbert Montrose, one of the rich owners of the extensive mines in the neighbourhood, was paying her the homage which many would have risked much to win.

It was of him Bessie thought as she stood singing on the sands, but his quick eye had caught the omens of wind and wave and cloud, and after a circuitous sail, he had landed safe at an obscure point of the beach.

As he proceeded toward Wallace Rathburn's home, perched amid the cliffs like an eagle's eyrie, there came floating to him on the breeze the music of Bessie's song, freighted with all its passionate tenderness.

Montrose was a genuine Scotchman, and the sweet songs of his native land were like household words; and as the melody struck his ear, his whole face lit up, and when the last note had melted away, he murmured:

"It is Bessie; I could not mistake her voice; she does care for me, though she will not acknowledge it. Blue is the colour worn by my family in the old days of Scotland's glory, and on my cap I this morning fastened a rose which she had dropped from her heavy hair. I will fly to meet her, and once more tell her the story of my love. She cannot repulse me now."

As he spoke he bounded forward with boyish eagerness, his lips half parted, his eyes sparkling with new hopes, and his voice breaking forth in the expressive refrain of another song:

For bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die!

Bessie Rathburn heard it ringing from rock to rock, and, with a singular perverseness, her mood and her entire nature seemed to change. Her figure grew erect, almost stately; her head proudly balanced itself on the white and slender neck, and her eyes lost their love light. At first a flush surged over her face, but by a strong effort she regained her composure, and, muttering: "Ah! it was not honourable for Gilbert Montrose to be eavesdropping," she awaited his coming.

The next moment he was in her presence, and, sinking down before her, he exclaimed:

"Bessie, Bessie, if I could know that the hopes which are springing up in my heart are not groundless, I should be the happiest man in the country. Can it be that you care for my welfare—that the thought of my peril pained you, and your anxiety found utterance in the language of this sweet old song?"

He paused, his frame thrilling from head to foot, his soul yearning for a reply which would send his blood dancing still more joyously through his veins; but, to his surprise and disappointment, the girl drew haughtily back, and said, with a light laugh:

"You are far too romantic, Mr. Montrose, and sentiment is quite wasted on Bessie Rathburn. I sing whatever comes into my head when I am wandering along the shore, and nobody should build any hopes on the caprices of a girl like me."

It would be impossible to describe the change which passed over the face of Gilbert Montrose. Disappointed love, wounded pride, and the utmost surprise, were each mirrored there, and gazing at him, Bessie felt weak at heart to carry out her purpose. Her good angel whispered, "Be true to yourself and to him," but she silenced the voice within, and resumed, with apparent carelessness:

"You are astonished at my answer, Mr. Montrose?"

"Yes, I cannot deny it. Bessie Rathburn, you are a perfect enigma, and it is a terrible misfortune that I ever committed the indiscretion of falling in love with you."

"The world told you I was heartless," observed the girl.

"But I would not believe it till to-night. In spite of your reputed heartlessness, I have loved you better than any woman was ever loved before. I saw your faults, but I overlooked them, trusting that time would correct girlish follies, and transform you into a fireside angel. When I heard you singing the 'Bonnie Bark,' I forgot everything save my devotion to you, and flew to your side. I have had sweet, sweet dreams, Bessie, but they are fading like the mists of the morn. Shadows are gathering over the sea, but they brood more darkly in my heart. Henceforth I will be silent, and not even a reproach shall follow you."

As he spoke he rose from the beach, and turned to leave her. How handsome and manly he looked, with his firm and erect figure, his handsome face, and his dark hair blowing in the wind. Never had he seemed more fascinating than at that hour, and as he began to move away, the girl realized how dear he had grown to her, by the keen pang it cost her to give him up. Two or three times she started to follow the discarded lover, and once murmured, "Gilbert—Gilbert Montrose," but in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the young man. He could hear only the dash of the surf along the beach, the wail of the wind, and the dull throbs of his own heart. On, on he hurried, scarcely knowing whether he went, and yet avoiding the house among the cliffs where he had of late been such a frequent visitor.

Old Wallace Rathburn's home was the pleasantest resort for miles and miles around, for Bessie was seldom without some lady guest, and her uncle and aunt, who loved her as fondly as if she had been their own child, maintained a genial hospitality, keeping open doors and a free table. On the night when our story opens, the old gentleman was unusually restless. Bessie had prolonged her stay on the beach beyond endurance; Montrose was absent, and in fact there was nobody to make up a rubber of whist. Mr. Rathburn glanced first at the antique clock, and then at his old-fashioned watch, counting the moments as they dragged by, and wondering why his niece did not return. At length he rose, and sauntered out into the porch, exclaiming:

"What a night it is! I hope nothing has befallen our Bessie. Though she is full of whims, and frots my life out, the pretty little jilt is as dear to me as if I had been her father. I suppose she may have stayed late to watch for Gilbert Montrose, who went sailing early in the morning; for though she keeps her secret well, I suspect she cares more for him than all the rest of her lovers, and trust they may come to an understanding to-night, when there is danger on the sea."

At this juncture a footstep startled the old man, and, leaning forward, he cried:

"Gilbert Montrose, upon my honour!"

"Yes," was the hoarse and constrained answer, and the young man removed his cap, and bowed low.

"You have come back then," observed Wallace Rathburn, "and safe, too, in spite of an old man's fears. Pray, have you seen Bessie?"

The young man nodded assent, but did not speak, and Mr. Rathburn continued:

"Why did you not bring her home, Montrose?"

"Because," said Gilbert Montrose, with sad earnestness, "her path and mine must henceforth be far, far apart."

"What, what do you mean? Have you had another quarrel, and in your resentment resolved that

you would never forgive her, as you have thrice at least during your acquaintance?"

Montrose shook his head, and after a brief hesitancy, replied:

"My good old friend, I am a man of nerve, of wit, but I am not strong enough to dwell on what has just passed on the beach. Your niece has not only rejected me, but trampled my heart under her feet; and though I shall treat her with courtesy when we chance to meet, a deep gulf will yawn between us, and we shall be as effectually alienated as if I were at the antipodes."

Wallace Rathburn seized the young man's hand in a vice-like grasp, and, in a husky voice, rejoined:

"There never was such folly, but I would rather give all I possess, than have her reject you, young man. I will interfere."

"No, no, sir; I should scorn to accept an unwilling bride. Though I had staked the happiness of a lifetime on the desperate chance of winning her, I shall try to bear my disappointment like a man—a Montrose."

There was a solemn silence, broken only by the wild fury of the storm, but at length Mr. Rathburn resumed:

"Where did you leave Bessie? Though she grieves and vexes me by her coquetry, it would go hard with me if aught should befall the mad-cap girl, and she must hasten in out of the tempest."

"I left her by the fantastic mass of rocks which she calls 'Boadecca's Chariot,' and as you are too old to be exposed to the storm, I will go in search of her."

Perhaps Wallace Rathburn thought there might be a possibility of reconciliation between the lovers, for he readily assented to the young man's proposal, and Montrose once more took his way toward the beach. He had gone but a short distance when he heard Bessie calling:

"Gilbert—Gilbert Montrose! Gilbert—Gilbert!"

The young man felt his cheek burn, and the wild thrill that passed over him fully attested Bessie Rathburn's power. The next instant he was at her side, exclaiming:

"Bessie, I am here; what can I do to serve you? Are you in peril, that you seek my aid?"

"No," replied the girl; "but there is danger on the sea. Oh! it is a terrible night for those who are at the mercy of wind and wave; and she pointed at the tumultuous billows surging as far as the eye could sweep.

The incessant flash of the lightning revealed a pleasure boat, tossing like a mere shell in the distance, with a single oarsman endeavouring, with all the strength of his manhood, to keep his frail craft above water. Gilbert Montrose took in everything at a glance, and he asked, hastily:

"Pray, is it friend or stranger, Bessie?"

"A friend, Mr. Montrose; do you not recognize Robert Glenrock?"

Montrose gave a start, and a deeper shadow settled on his face, for even at that distance he could make out the features of his most formidable rival.

Robert Glenrock was the Beau Brummel of the district, but as he stood clinging to his little boat his curling hair damp with spray, his cheek flushed with the fever at his heart, and his eyes widening for the breakers that made the coast so perilous, the young exquisite appeared transformed.

"I—I understand," said Montrose, with an indescribable bitterness in his tone; "it was for his boat you were waiting when you sang the 'Bonnie Bark' at twilight, with such power; and it was my fault, not yours, that I was deceived."

Gilbert Montrose, do not stop to talk over only what can be painful to both. You see Robert Glenrock—he is not accustomed to the dangers of the sea, and the shore is lined with rocks. He will be lost, unless you save him. May I, dare I, ask his life at your hands?"

"Bessie, I find myself placed in a strange emergency; but I will be true to my manhood. He shall not die because he is my rival!"

Bessie looked up at him, murmuring "Thank God!" and with a thousand contending emotions struggling for the mastery, Montrose plunged into the waters.

In the language of the song the girl had been singing:

The waves ran high, the waves ran high,
And dark and murky was the sky,
Save where the lightning traced its characters of fire
Like the mystic hand which wrote Belshazzar's doom
On his lofty palace walls.

The thunder boomed like distant cannon, and the surf dashed madly against the shores. But Montrose was a bold swimmer, and Glenrock felt a sudden thrill of hope when there came ringing to him over the waves the words:

"Take heart! take heart! Cling to your boat, or whatever fragments of it may remain; cling to your boat, I say, and I will save you, Glenrock!"

The young man did not recognize the voice, for it was loud and unnatural, and not in the least like the well-modulated tones of Gilbert Montrose, and when a strong arm grasped him, just as the last spar had drifted away from his benumbed fingers, and he was sinking the second time, he never dreamed who his deliverer was.

Not a word was spoken while Montrose was making his way toward the shore with his burden, but when he reached it, and placed the unconscious young man at Bessie's feet, he said:

"Of all your lovers, I most dislike Robert Glenrock, and yet I have saved him."

"Many thanks," replied Bessie, the tears shining in the soft, velvet-brown of those eyes that had won many a lover with their myriad changes, and the careless hair falling damp and heavy about her white, wistful face.

In another instant Gilbert Montrose was gone, and there was no opportunity for telling him the cause of her anxiety with regard to Glenrock.

A scornful rejection had made him angry and reckless, and sent him off on a sail, to while away the time which hung so heavily upon his hands. At first the girl had felt no remorse; but when the tempest burst upon sea and shore, in its terrific fury, her heart stood still with dread.

For a time she watched for him as dumb and still as if she had been paralyzed; but when she caught a glimpse of the frail shallop, she sprang from her seat in "Boadicea's Chariot," and started in pursuit of Montrose.

Had she explained the reason of her interest in his fate, all might have been well; but she neglected it, and thus the misunderstanding deepened rather than diminished.

When Glenrock awoke to consciousness, he looked up, and saw the girl bending over him with the utmost solicitude, the tears yet glittering on her cheek.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he gasped, "this has been a terrible night—a terrible day!"

"Yes, yes; but you are safe, Robert Glenrock; be grateful to God and your deliverer!"

"I am grateful, dearest. Pray, are those tears for me?"

"Yes, Robert! I can never tell what I suffered, when I thought I had driven you where you might perish."

The young man drew the girl's hand to his lips, and continued:

"Who saved me, Bessie?"

"Gilbert Montrose."

Glenrock started in extreme surprise, and exclaimed:

"Bessie, I do not like to owe my life to him."

"And why?"

"Because I have believed him to be your favoured lover."

"You had no reason to. I have never given him more encouragement than you, and a dozen others. I am, as my uncle says, utterly heartless in love matters."

"Bessie Rathburn, no heartless girl would weep for me, and from this I shall draw hope; but it is passing strange that my most dreaded rival should risk his life for mine."

"I begged him to go to your rescue, Robert."

"Ah! that acknowledgment is sweet! I will doubt no more. You do return my love, in some degree."

Thus they talked on, heedless of the storm, and when they parted at Wallace Rathburn's door, Bessie was Robert Glenrock's betrothed bride. A diamond solitaire blazed on one white hand; and while the girl paced her room, weeping at the inconsistencies of her character and the wild regret they brought upon her, Glenrock returned to his home, wondering if the scenes on the beach were real, or the fancies of some delirious dream.

CHAPTER II.

What's this dull town to me? Robin's not near;
What was't I wished to see—what wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
That made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh! they are all fled with thee, Robin Adair!

GILBERT MONTROSE sat alone in the breakfast-room of his bachelor establishment, when a servant brought him a note. He hurriedly unfolded it, and read as follows:—

"Robert Glenrock, of Glenrock Lodge, returns his grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Montrose, for his rescue from drowning last night during the tempest, and solicits the pleasure of his company at dinner to-morrow eve."

The young man's face flushed, and he crumpled the paper between his fingers, and then flung it into the open grate.

"What a farce this is!" he muttered; "courtesy, not gratitude, prompts his thanks, and I will take

them as they come. I can never be a friend to Robert Glenrock, for I do not like his principles or his habits; and he has won the only woman I sincerely love; but I will not quarrel with him. Bessie will doubtless be there, and it will cost a strong effort to meet her; but she has proved herself unworthy the love I lavished upon her, and I must learn to regard her with the coldness she deserves;" and sitting down at an odd little writing-desk, he wrote an acceptance of Glenrock's invitation, with a firm hand and heavy heart.

At the appointed hour he dashed up the avenue leading to the Lodge, and dismounted at the door.

The home of Gilbert Montrose was a perfect specimen of the grandeur and stateliness of the olden time, while Glenrock Lodge was the wonder of the country people for its modern splendour.

Like its master, it was gay, luxurious, dazzling to the casual observer, but lacked the quiet elegance which bespeaks a man of fine taste.

When passing through the grounds, Montrose noticed fanciful arbours, two or three fountains, and parterres, laid out in geometrical figures, where the green sweep of the velvet turf would have been far more attractive.

On ringing the bell, the hall-door was flung open by a servant in livery, and the splendours within revealed to the visitor.

Chandeliers shed a flood of light over hall, parlour and dining-room, and wherever the eye turned it fell on elaborate frescoes or marvellous stucco work, the soft fall of cloud-like curtains, the glitter of glass and silver, and the lustre of mahogany and rose-wood.

As Glenrock met Montrose, he shook hands with apparent warmth, and said:

"I am happy to welcome you to my home, and I assure you"—and he cast a quick, eager glance at the spot where Bessie stood—"life was never half so sweet before."

"Ah! I comprehend your meaning," replied Montrose; "you allude to Miss Rathburn."

"Yes, yes," observed the young man, with a smile.

"And allow me to say," resumed Montrose, "that your thanks are due to her; it was she who begged me to fly to your rescue."

Glenrock made some gallant answer, and drew his guest into the drawing-room, where the company were awaiting dinner.

Like one in a painful dream, Montrose trod the gorgeous carpet, and took in the other luxuries of those grand apartments; like one in a dream, was presented to two or three dowager aunts of his rival, and a magnificent creature reclining in an arm chair, in an attitude which Queen Elizabeth might like to copy for its royal grace. She was a perfect brunette, olive-dark, dusky-haired, and with a pair of great, slumberous eyes, half-veiled by the droop of the heavy lids. She wore a robe of silk, trimmed with a profusion of black lace, and a few scarlet blossoms were twisted amid her tresses, and lay upon her breast.

There could not have been a more striking contrast than that between this lady and the girl sitting near her, with her white muslin skirt, her blue silk bodice, and her hair, which had more gold than chestnut in its mazes, gathered in a careless knot at the back of her head, and fastened with the flowers Glenrock had sent her several hours previously.

"This is my cousin, Miss Agnes Huntington," observed the host; and the stately brunette rose to her feet, and extended her jewelled hand. The greeting over, Montrose turned to Bessie, and for the first time since their parting on the beach, their eyes met. It may be the young man had hoped to read regret in their brown depths, but if so, he was disappointed; Bessie Rathburn was still inscrutable.

Dinner was soon announced, and Glenrock offered his arm to Bessie; Montrose led out Miss Huntington and her mother, and the rest of the party followed. But we will not dwell on that scene; everything passed off admirably, and quite to the host's satisfaction; but to Bessie and Montrose it was a severe ordeal. He felt a sense of relief when he gained his own home, and as he flung himself into a chair, he exclaimed, with bitter emphasis:

"I believe my life is to be a bitter mockery; but I will see that this acquaintance does not ripen into intimacy. I have said before, that I could not be a friend to a man like Robert Glenrock. Henceforth I will give more attention to business, and less to pleasure. When Bessie is married, there will be one place to which I can go with freedom, and that is her uncle's. But I repeat it, I shall not be a frequent visitor at the Lodge."

Such was the young man's resolve; but as he was riding toward the mines the next day, his horse took fright at the sharp report of a rifle in a neighbouring copse, and he was thrown to the ground. Agnes Huntington stood hard by, and springing forward as the horse dashed past, she cried:

"What has happened?"

Two labourers were at their work near, and they said, in the same breath:

"A gentleman has been hurt, miss."

"And who is he? Do you know him?"

"Mr. Montrose, miss."

"Bring him into the house," exclaimed the lady.

"I am sure my cousin would gladly extend his hospitality at such a time. Besides, Mr. Montrose has been the means of saving Robert's life, and he is deeply indebted to him."

The labourers, who had left their tasks, lifted the helpless young man, and slowly followed Miss Agnes to the mansion. There was an unwonted glitter in her eye, and the colour came and went on her dark face, as she said to herself:

"I hope Gilbert Montrose is not seriously hurt; and if he is not, and remains beneath Robert's roof, it will be strange if I cannot bring him to my feet, and make him realize, more and more, how unwomanly Bessie Rathburn has proved."

The next instant she had swept into a small room devoted to books and music, and by far the pleasantest in her cousin's establishment, and prepared a lounge for his reception. The labourers placed him on the cushions with a gentleness of which she would not have believed them capable—for he was a universal favourite among men of that class—and when they had retired, she exerted every effort to restore the young man. She bound her own handkerchief over the wounded forehead, and knotted her scarf around the bruised right hand. How gentle and womanly she seemed, when on awakening to consciousness Montrose began to realize what had befallen him, and met her anxious inquiries and graceful ministry. How strong was the contrast between her and the tantalising, perverse little Bessie, on whom he had wasted his love. He had no regard for Glenrock, but the attentions of his cousin pleased him, falling on his heart like dew on the thirsty flowers, and it was real gratitude which prompted him to say:

"I know not how to thank you for your kindness to a stranger."

Agnes Huntington was well skilled in the ways of the world, and she made the pleasantest reply imaginable, alluding with evident emotion to Robert Glenrock's rescue from the waves.

There was a brief silence, and then Montrose continued:

"Pray, where is my horse, Miss Huntington? I trust those labourers succeeded in stopping him, for I think I am now able to set out for home."

"Your horse fled, sir; and as for me, I was so anxious with regard to your fate, that I did not think of him. Wait till my cousin returns, and he will see what can be done for you."

"Ah! what is this?" exclaimed Glenrock, bursting into the room.

"There has been a sad accident," replied Agnes Huntington, "and I told the servants to bring Mr. Montrose in."

"It was right, quite right," said the young man.

"I can thus repay the debt I owe you. You had better stay with us till morning, as it is late in the afternoon."

"Thank you; but it is not necessary for me to tax your hospitality; if you will provide me with a conveyance, I will make the best of my way home."

As he spoke, he attempted to rise, but was obliged to sink back upon the lounge, while his features contracted with pain.

"You are more seriously hurt than you imagine," said Agnes Huntington, "and I believe cousin Robert had better send for a surgeon."

Montrose declared it was useless, but Glenrock and Agnes overruled him, and a messenger was dispatched for Doctor Bathurst.

The surgeon soon arrived, and pronounced the young man's injuries so severe as to render his immediate return to the Grange sheer madness, and reluctant as he was to be sheltered beneath his rival's roof, he was forced to accept his hospitality.

A luxurious suite of rooms was at once appropriated to him, and every attention paid him, not only by master and servants, but the beautiful Agnes.

And Bessie Rathburn—what of her? Though she had, to all appearance, been the gayest of the gay, since her engagement to Robert Glenrock, she had shed many a bitter tear in the solitude of her own room, and the prospect of a long life with him daily grew more repugnant. She was standing alone, in the porch of her uncle's house, and gazing dreamily out upon the troubled sea, when a horse came flying past.

"Great heavens!" gasped the girl, "that horse belongs to Gilbert Montrose, and is riderless!"

As she spoke, the words froze on her lips, and she stood mute and motionless with terror. Suddenly her uncle's voice broke the spell, and her wretched mind began to thrill with vague forebodings.

"Lassie," shouted old Wallace Rathburn, "there is Gilbert's horse; what—what can have befallen the lad?"

"Oh, uncle, I do not know—I cannot divine,"

moaned the girl. It is a terrible mystery; I will go and try to learn the truth of the matter!" and she bounded from the porch, her brown eyes full of tears, and her young face as solemn as if she had never smiled.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the old man, drawing her back, "you are not fit for such a task, and I'll take it upon me. Stay at home, lassie, while I go and endeavour to ascertain what has happened."

Bessie would fain have gone with him on his unwelcome errand, but at length she yielded to his wishes, and tottering into the house, crept up to the dormer window to which I have before alluded, and whence she had often watched for Gilbert Montrose in happier days.

Bitter and remorseful memories haunted her as she sat, with her throbbing brow pressed hard against the oaken casement, and the three hours of her uncle's absence seemed to gather ages of suffering into their slow lapse.

She recalled the evenings in the cheery parlours below, when the rooms had been gay with song, chit-chat and laughter, and one presence had flooded her path with sunshine; the protracted walks on the beach in the moon-light, and the cruises on the waters in his bonnie bark, with Montrose to trim the sails, and sing the sea-ballads he sang with such grace and spirit.

That had been the "golden summer of her life," and Gilbert Montrose, not Robert Glenrock, had been its chief charm. If he was dead, could she ever forgive herself for the false part she had acted, when, to use his language, she had trampled his heart under her feet? Could she forget all which it now cost her such agony to recall, and plight her faith to Glenrock, when he had never won more than a friendly regard?

She was trying to answer or silence these questions, when she saw her uncle's well-known figure. He was still at a considerable distance from the house, but the girl could wait no longer, and hurrying down the narrow stairs, she flew to meet him.

The old man reined in his horse, and looked at her, half-stern, half-compassionate.

"Oh, Uncle Wallace, at last, at last you have come!" she exclaimed. "How long you have been away! What, what has happened? I yearn to know, and yet dread to hear the truth. Break it gently, for I cannot bear a great shock."

"Well, lass, something has befallen Gilbert Montrose."

"He is not dead?" moaned the girl, lifting her eyes to the old man's sad face.

"No, no, Bessie; thank God for that! None of us can afford to lose the lad."

He passed a moment, dashed away a hasty tear, and then went on:

"His horse took fright from a chance rifle shot in a copse near by the high road, and Gilbert was thrown among a mass of rocks by the wayside."

"And they have carried him home, I suppose?"

"No; he was borne into Glenrock Lodge, and there he is likely to remain for one month. At first he thought it would not harm him to go back to the Grange, but Doctor Rathburn, who was called as soon as possible, prohibited it."

The girl hesitated an instant ere she rejoined:

"Did you see him, uncle?"

"No, child; the surgeon is strict, and I do not blame him, for if fever should set in, he could not live. Glenrock assured me he should want for nothing, and the housekeeper told me Miss Agnes was quite devoted to him. On the whole, lassie, it was better that we should not meet; the sight of me could only revive the old pangs, and increase his danger. Child, child, does not your heart reproach you?"

The poor girl turned sharply from him, and bounded toward the beach.

Conscience upbraided her, but she could not bear her uncle's reproofs, or the quiet accusation she had read in her aunt's mournful face.

Everything seemed changed in her sea-side home; there was no more whist or battledore, no more singing to the accompaniment of the old harpsichord, and no gay couples went dancing across the polished floor of the cosy dining-room.

When Glenrock had come on his daily visits to his betrothed, they had wandered in the garden, or on the beach, and his fitful merriment struck her sensitive ear like discords in music.

Now the restless sea, the cool sweep of the winds, and the whirling ocean birds, and the rocks of "Boadicea's Chariot" deepened her grief, for they were associated with that memorable hour when she had sung the verse already quoted of the old love song.

Then and there Bessie Rathburn had been false to herself, and to Gilbert Montrose, and she repented of it now, her young heart sitting in sack-cloth and ashes.

But she could not stay on the memory-haunted

shore, and cautiously she made her way to the house, and crept into her chamber.

Very pleasant and tranquil it looked, with its old-fashioned carpet and couch, its quaintly-carved bureau and table, its antique mirror and workstand, the slender drinking-glasses crowded with flowers, and the white drapery at the windows, stirring in the breeze like summer clouds.

But it was a flushed and feverish face reflected in the dusky mirror, and a restless step that paced the floor.

The day wore on; the Angel of the Sunset unlocked the golden gates of the west, and revealed fires which burned long and gorgeously over the waters; the gloaming came and went with its soft shadows and falling dews, and the night closed in moonless, it is true, but solemn, starry, and still, save for the cool plash of the waves on the rocks below.

Hour after hour dragged by on leaden wings to the young girl keeping her lonely vigil in the solitude of her chamber.

She could hear the old clock chiming out the shrill vibration that measured each hour as it passed, and finally she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"I care not for what they say! I will go to Gilbert, and tell him all—how I have sinned, and how I have repented."

Suiting the action to the word, she glided into the hall, snatched her shawl and light chip hat, and unlocking the door, crept out into the night.

Of the incidents of her weary walk to Glenrock Lodge she could afterwards recall nothing; it was like the fitful dreams that come and go in sickness, and leave only a dim, indistinct, but always painful impression. Full of sorrow, of penitence, Bessie took her way through the grounds, and toward a wing of the mansion, where a faint light burned like a wasting life.

Pausing in the balcony where she had stood not long before with Glenrock, and listened to his rhapsodies, she glanced through a glass door.

There, beneath a rich canopy, lay Gilbert Montrose, flushed and restless, and with a bandaged brow and arm. Had he been alone, she would have bounded to him, and thrown herself on his mercy; but close by sat Agnes, watching him with her great, black slumberous eyes.

With what a gentle hand she moistened his parched lips and waved her brilliant fan; how soft and sweet were the tones in which she now and then addressed him, and how genial her presence seemed.

"Ah! he does not need me," muttered the girl, bitterly; and the next moment her generous impulses, her noble resolves had vanished, and she was gone!

CHAPTER III.

He was not all unhappy. His resolve upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore prayer from a living source within the will, and beating up through all the bitter world, like fountains of sweet water in the sea, kept him a living soul. *Each Arden.*

MORE than a month passed ere Gilbert Montrose was able to leave the Lodge, and every week during his stay, without the knowledge of her uncle's family, or her lover's household, she managed to pay a visit to her discarded suitor. Agnes was invariably in attendance, and as he began to grow convalescent, Bessie's quick eye could read the gratitude in his face, and her acute ear caught the thanks that fell from his lips. From these stolen visits she would return bitter and resentful, and her uncle and aunt marked the change in her with anxiety and pain.

One morning Glenrock announced that his guest had just left the Lodge, and he expected soon to lose his favourite Cousin Agnes, as she was betrothed to Montrose. This was ere long common gossip, and his attentions seemed to warrant the conclusion. Poor Bessie found it a severe task to preserve her composure and keep her secret from the world, and when her uncle was suddenly called from Scotland, and gave her permission to accompany him, she felt a wild sense of relief. Glenrock urged an immediate marriage, but Mr. Rathburn had insisted on at least a year's probation, and he was obliged to yield to his wishes.

A splendid pleasure-boat, which bore the name of "Bessie Rathburn" in glittering letters on the prow, conveyed her from the shore to the vessel. There was a formal parting, a mere farce on her part, and the good ship danced away, while Glenrock's barge glided back to the shore. As he sprang from the boat he perceived a tall figure loitering near the grotesque rocks of "Boadicea's Chariot." It was Gilbert Montrose.

The two men exchanged greetings with more than their olden cordiality, and then Montrose said:

"You are surprised to see me?"

"Yes; I thought Bessie Rathburn was dead to you."

"And so she is, in one sense; you know that since your engagement, I have never attempted to break up the match."

"Certainly, certainly, Montrose; you have been fairer in the matter than I could have been, I fear, with the same temptation."

"And yet," resumed Montrose, "I could not help coming to the shore to-day, to steal a farewell look at one I may never see again."

There was a brief silence, and then Montrose went on:

"Perhaps you blame me?"

The young man coloured, and his foot beat nervously against the sands, as he replied:

"No, no; I blame no man for any folly into which Bessie Rathburn leads him; but—but I wish I dared to speak frankly, and tell you what others say."

"Go on; do not spare my feelings."

"There are other women in the world, besides the perverse little Bessie, and, by Jove!—"

"Glenrock," interrupted the young man, "to me there is but one woman in the universe. I do not believe in second love."

Glenrock's brow knit, and his cheek reddened, as he asked:

"How then am I to construe your attentions to my cousin? They have been such as to be observed by the servants and visitors at the Lodge, and furnish a fruitful theme for gossip."

"I admire and respect your cousin. I am grateful for her kindness in the hour of need, but if she does me justice, she will assure you I have never made love to her. Glenrock, I cannot love twice; I shall never marry."

The young man saw it was useless to threaten or persuade Gilbert Montrose into an alliance with Agnes, and remarking, "Very well, I think my cousin can manage her own love affairs," precipitately left the beach.

Across the blue reach of the waters, and far from the "green braes," the misty mountains, and the quiet old cities of Scotland, the image of Gilbert Montrose followed Bessie Rathburn. Her uncle had ceased to rebuke her, declaring the "lassie might bide her time." He had grown a tithe more grave since Bessie's perverseness had brought such sorrow upon them all, and letters from his "guide wife" assured him that she was praying with something of the old Covenanters' faith for her wayward niece.

Time rolled on, and Wallace Rathburn and Bessie once more trod their native soil.

The whole neighbourhood seemed to turn out to welcome them back; but Gilbert Montrose was not among the crowd gathered on the shore.

Where was he? Had he married the beautiful Agnes, and gone on a foreign tour with his bride?

Mrs. Rathburn had never mentioned him in her letters, and yet the young girl had thirsted to hear some news of him.

She now learned that he was still a bachelor, and devoted himself to business and the interests of the workers in the mines, of which he owned a large share.

It was on a clear, bright summer day, and the second anniversary of the memorable evening on the beach, when Bessie had driven Montrose from her by her coldness and scorn, that Bessie stood in the little porch I have before described. Suddenly a sound, like the report of a distant cannon, startled her, and the old house shook, as if an earthquake were trembling beneath.

The next moment the Scotchwoman, who had worked in her uncle's family for many years, came rushing forward, exclaiming:

"God help us, lassie, there is another explosion, and my pair bairns will be killed!"

A wild thrill ran through Bessie's frame as she heard this, for she remembered hearing that during her absence Gilbert Montrose had more than once risked his life to save his men.

In another instant she was speeding down the cliff, followed by Margery.

The poor girl uttered no shriek, shed no tears, but her whole soul was in the mute agony of her marble face.

On, on, on she flew till she reached the Grange, surrounded by the green sweep of the park, and wearing all its olden stateliness. It had been a castle in the olden days; and with its high turrets, vine-draped walls and heavy mullions looked as if it had stepped out of an antique picture.

Again and again the girl lifted the quaint knocker, and shook the doors, but to no purpose; nobody was there, and she believed the servants had fled to the mines.

Wildly she flew along a bypath till she met a miner running for his life.

"What has happened?" faltered Bessie.

"There has been a blast, miss."

"And is the overseer anywhere in the neighbourhood?"

"Yes; to save the life."

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"Yes; he and Mr. Montrose are in the mines trying to save the miners." The girl waited to hear no more, but sped away till she had gained the mines and the scene of the terrible disaster.

To her dying hour she never forgot the shrieks of the half-frantic woman, searching for husband, sons, or brothers, within the dark walls of the mine, the miners lying bruised and dead around, the fragments of coal flying to and fro as if hurled by some strong hand, the flames beginning to break forth here and there, and the heavy sulphurous atmosphere pervading those vaulted chambers.

"Miss Rathburn," observed a neighbour, "it is madness for you to come hither. Leave the mine I implore you."

"No, no," replied the girl, forgetting her past reserve, "I am in search of Gilbert Montrose. I do not fear death so much as the mockery of the life I have been leading."

With these words she groped through the general wreck, silent and prayerful; but her heart stood still with dread when she thought how some poor sufferers had been immured in that living tomb weary, weary days ere death released them from their bondage. Suddenly, however, a familiar voice murmured:

"Bessie, Bessie Rathburn, for whom are you searching in these perilous mines?"

"For you, Gilbert, dear, dear Gilbert! At last, at last I am true to myself and you. Time and absence have taught me how dear you are, and when I hear you forgive me, I am willing and ready to die with you!"

"Thank heaven! I had not dared hope this, but I trust such will not be our fate. When the men are cared for, I believe we can make our escape, for I'm accustomed to the mines."

Hours later there was a joyful reunion in the parlour of Wallace Rathburn's home, and Montrose and Bessie received a fervent blessing.

Glenrock was obliged to resign his claim, and went abroad to hide his disappointment; and his Cousin Agnes married an old English squire, whose only recommendation was his long rent-roll and splendid estate.

The wedding of Gilbert Montrose and Bessie was the most brilliant that had been witnessed for years, and in the pleasant Grange they often told the sons and daughters gathered around the ingleside the story of their meeting in the mines.

The copy of a minute of the Committee of Council on Education relative to the art-schools has been published. On the 1st inst., the consideration of the memorial from various schools of art was resumed, and the Council agreed to modify the arrangements, consenting to resume the payments of building grants and grants for examples, but declining to revert to the system of payments by certificates. They do not consider that the art-teachers come within the provisions of the Superannuation Act, 22 Vic. c. 26, but they will increase the amount of the payment proposed in the schedule appended to the minute of February 9, in the hope that certificated art-teachers will earn payments equivalent to the value of their certificates. The schedule referred is cancelled, and another, which is given in the return, is substituted for it.

ENGLISH v. ARAB HORSES.—A Cairo letter contains an interesting account of a match between Prince Halim and an English gentleman named Ross, to test the powers of endurance between English and Arab horses. The prince chose a white stallion named Alissa, brought from Syria about two years ago, and which he rode himself, while Mr. Ross selected a five-year-old mare named Beechnut, exported from England seven months back, and ridden by a Mr. Thompson. The conditions were that the two horses should hunt the gazelle in the desert during a period of seven days, and if one of them gave in, the survivor should be the winner, unless they both died on the same day, in which case the owner of the English horse should receive the stakes. The match was for £1,000, laid by Prince Halim against Mr. Ross's £100, or odds of ten to one. The hunt commenced in the desert at two hours' ride from Cairo at half-past five on the morning appointed; the two horses proceeded at a walk for five hours, at the end of which time Beechnut began to manifest some uneasiness. At eleven a gazelle was started, and brought down after a gallop of about five minutes. Half an hour later, the prince and Mr. Thompson turned about to return to their encampment, the English mare sometimes walking and sometimes trotting, when, after proceeding for an hour and a half, Beechnut began to waver, and Mr. Thompson, seeing that she was about to fall, alighted; the mare advanced a few steps further, and then fell to the ground utterly exhausted. After remaining for twenty minutes beside Beechnut, the prince and Mr. Thompson left to obtain assistance at the camp, the mare being still alive at their departure.

Five hours later, an English veterinary surgeon, accompanied by a dromedary bearing water, arrived at the spot where she had fallen, when she was found to be dead, while vultures were already attacking the body. An examination of the mare by the surgeon showed that she had died from fatigue, as the whole body was contracted from a difficulty of respiration. Prince Halim's horse, Alissa, in the meantime, showed no signs of exhaustion, and continued to hunt during the three following days. The weight carried by Beechnut was 11st. 3lb., and that by Alissa 12st. 4lb.

TEMPTATION.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.,

Author of "The Will and the Way," "Woman and her Master," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

To gaze upon the loved in death.
To mark the closing, beamless eye,
To press dear lips—and find no breath,
This, this is life's worst agony.
But God, too merciful, too wise,
To leave the lone one in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
"My kingdom come! Ye'll meet them there!"
Eliza Cook.

THE moment so long dreaded, so anxiously expected by her sister and the old servant, Mary Page—whose fidelity to her master's daughter was beyond suspicion—at last arrived; and Fanny, forced to conceal alike a mother's joy and a mother's agony, gave birth to a female child.

Despite the mystery which shrouded the parentage of her infant, the young mother welcomed it with transport and sorrow. Its first baptism was the tears she shed over it when Dr. Bennet gently hinted at the necessity of removing it at once from the cottage, before its existence was suspected by the blind old grandfather.

"I cannot part with it!" she sobbed. "It is the only pledge left me of his love! It will kill me!"

"Whose love, dearest?" inquired the old domestic. Her young mistress gazed upon her for an instant, and burst into an agony of tears.

We see the most timid of heaven's creatures, armed with the strong instincts of maternity, become bold in defence of their young. The dread of her father's wrath had hitherto been the great terror of Fanny; but rather than part with her child, she would have braved even that.

"He will not curse me," she exclaimed, "when he hears its plaintive cry! The innocences of my child shall atone for my disobedience! Go to him, Therese—fall at his feet, and—"

Then the fear—the awful dread of hearing the blind old man invoke a malediction on the daughter whose disobedience had dishonoured him, would overcome the sufferer's momentary resolution, and she would frantically call her back.

It was during a fit of temporary insensibility that the infant was removed from her, and conveyed, the following night, to the house of a widow woman, with whom the benevolent physician had made an arrangement to receive it.

When Fanny recovered, and missed her infant, her despair and grief threatened to discover all. The tender endearments of her sister, the tears of the old servant, and the representations of Dr. Bennet scarcely availed to calm the transports of her sorrow.

From that day, her sister and the servant both noticed a marked change take place. The feverish excitement which had so long and fatally been undermining the health of the sufferer, gave place to a calm amounting almost to apathy. Poor Therese, ignorant of the cause, felt delighted with the change: to her it appeared the first sign of approaching convalescence; not so to the experienced physician—to him it was the symptom of approaching death.

For several weeks the patient sufferer continued to linger on, but gradually sinking, till the credulity of affection could no longer deceive itself with hope. All felt that she was dying, except the blind old soldier, who used to sit for hours by the side of his darling child, holding her hand in his, blessing and praying for her.

It was a fearful blow to him when, one evening, the doctor drew him into the little garden at the back of the cottage, and imparted, as gently as possible, the dreadful intelligence that his eldest born had but a few hours to live.

The adjutant had borne up manfully against all the other ills of life: poverty—he scarcely felt it; the privation of sight—the patient love and untiring attention of his children—their solicitude—lessened the affliction; and now he was threatened with the loss of one of them—his darling Fanny—whom he sometimes reproached himself for loving better than her sister—perhaps because she was the image of her

mother, and he had a more vivid recollection of her features—Therese being a mere infant when the living darkness fell upon him.

"Is there no hope?" he faltered. "There must be! God is too merciful to rob a blind old father of his only stay!"

"You forget Therese!" observed Dr. Bennet, gravely.

"True—true!" exclaimed the adjutant, in a tone of self-reproach. "I have been unjust, and God has punished me! I never murmured!" he added, after a pause; "but this blow has fallen on my heart and crushed me! Leave me!" he continued; "pray leave me! I must wrestle with this grief alone!"

The friendly physician withdrew to the house, leaving the old soldier in the garden by himself.

It was astonishing how Therese bore up against the intelligence; but the very depth of her love for her sister sustained her. She watched over her with a burning, anxious eye; she could not weep—tears would have relieved her.

"You will not forget me when I am gone!" said Fanny, as she lay with the hand of Therese clasped in hers; "and you will forgive me all the pain and trouble I have caused you! My infant!" she added, lowering her voice to the faintest whisper, as if she feared left the echoes of the cottage should repeat her secret; "watch over it—he a mother to his helplessness and innocence—it will soon have no other parent than you! You promise me?"

"I do!" replied her broken-hearted sister. "Should heaven take you from me, to devote myself to its happiness—to love it, Fanny, as I have loved you!"

The dying girl threw her arms around the neck of the speaker, and thanked her with a grateful kiss.

"My poor father!" she murmured; "it will be a sad blow to him in his age and blindness—for, despite my faults, he loved his wayward child—loved me as you have done, Therese!"

The languor with which she had spoken suddenly gave way to the most intense excitement. Half rising from the pillow which supported her, she grasped her sister by the hand, and, fixing her eyes upon her with an expression of mingled agony and terror exclaimed:

"You will conceal from him the secret of my shame! He would curse me!" she added, with a shudder; "his malediction would follow me to the judgment-seat, and close the gates of heaven against me! Promise me," she continued, clinging yet more closely to the terrified Therese, "by the memory of our childhood—by the love which has ever existed between us—that our father shall never learn from your lips his child proved unworthy of him?"

Therese felt a singular misgiving that the promise demanded under such afflictive circumstances might one day recoil upon herself; yet she gave it—unhesitatingly gave it. There was more real heroism in that girl's simple, affectionate heart than her once sunny smile and merry glance would have led one to suppose.

Satisfied with the pledge—which Fanny well knew would be kept more religiously than many keep their oaths—she gradually became more calm.

"Should my child live," she continued, "you will lead her sometimes to my grave—paint to her the agony I endured—the shame and remorse—my early death, e'en in life's freshest spring! It would grieve my restless spirit if I thought my infant would judge harshly of its mother!"

Therese thought this a favourable moment for putting a question which she longed yet dreaded to ask: it was no feeling of idle curiosity, but a sense of duty which urged her.

"Should she ever ask me the name of her father?" she whispered.

Fanny raised her hand, and faintly articulated:

"He is in heaven!"

"In heaven!" exclaimed her sister, indignantly. "No, Fanny—no! The man who could deceive a heart like yours—basely leave you to shame and the remorse of a broken heart, has little chance of heaven! Curse him—curse him, for a heartless—"

"Therese!" frantically interrupted the dying girl, "beware, lest you blaspheme against the dead! Bless him—bless him—the noblest, best, the most generous of men! His memory is the dearest, only treasure left me—his image will be the last to fade from my poor heart—his smile the first to welcome me when the grave's dread barriers no longer exist between us!"

"Is it possible that you speak thus of your seducer?" observed her sister.

At the word "seducer," a faint blush suffused for an instant the marble features of Fanny. She slowly raised her finger to her lips, as if fearful lest some half forgotten promise should escape her, and faintly smiled.

Never had she looked more beautiful.

A sudden ray of hope entered the heart of her sister. It was possible, after all, that the dying girl was far less culpable than she imagined. Sinking on

her knees by the side of the little bed, she clasped her head.

"One word!" she whispered. "Are you a wife?"

"In the eyes of heaven, yes!"

"But in man's?" added Therese, in a tone of disappointment.

"I soon shall be!" replied Fanny; "for the grave will unite us both!"

It was clear that, whatever the nature of her secret, the poor girl was determined it should die with her. The hope vanished in the heart of Therese almost as suddenly as it had been created; and from that hour she never asked her sister another question on the subject.

When Dr. Bennet returned to the garden, he found the blind old soldier upon his knees in prayer—seeking strength to bear up against the heavy affliction which threatened him where strength only could be found. There was something so sacred in the sorrow of the parent of Fanny, the physician felt that even his presence was an intrusion—he retired, therefore, to summon Therese. His child was the fitting person to break upon his solitary prayer.

"Have you told him?" she demanded, as he led her to the garden.

"I have!"

"And how does he support it? The blow must have been fearful—for Fanny was his favourite child—as she deserved to be!" she added, with a burst of generous feeling which proved that the preference of the adjutant had never caused his younger daughter one single pang of jealousy. Loving Fanny so tenderly as she did, it only appeared natural to her.

Dr. Bennet gazed on her with respect and admiration. Barely had he seen more firmness under trying circumstances, mingled with such devoted tenderness.

"You are a good girl," he said, "and heaven will one day reward you!"

Therese looked at him with surprise—she could not understand what she had done to merit his praise.

"Is your sister prepared for the interview?" added the physician.

"Yes, sir!"

"You had better lead your father in, then!" he continued; "for I fear that a few hours—"

"No—no!" exclaimed Therese, grasping him by the hand; "do not say that you have abandoned all hope! It is hard to die, for one so young—so beautiful!"

She would have added, "so good," but a painful thought restrained her.

"In this life," continued the kind-hearted man, "we have all painful duties at one time or other to perform—from the cradle to the grave—it is but a tissue of trials—at best a tangled web, more frequently cut than unravelled! You have hitherto performed yours admirably," he added; "you will not be wanting now!"

Therese understood him, and, quitting his side, silently approached the spot where the old adjutant was still occupied in prayer. Quietly kneeling beside him, she joined her voice with his. As the words—"Thy will be done," broke from her lips, her father became conscious of her presence. Throwing his arms around her, he exclaimed:

"My heart is not yet desolate—I have one child left me still!"

"And one who loves you tenderly, dear father!" replied Therese; "who will watch over you with redoubled care, should heaven deprive us of—"

She could not pronounce the name of her sister—a choking sensation in her throat prevented her.

"Come, father!" she added; "Fanny expects us!"

The old man rose from his knees and took the arm of his child. The muscles of his venerable countenance were fixed and rigid with the strong control he exercised over his feelings—it was the hour of the great sacrifice of his existence. Vainly had the old soldier thought to prepare himself by prayer to meet it.

Earth has no severer trial than the death-hour of those we love—the sundering of ties which have grown like tendrils out of the heart, twining themselves with the springs of life till they become part of our very being—to know that we listen to the broken accents of the voice so dear to us for the last time—to watch the approaching agony, the fluttering breath.

An instant, and the being whose presence made the sunshine of a happy home, whose virtues hallowed it, has passed away—and what remains? regret—a memory—ashes!

No sooner did the blind old soldier enter the chamber of his dying child, and feel her thin, wasted arms thrown with passionate tenderness around his neck, than the fortitude he had prayed for abandoned him. He pressed her convulsively to his breast, and tears streamed from his sightless eyeballs down his venerable features.

He had braved the King of Terrors a hundred times on the battle-field—seen the comrades of his

youth, the brothers of his manhood, swept away from his side—mourned over the death of the wife of his affection—but never experienced an agony like the present hour.

"You are a good man, father!" sobbed the dying girl; "and God will give you strength to bear up against this affliction! Besides, Therese is left to you! She will support and comfort you when I am gone!"

"I have borne much!" exclaimed the old man; "and never yet murmured at the hand which chastened me! The loss of my sight withdrew my affections from the world to centre them in my children, whose love alleviated my misfortune! And now to lose you! Why should the trunk be spared, and not the tender branch? Fanny—Fanny! my darling child!" he added, with a burst of grief; "would to heaven that I could die for thee!"

Some moments elapsed before either the dying girl or her heart-broken parent could speak again.

Therese, who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed fervently. She dared not indulge in tears—the luxury of grief. The necessity of appearing calm and collected sustained her; for she well knew that her task ended with the death of the sister she so tenderly loved: her father would then have no other stay.

It was a piteous sight to see the poor blind man pass his trembling hand over the wasted features of his child, as if to impress them on his memory—something for the heart to dwell upon.

"Bless me!" she whispered. "Forgive me all my faults and disobedience to you! Let me hear your sacred lips pronounce the words of pardon! I shall die happier—much happier—assured of your forgiveness! The Father of all," she added, "will show mercy to the child who kneels before His throne rich in her earthly father's blessing and forgiveness."

"Pardon!" repeated the adjutant, with deep emotion; "my sinless treasure! What have I to pardon? Your life has been a sacrifice to your poor blind father! You have been light to his eyes—a guide to his feeble steps! When I lose you, the darkness will fall upon my heart!"

"Therese will supply my place!"

"Therese is a good girl, and I love her dearly—very dearly! But—"

His daughter kissed him, to prevent the avowal of a preference which she well knew would wound her sister to the heart. She was aware that from childhood she had been the old man's favourite.

"Your blessing, father!" she murmured; "your blessing!"

Her parent placed his hand upon her head: it lingered fondly for an instant on the long, silken curls—true, he had not seen them for years, but he remembered them: they were the same colour as his wife's, too—the wife he had so passionately loved—so deeply mourned.

"I bless you Fanny," he sobbed—for tears impeded his utterance, "with a father's holiest blessing! I bless you for your duty and obedience! For—"

"No—no!" hastily interrupted his daughter; "for my love, father—for my love! That, at least, has never sinned against you!"

Could the adjutant have seen the look of agony and remorse which accompanied her words, a suspicion of something yet untold must have struck him; as it was, he mistook it for humility—and the conviction only rendered her more dear to him.

"And for your love," he added, "which has been as perfect as your obedience! I shall soon rejoin you, Fanny!" he continued, pressing his lips to her forehead, upon which the death-dews were already gathering, sealing, by a parental kiss, the blessing and forgiveness he had pronounced; "rejoin you in that land where all will be light again—where the smiles of the first angels who welcome me will be yours and your dear mother's!"

"And you will not revoke it?" said Fanny, after a pause.

"Revoke it!"

"I mean," continued his daughter, speaking with increased difficulty, "that when I am gone, faults you have passed over in your love—negligences which are forgotten now—may—"

"Fanny, dear Fanny!" said her sister, gently taking her by the hand; "such words distress our father!"

The warning look recalled the sufferer to herself. Feeling that her last moments were approaching, she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and prayed fervently, but *silently*—prayed for her infant, soon to be an orphan. What would she not have given at that moment to imprint upon its innocent cheek a dying mother's kiss—have wept over it and blessed it? But that consolation was denied her.

"I am going, Therese!" she faltered; "raise me—in your arms, Therese! 'Tis sweet to die in the arms of one so good—so loving!"

Her sister, with the same calm fortitude which had

sustained her during the agony of such a scene, complied with her request, and the head of the dying girl rested on her bosom.

The father fell upon his knees and tried to pray—but grief choked his utterance.

Fanny turned her eyes imploringly upon her, and, with a last effort murmured in her ear:

"Your promise!"

A silent appeal to heaven that it should be kept was the only reply the devoted Therese could make—she dared not trust herself to speak. The sufferer understood her—a faint smile flitted for an instant over her features.

"Bless you—my own true sister!"

It was the last word her lips uttered—and with it her spirit fled. The chords of life were broken—no true heart as ever trusted man had ceased to beat.

Time alone can show whether he who won it had deserved it.

So gently had the spirit of his daughter passed away, that the blind man was not aware all was over till Therese stole gently to the side of the bed, where he was still kneeling, and throwing her arms around him, said, in a broken voice:

"Father! heaven has one angel more!"

Then, like the cords of a lute which had been overstrung, the strength and fortitude of the poor girl gave way; tears gushed to her relief, and she wept as affection weeps over the heart's broken tie.

Over such sorrow we must draw a veil. Can language paint it? No! it may be felt—not described. Few amongst our readers but have witnessed the death-pang of some being whom they loved—whose memory is embalmed in tears and treasured in their hearts—whose smiles return to them in dreams which afford a tender, melancholy satisfaction, when pondered over in life's waking hours.

Therese guided the footsteps of her poor blind father to the grave of his favourite child, and back to the cottage—once the home of love and happiness. But from that day her health gave way—a nervous fever robbed her cheek of its fullness, her dark eyes of its lustre; and when, after weeks of suffering—during which her life had been despaired of—she made her appearance at the village church, few would have recognised in the pale, emaciated girl the once light-hearted, beautiful daughter of the adjutant.

During her illness, the young organist, Charles Graham, supplied her place as the guide and companion of her father, whose slender income was sadly straitened by the double affliction which had fallen upon him. This the generous-hearted young man endeavoured to alleviate, as far as his humble means permitted. One day it was fruit which had been given him—another, wine and other delicacies that his pupils had sent him. Once—and once only—he ventured to offer money; but the honest pride of the old soldier became alarmed, and he dared not repeat the proffer.

In the midst of his anxiety, the musician was daily—nay, almost hourly—annoyed by the reports of evil tongues, which had busied themselves with the fair name of both the sisters. It required all his tact to keep them from the ears of the adjutant. We say that he felt annoyed at them; as to believing them, they never made the least impression upon his heart; but then, as Therese observed, on the morning of their interview in the old church of Farnsfield, "That was gold—pure gold!"

The conduct of her lover did not belie her opinion of it.

CHAPTER VI.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high—
The eyelash dark—the downcast eye.
The mild expression spoke a mind
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WITH returning health came the necessity of exertion—for the illness and funeral of Fanny had made fearful inroads on the scanty means of the adjutant, which were yet further decreased by the lingering sickness of her surviving sister.

Therese was not a girl to sit patiently down and see her aged parent deprived of those little comforts which habit had made necessary to him—and after some days of anxious consideration, it was made known in Farnsfield that she was willing to employ her leisure time in needlework.

Some gave her work from curiosity—they were anxious to see and question her; it was a triumph to the rector's sister and the purse-proud daughters of the lawyer to witness what they considered the humiliation of the once light-hearted, happy girl whose beauty had been the theme of so many tongues—eclipsing their gossamer pretensions. Others assisted her from a more generous motive—pity; they saw the struggle between honest pride and poverty.

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discovered how his remaining child employed her time—he felt both angry and annoyed. Angry, because it sometimes deprived him of those little attentions so necessary to him; annoyed at the idea of a daughter of his being reduced to such a necessity. The blind old man could not forget that he had borne the commission of his sovereign, and in station was a gentleman.

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The young farmer, Stephen Franklin, was still a constant visitor at the cottage, much to the annoyance of his mother—who, being own sister to the housekeeper at the hall, considered herself by an indefinite kind of link connected with the aristocracy; and the thought of her son—who had only to choose, to be accepted by the richest girl of Farnsfield—throwing himself away, as she termed it, upon the daughter of a blind old beggar, was mortifying to her pride in the extreme. The possibility of Therese refusing her darling boy never once entered her imagination—it would have made her yet more bitter against her.

Such is the strange contradiction of humanity.

Charles Graham, who had lost most of his pupils through the chivalrous defence of the unhappy Fanny, had accepted the place of organist at the little town of Mansfield. It was a sad blow to him to be compelled to quit his native village and the dear old organ at Farnsfield. Scarcely an evening passed that he did not walk over, generally with some little present in his hand, to the inmates of the cottage.

The adjutant looked for his visits, and felt annoyed if he did not come. Therese received him with a gentle smile.

The poor musician knew not what to attribute the altered manner of the once light-hearted girl to; the sadness of her smile perplexed him; he had a thousand times rather she had rallied him and laughed at his love-speeches, as in the happy period of their earlier acquaintance—he could have understood that. The continual presence of Stephen was another source of annoyance. Lovers are proverbially quick-sighted where a rival is concerned—and he soon discovered that the errand of the young farmer was similar to his own. He saw, too, that Therese perceived his anxiety to obtain a private interview with her, and studiously avoided it.

One evening fortune favoured the musician. His rival, unable to resist the solicitations of his fond but misjudging mother, had prevailed on him to accompany her to the annual feast at South Collingham, a neighbouring village, situated on the banks of the Trent, a few miles from Farnsfield. Therese had to take home some work she had been all day engaged upon, and Charles offered to accompany her.

She would have declined his escort—but her father insisted on her accepting it, observing that the hour was too late for her to go out alone, and the house she was going to was at the extreme end of the village.

"We are selfish beings!" said her lover, with a sigh, as they entered the narrow footpath leading through the corn-field to the old church. "I saw that you did not wish me to go with you—and yet, Therese, I could not resist the pleasure—for I have long desired to speak with you alone!"

Despite the schooling she had given her heart, the poor girl trembled violently. She guessed the words which were about to follow.

"You have long known that I love you," resumed the young man, after a pause, during which he had gathered courage for the explanation which he wished, yet dreaded; "but you will never know how deeply—how devotedly! I was a mere boy, Therese, when the feeling first took possession of me—and you a light, joyous girl, just emerging from the grace of childhood. Often have I quitted my companions, and sat for hours on the tombstones in the churchyard, thinking of you! My comrades called me a dreamer—they little knew how happy such dreams are. The feeling has grown with my growth—strengthened with my years; twined itself so closely round my heart, that it has become part of my existence—part, do I say? It is its light and hope! You are not angry with me? you will listen to me—listen to me patiently—for I would not offend you for the world!"

"I am not angry!" answered Therese, in a very low tone; "few but might feel proud of such a love!"

"Well, then," said the organist, encouraged by the gentleness of her manner towards him, "I have at last found courage to say, Therese, will you share that love—accept the heart which knows no other image than yours? Do not answer me yet!" he added, eagerly; "you have not heard all I have to urge: the home I offer you is a humble, but it may be a happy one—my income is better, by thirty pounds a year, at Mansfield! I have a small sum which my grandfather left me—I am young, and not without talent, they tell me. Will you be my wife? Your father

shall reside with us—I will be a son to him; and never, never shall you have cause to repent realising the only dream of happiness I ever formed!"

"Do not ask me, Charles!" exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into tears. "I cannot, dare not—it would be wrong! I foresee this: it is a sad trial for us both!"

"For me it is indeed a trial!" observed her suitor, in a tone of the deepest anguish. "Oh, Therese! unsay those cruel words! The home I offer you I know will be less worthy of you than Stephen Franklin's: he is rich and I am poor; but then you would have no mother-in-law to remind you that her son took a portionless wife: you will be its mistress, and I your slave—your happy slave!"

"Stephen Franklin?" repeated his listener.

"I know it is for him that I am rejected!" exclaimed her lover, passionately interrupting her. "God! I never felt the bitter curse of poverty till now!" The poor fellow pulled his hat closely over his brows, to hide the mute witness of the agony he felt ashamed of giving way to in her presence.

"You wrong me, Charles!" she said, at the same time gently laying her hand upon his arm! "he you name has no more to do with my determination than if I had never seen him! It proceeds," she added, after a pause, "from a far different cause!"

"I have been slandered to you!" exclaimed the organist; "some one has spoken evil words against me—and—"

"Should I listen to slander?" demanded Therese. "Slander—and against you, whom I have known from childhood—whose heart contains no more mystery than a flower; you, whom I have loved—loved as a brother!" she added, with a deep blush. "I thought you knew me better, Charles!"

"You love another, then?" observed the young man, mournfully.

"I do not think I shall ever love!" replied the maiden; "at least not in the sense you mean—or ever become a wife! My life must be devoted to my poor blind father! Remember he has but one child left to sustain and to console him—how desolate would the world be to him, deprived of her! Forget this dream!" she added, in a tone of the deepest sadness! "for it is but a dream! You are young, and God has gifted you with genius—in the world you will soon find one whose love will repay you for this first blight of your hopes!"

"Never!" groaned the young man, greatly moved; "never—never! Heaven has but one sun—earth one Therese! Mine is not a heart to change—to know a second love! You were its first choice—you will be its last!"

"Not so!" said the poor girl, trying to force a smile; "time will efface these vain, because useless regrets! You will learn to think of me as a dear friend—a sister! Then with what pleasure shall we not meet again—talk of old times—the merry days of our childhood—and laugh—laugh together, Charles—at the idle dreams of our youth!"

The tone of affected lightness in which Therese commenced her reply to the passionate declaration of the young musician, changed as she proceeded; the struggle was more than nature could sustain; bursting into tears, she seated herself at the foot of the stile, in the middle of the pathway, and wept—those only who have loved can judge how bitterly.

The organist was perplexed—he knew not what to think. The recollection of the slanderous reports which had been circulated in the village respecting both the sisters struck him for an instant with a painful doubt: it was but for an instant—his generous heart as quickly dismissed it.

"There is some mystery which I cannot fathom!" he said. "You are kind, yet cruel at the same instant! Perhaps," he added, "your father objects to me on account of my poverty? I know he has the right to expect a richer son-in-law!"

"My father, Charles, has never spoken with me on the subject!"

"Your refusal of me, then, proceeds from your own free will?"

"Yes!"

The fatal word was uttered in a tone as low and sad as the plaintive cry of a wounded rind dove.

"I will not reproach you, Therese," exclaimed the young man, after a pause, "that you once gave me reason to think I was not quite indifferent to you! You were the mistress of my heart—I gave it freely, and you had the right to sport with it!"

"I did not mean to do so!" sobbed the daughter of the adjutant: "indeed I did not! Oh, forgive me, Charles! Judge me not harshly—deprive me not, in my misery, of the only consolation left—your friendship!"

"And what consolation have you left me?" demanded her lover; "a life of sorrow—a blighted, lonely existence! But, as you say, I am young, and can endure the agony of disappointment—the weary solitude—the apathy of resignation! Farewell,

Therese! God bless you! May you never feel a pang like mine, and should you bless another with your love, may his heart prove as true, as devoted as the one you have broken!"

He turned and left her.

"It has fallen upon me!" murmured the maiden; "the trial I foresaw has arrived at last! God give me strength to support it! Good, generous Charles!" she added, with a burst of sorrow; "never will I repay your love by bringing shame to your honest hearth! Better to part as now we part, than live to see you regret the confidence you had placed in me. Were I your wife, coldness or a doubt would kill me!"

She alluded, doubtless, to the rumours which she well knew were afloat respecting her daily visits to the cottage where the innocent orphan of her dead sister was at nurse—reports which she lived in hourly dread might reach her father's ear. This was the terror which haunted her. Should he question her, what could she reply? Her answer must be tears and silence—her promise to Fanny on her death-bed left her no other choice.

On her return to the cottage, she found Dr. Bennet had called in: the benevolent physician took a kind interest in the father as well as daughter.

"Out so late!" he said, taking her by the hand; "this is wrong, Therese! You must be careful of your health—you are not strong, yet!"

"Exercise will do me good, sir!"

"But not in the night-air!" observed the adjutant, in a tone of dissatisfaction; "surely your morning walks might satisfy you! There can be no longer need of your toiling as you do—our debts are nearly all paid! What can you want with money?"

Therese looked at the doctor. He knew that a portion of her weekly earnings went to pay for the support of her orphan niece.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea, "a friend of mine has placed his motherless infant at nurse in Farnsfield! Now Therese is fond of children—the occupation would amuse her: suppose she took charge of it! To be sure, five-and-twenty pounds a year is not a very large sum; but every little helps!"

"Five-and-twenty pounds a-year!" mentally repeated the astonished girl. Alas! where was such a sum to come from?

"What say you?" continued the physician; "my friend will only be too happy to know that his infant is placed in such excellent care!"

Therese made a sign to him. The doctor only nodded to her encouragingly.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the blind old soldier. "What say you, Therese? Will it not be much better than sitting hour after hour at your needle? By-the-bye," he added, "what is the name of the child?"

"Fanny—Fanny Needham!" replied his visitor.

A tear stole down the cheek of the bereaved father on hearing a name which reminded him of his lost child. He felt a sudden interest in the little innocent, and almost insisted upon Therese—who sat pale as death during the conversation—undertaking the charge of it.

"Leave all the arrangements to me!" said the doctor; "I will settle with its nurse, and bring the child to you in the morning! How very fortunate that I thought of this arrangement! Bless me!" he added, looking at his watch; "eleven o'clock! Good night!"

Shaking hands with his host, the benevolent man rose, and left the room. Therese followed him, to see him—as she said—to the gate of the little garden in front of the cottage.

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL TREE.—In the birch wood of Culloden there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned; and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendour, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. Is not this forest curiosity worthy of a visit by naturalists? The tree is a larch fir.

BIRTH OF AN IDEA.—In 1850 the promoters of the Great Exhibition were in a dilemma. They had adopted a plan of the building, but when they came to consider it, they discovered, to their dismay, that it could not be erected in time. The matter came into discussion in the House, and Paxton was in the gallery the while; and, as he listened, it struck him that a building on the plan of his great conservatory at Chatsworth—a vast erection of iron and glass, in short—would answer the purpose better than any

her knees by the side of the little bed, she clasped her hand.

"One word!" she whispered. "Are you a wife?"

"In the eyes of heaven, yes!"

"But in man's?" added Therese, in a tone of disappointment.

"I soon shall be!" replied Fanny; "for the grave will unite us both!"

It was clear that, whatever the nature of her secret, the poor girl was determined it should die with her. The hope vanished in the heart of Therese almost as suddenly as it had been created; and from that hour she never asked her sister another question on the subject.

When Dr. Bennet returned to the garden, he found the blind old soldier upon his knees in prayer—seeking strength to bear up against the heavy affliction which threatened him whose strength only could be found. There was something so sacred in the sorrow of the parent of Fanny, the physician felt that even his presence was an intrusion—he retired, therefore, to summon Therese. His child was the fitting person to break upon his solitary prayer.

"Have you told him?" she demanded, as he led her to the garden.

"I have!"

"And how does he support it? The blow must have been fearful—for Fanny was his favourite child—as she deserved to be!" she added, with a burst of generous feeling which proved that the preference of the adjutant had never caused his younger daughter one single pang of jealousy. Loving Fanny so tenderly as she did, it only appeared natural to her.

Dr. Bennet gazed on her with respect and admiration. Barely had he seen more firmness under trying circumstances, mingled with such devoted tenderness.

"You are a good girl," he said, "and heaven will one day reward you!"

Therese looked at him with surprise—she could not understand what she had done to merit his praise.

"Is your sister prepared for the interview?" asked the physician.

"Yes, sir!"

"You had better lead your father in, then!" he continued; "for I fear that a few hours—"

"No—no!" exclaimed Therese, grasping him by the hand; "do not say that you have abandoned all hope! It is hard to die, for one so young—so beautiful—"

She would have added, "so good," but a painful thought restrained her.

"In this life," continued the kind-hearted man, "we have all painful duties at one time or other to perform—from the cradle to the grave—it is but a tissue of trials—at best a tangled web, more frequently cut than unravelled! You have hitherto performed yours admirably," he added; "you will not be wanting now!"

Therese understood him, and, quitting his side, silently approached the spot where the old adjutant was still occupied in prayer. Quietly kneeling beside him, she joined her voice with his. As the words—"Thy will be done," broke from her lips, her father became conscious of her presence. Throwing his arms around her, he exclaimed:

"My heart is not yet desolate—I have one child left me still!"

"And one who loves you tenderly, dear father!" replied Therese; "who will watch over you with redoubled care, should heaven deprive us of—"

She could not pronounce the name of her sister—a choking sensation in her throat prevented her.

"Come, father!" she added; "Fanny expects us!"

The old man rose from his knees and took the arm of his child. The muscles of his venerable countenance were fixed and rigid with the strong control he exercised over his feelings—it was the hour of the great sacrifice of his existence. Vainly had the old soldier thought to prepare himself by prayer to meet it.

Earth has no severer trial than the death-hour of those we love—the sundering of ties which have grown like tendrils out of the heart, twining themselves with the springs of life till they become part of our very being—to know that we listen to the broken accents of the voice so dear to us for the last time—to watch the approaching agony, the fluttering breath.

An instant, and the being whose presence made the sunshine of a happy home, whose virtues hallowed it, has passed away—and what remains? regret—a memory—ashes!

No sooner did the blind old soldier enter the chamber of his dying child, and feel her thin, wasted arms thrown with passionate tenderness around his neck, than the fortitude he had prayed for abandoned him. He pressed her convulsively to his breast, and tears streamed from his sightless eyeballs down his venerable features.

He had braved the King of Terrors a hundred times on the battle-field—seen the comrades of his

youth, the brothers of his manhood, swept away from his side—mourned over the death of the wife of his affection—but never experienced an agony like the present hour.

"You are a good man, father!" sobbed the dying girl; "and God will give you strength to bear up against this affliction! Besides, Therese is left to you! She will support and comfort you when I am gone!"

"I have borne much!" exclaimed the old man; "and never yet murmured at the hand which chastened me! The loss of my sight withdrew my affections from the world to centre them in my children, whose love alleviated my misfortune! And now to lose you! Why should the trunk be spared, and not the tender branch? Fanny—Fanny! my darling child!" he added, with a burst of grief; "would to heaven that I could die for thee!"

Some moments elapsed before either the dying girl or her heart-broken parent could speak again.

Therese, who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed fervently. She dared not indulge in tears—the luxury of grief. The necessity of appearing calm and collected sustained her; for she well knew that her task ended not with the death of the sister she so tenderly loved: her father would then have no other stay.

It was a piteous sight to see the poor blind man pass his trembling hand over the wasted features of his child, as if to impress them on his memory—something for the heart to dwell upon.

"Bless me!" she whispered. "Forgive me all my faults and disobedience to you! Let me hear your sacred lips pronounce the words of pardon! I shall die happier—much happier—assured of your forgiveness! The Father of all," she added, "will show mercy to the child who kneels before His throne rich in her earthly father's blessing and forgiveness."

"Pardon!" repeated the adjutant, with deep emotion; "my sinless treasure! What have I to pardon? Your life has been a sacrifice to your poor blind father! You have been light to his eyes—a guide to his feeble steps! When I lose you, the darkness will fall upon my heart!"

"Therese will supply my place!"

"Therese is a good girl, and I love her dearly—very dearly! But—"

His daughter kissed him, to prevent the avowal of a preference which she well knew would wound her sister to the heart. She was aware that from childhood she had been the old man's favourite.

"Your blessing, father!" she murmured; "your blessing!"

Her parent placed his hand upon her head: it lingered fondly for an instant on the long, silken curls—true, he had not seen them for years, but he remembered them: they were the same colour as his wife's, too—the wife he had so passionately loved—so deeply mourned.

"I bless you, Fanny," he sobbed—for tears impeded his utterance, "with a father's holiest blessing! I bless you for your duty and obedience! For—"

"No—no!" hastily interrupted his daughter; "for my love, father—for my love! That, at least, has never sinned against you!"

Could the adjutant have seen the look of agony and remorse which accompanied her words, a suspicion of something yet untold must have struck him; as it was, he mistook it for humility—and the conviction only rendered her more dear to him.

"And for your love," he added, "which has been as perfect as your obedience! I shall soon rejoice you, Fanny!" he continued, pressing his lips to her forehead, upon which the death-dews were already gathering, sealing, by a parental kiss, the blessing and forgiveness he had pronounced; "rejoin you in that land where all will be light again—where the smiles of the first angels who welcome me will be yours and your dear mother's!"

"And you will not revoke it?" said Fanny, after a pause.

"Revoke it?"

"I mean," continued his daughter, speaking with increased difficulty, "that when I am gone, faults you have passed over in your love—negligences which are forgotten now—may—"

"Fanny, dear Fanny!" said her sister, gently taking her by the hand; "such words distress our father!"

The warning look recalled the sufferer to herself. Feeling that her last moments were approaching, she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and prayed fervently, but *silently*—prayed for her infant, soon to be an orphan. What would she not have given at that moment to imprint upon its innocent cheek a dying mother's kiss—have wept over it and blessed it? but that consolation was denied her.

"I am going, Therese!" she faltered; "raise me—in your arms, Therese! 'Tis sweet to die in the arms of one so good—so loving!"

Her sister, with the same calm fortitude which had

sustained her during the agony of such a scene, complied with her request, and the head of the dying girl rested on her bosom.

The father fell upon his knees and tried to pray—but grief choked his utterance.

Fanny turned her eyes imploringly upon her, and, with a last effort murmured in her ear:

"Your promise!"

A silent appeal to heaven that it should be kept was the only reply the devoted Therese could make—she dared not trust herself to speak. The sufferer understood her—a faint smile flitted for an instant over her features.

"Bless you—my own true sister!"

It was the last word her lips uttered—and with it her spirit fled. The chords of life were broken—as true a heart as ever trusted man had ceased to beat.

Time alone can show whether he who won it had deserved it.

So gently had the spirit of his daughter passed away, that the blind man was not aware all was over till Therese stole gently to the side of the bed, where he was still kneeling, and throwing her arms around him, said, in a broken voice:

"Father! heaven has one angel more!"

Then, like the cords of a lute which had been overstrung, the strength and fortitude of the poor girl gave way; tears gushed to her relief, and she wept as affection weeps over the heart's broken tie.

Over such sorrow we must draw a veil. Can language paint it? No! it may be felt—not described. Few amongst our readers but have witnessed the death-pang of some being whom they loved—whose memory is embalmed in tears and treasured in their hearts—whose smiles return to them in dreams which afford a tender, melancholy satisfaction, when pondered over in life's waking hours.

Therese guided the footsteps of her poor blind father to the grave of his favourite child, and back to the cottage—once the home of love and happiness. But from that day her health gave way—a nervous fever robbed her cheek of its fulness, her dark eye of its lustre; and when, after weeks of suffering—during which her life had been despaired of—she made her appearance at the village church, few would have recognised in the pale, emaciated girl the once light-hearted, beautiful daughter of the adjutant.

During her illness, the young organist, Charles Graham, supplied her place as the guide and companion of her father, whose slender income was sadly straitened by the double affliction which had fallen upon him. This the generous-hearted young man endeavoured to alleviate, as far as his humble means permitted. One day it was fruit which had been given him—another, wine and other delicacies that his pupils had sent him. Once—and once only—he ventured to offer money; but the honest pride of the old soldier became alarmed, and he dared not repeat the proffer.

In the midst of his anxiety, the musician was daily—nay, almost hourly—annoyed by the reports of evil tongues, which had busied themselves with the fair name of *both* the sisters. It required all his tact to keep them from the ears of the adjutant. We say that he felt annoyed at them; as to believing them, they never made the least impression upon his heart; but then, as Therese observed, on the morning of their interview in the old church of Farnfield, "That was gold—pure gold!"

The conduct of her lover did not belie her opinion of it.

CHAPTER VI.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high—
The eyelash dark—the downcast eye.
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

Walter Scott.

With returning health came the necessity of exertion—for the illness and funeral of Fanny had made fearful inroads on the scanty means of the adjutant, which were yet further decreased by the lingering sickness of her surviving sister.

Therese was not a girl to sit patiently down and see her aged parent deprived of those little comforts which habit had made necessary to him—and after some days of anxious consideration, it was made known in Farnfield that she was willing to employ her leisure time in needlework.

Some gave her work from curiosity—they were anxious to see and question her; it was a triumph to the rector's sister and the purse-proud daughters of the lawyer to witness what they considered the humiliation of the once light-hearted, happy girl whose beauty had been the theme of so many tongues—eclipsing their genteel pretensions. Others assisted her from a more generous motive—pity: they saw the struggle between honest pride and poverty.

It was a terrible shock to her father when he first

discovered how his remaining child employed her time—he felt both angry and annoyed. Angry, because it sometimes deprived him of those little attentions so necessary to him; annoyed at the idea of a daughter of his being reduced to such a necessity. The blind old man could not forget that he had borne the commission of his sovereign, and in station was a gentleman.

Poor Therese could not comprehend the objections of her parent, although she strove anxiously to soothe them. She felt—and rightly—that the motive sanctified her labour.

The young farmer, Stephen Franklin, was still a constant visitor at the cottage, much to the annoyance of his mother—who, being own sister to the housekeeper at the hall, considered herself by an indefinite kind of link connected with the aristocracy; and the thought of her son—who had only to choose, to be accepted by the richest girl of Farnsfield—throwing himself away, as she termed it, upon the daughter of a blind old beggar, was mortifying to her pride in the extreme. The possibility of Therese refusing her darling boy never once entered her imagination—it would have made her yet more bitter against her.

Such is the strange contradiction of humanity. Charles Graham, who had lost most of his pupils through the chivalrous defence of the unhappy Fanny, had accepted the place of organist at the little town of Mansfield. It was a sad blow to him to be compelled to quit his native village and the dear old organ at Farnsfield. Scarcely an evening passed that he did not walk over, generally with some little present in his hand, to the inmates of the cottage.

The adjutant looked for his visits, and felt annoyed if he did not come. Therese received him with a gentle smile.

The poor musician knew not what to attribute the altered manner of the once light-hearted girl to; the sadness of her smile perplexed him; he had a thousand times rather she had rallied him and laughed at his love-speeches, as in the happy period of their earlier acquaintance—he could have understood that. The continual presence of Stephen was another source of annoyance. Lovers are proverbially quick-sighted where a rival is concerned—and he soon discovered that the errand of the young farmer was similar to his own. He saw, too, that Therese perceived his anxiety to obtain a private interview with her, and studiously avoided it.

One evening fortune favoured the musician. His rival, unable to resist the solicitations of his fond but misjudging mother, had prevailed on him to accompany her to the annual feast at South Collingham, a neighbouring village, situated on the banks of the Trent, a few miles from Farnsfield. Therese had to take home some work she had been all day engaged upon, and Charles offered to accompany her.

She would have declined his escort—but her father insisted on her accepting it, observing that the hour was too late for her to go out alone, and the house she was going to was at the extreme end of the village.

"We are selfish beings!" said her lover, with a sigh, as they entered the narrow footpath leading through the corn-field to the old church. "I saw that you did not wish me to go with you—and yet, Therese, I could not resist the pleasure—for I have long desired to speak with you alone!"

Despite the schooling she had given her heart, the poor girl trembled violently. She guessed the words which were about to follow.

"You have long known that I love you," resumed the young man, after a pause, during which he had gathered courage for the explanation which he wished, yet dreaded; "but you will never know how deeply—how devotedly! I was a mere boy, Therese, when the feeling first took possession of me—and you a light, joyous girl, just emerging from the grace of childhood. Often have I quitted my companions, and sat for hours on the tombstones in the churchyard, thinking of you! My comrades called me a dreamer—they little knew how happy such dreams are. The feeling has grown with my growth—strengthened with my years; twined itself so closely round my heart, that it has become part of my existence—part, do I say? It is its light and hope! You are not angry with me? you will listen to me—listen to me patiently—for I would not offend you for the world!"

"I am not angry!" answered Therese, in a very low tone; "few but might feel proud of such a love!"

"Well, then," said the organist, encouraged by the gentleness of her manner towards him, "I have at last found courage to say, Therese, will you share that love—accept the heart which knows no other image than yours? Do not answer me yet!" he added, eagerly; "you have not heard all I have to urge: the home I offer you is a humble, but it may be a happy one—my income is better, by thirty pounds a year, at Mansfield! I have a small sum which my grandfather left me—am young, and not without talent, they tell me. Will you be my wife? Your father

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"Do not ask me, Charles!" exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into tears. "I cannot, dare not—it would be wrong! I foresaw this: it is a sad trial for us both!"

"For me it is indeed a trial!" observed her suitor, in a tone of the deepest anguish. "Oh, Therese! unsay those cruel words! The home I offer you I know will be less worthy of you than Stephen Franklin's: he is rich and I am poor; but then you would have no mother-in-law to remind you that her son took a portionless wife: you will be its mistress, and I your slave—your happy slave!"

"Stephen Franklin?" repeated his listener.

"I know it is for him that I am rejected!" exclaimed her lover, passionately interrupting her. "God! I never felt the bitter curse of poverty till now!" The poor fellow pulled his hat closely over his brows, to hide the mute witness of the agony he felt ashamed of giving way to in her presence.

"You wrong me, Charles!" she said, at the same time gently laying her hand upon his arm! "he you name has no more to do with my determination than if I had never seen him! It proceeds," she added, after a pause, "from a far different cause!"

"I have been slandered to you!" exclaimed the organist; "some one has spoken evil words against me—and—"

"Should I listen to slander?" demanded Therese. "Slander—and against you, whom I have known from childhood—whose heart contains no more mystery than a flower; you, whom I have loved—loved as a brother!" she added, with a deep blush. "I thought you knew me better, Charles!"

"You love another, then?" observed the young man, mournfully.

"I do not think I shall ever love!" replied the maiden; "at least not in the sense you mean—or ever become a wife! My life must be devoted to my poor blind father! Remember he has but one child left to sustain and to console him—how desolate would the world be to him, deprived of her! Forget this dream!" she added, in a tone of the deepest sadness! "for it is but a dream! You are young, and God has gifted you with genius—in the world you will soon find one whose love will repay you for this first blight of your hopes!"

"Never!" groaned the young man, greatly moved; "never—never! Heaven has but one sun—earth one Therese! Mine is not a heart to change—to know a second love! You were its first choice—you will be its last!"

"Not so!" said the poor girl, trying to force a smile; "time will efface these vain, because useless regrets! You will learn to think of me as a dear friend—a sister! Then with what pleasure shall we not meet again—talk of old times—the merry days of our childhood—and laugh—laugh together, Charles—at the idle dreams of our youth!"

The tone of affected lightness in which Therese commenced her reply to the passionate declaration of the young musician, changed as she proceeded; the struggle was more than nature could sustain; bursting into tears, she seated herself at the foot of the stile, in the middle of the pathway, and wept—those only who have loved can judge how bitterly.

The organist was perplexed—he knew not what to think. The recollection of the slanderous reports which had been circulated in the village respecting both the sisters struck him for an instant with a painful doubt: it was but for an instant—his generous heart as quickly dismissed it.

"There is some mystery which I cannot fathom!" he said. "You are kind, yet cruel at the same instant! Perhaps," he added, "your father objects to me on account of my poverty? I know he has the right to expect a richer son-in-law!"

"My father, Charles, has never spoken with me on the subject!"

"Your refusal of me, then, proceeds from your own free will?"

"Yes!"

The fatal word was uttered in a tone as low and sad as the plaintive cry of a wounded ringdove.

"I will not reproach you, Therese," exclaimed the young man, after a pause, "that you once gave me reason to think I was not quite indifferent to you! You were the mistress of my heart—I gave it freely, and you had the right to sport with it!"

"I did not mean to do so!" sobbed the daughter of the adjutant: "indeed I did not! Oh, forgive me, Charles! Judge me not harshly—deprive me not, in my misery, of the only consolation left—your friendship!"

"And what consolation have you left me?" demanded her lover; "a life of sorrow—a blighted, lonely existence! But, as you say, I am young, and can endure the agony of disappointment—the weary solitude—the apathy of resignation! Farewell,

Therese! God bless you! May you never feel a pang like mine, and should you bless another with your love, may his heart prove as true, as devoted as the one you have broken!"

He turned and left her.

"It has fallen upon me!" murmured the maiden; "the trial I foresaw has arrived at last! God give me strength to support it! Good, generous Charles!" she added, with a burst of sorrow; "never will I repay your love by bringing shame to your honest hearth! Better to part as now we part, than live to see you regret the confidence you had placed in me. Were I your wife, coldness or a doubt would kill me!"

She alluded, doubtless, to the rumours which she well knew were afloat respecting her daily visits to the cottage where the innocent orphan of her dead sister was at nurse—reports which she lived in hourly dread might reach her father's ear. This was the terror which haunted her. Should he question her, what could she reply? Her answer must be tears and silence—her promise to Fanny on her death-bed left her no other choice.

On her return to the cottage, she found Dr. Bennet had called in: the benevolent physician took a kind interest in the father as well as daughter.

"Out so late!" he said, taking her by the hand; "this is wrong, Therese! You must be careful of your health—you are not strong, yet!"

"Exercise will do me good, sir!"

"But not in the night-air!" observed the adjutant, in a tone of dissatisfaction; "surely your morning walks might satisfy you! There can be no longer need of your toiling as you do—our debts are nearly all paid! What can you want with money?"

Therese looked at the doctor. He knew that a portion of her weekly earnings went to pay for the support of her orphan niece.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, struck by a sudden idea, "a friend of mine has placed his motherless infant at nurse in Farnsfield! Now Therese is fond of children—the occupation would amuse her: suppose she took charge of it! To be sure, five-and-twenty pounds a year is not a very large sum; but every little helps!"

"Five-and-twenty pounds a year!" mentally repeated the astonished girl. Alas! where was such a sum to come from?

"What say you?" continued the physician; "my friend will only be too happy to know that his infant is placed in such excellent care!"

Therese made a sign to him. The doctor only nodded to her encouragingly.

"The very thing!" exclaimed the blind old soldier. "What say you, Therese? Will it not be much better than sitting hour after hour at your needle? By-the-bye," he added, "what is the name of the child?"

"Fanny—Fanny Needham!" replied his visitor.

A tear stole down the cheek of the bereaved father on hearing a name which reminded him of his lost child. He felt a sudden interest in the little innocent, and almost insisted upon Therese—who sat pale as death during the conversation—undertaking the charge of it.

"Leave all the arrangements to me!" said the doctor; "I will settle with its nurse, and bring the child to you in the morning! How very fortunate that I thought of this arrangement! Bless me!" he added, looking at his watch; "eleven o'clock! Good night!"

Shaking hands with his host, the benevolent man rose, and left the room. Therese followed him, to see him—as she said—to the gate of the little garden in front of the cottage.

(To be continued.)

A WONDERFUL TREE.—In the birch wood of Culloden there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned; and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendour, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. Is not this forest curiosity worthy of a visit by naturalists? The tree is a larch fir.

BIRTH OF AN IDEA.—In 1850 the promoters of the Great Exhibition were in a dilemma. They had adopted a plan of the building, but when they came to consider it, they discovered, to their dismay, that it could not be erected in time. The matter came into discussion in the House, and Paxton was in the gallery the while; and, as he listened, it struck him that a building on the plan of his great conservatory at Chatsworth—a vast erection of iron and glass, in short—would answer the purpose better than any

other, and could be built in time. He left the gallery, got a pen and ink and a sheet of blotting-paper—the only sheet of paper large enough that was available—and then and there sketched roughly the plan which he had formed in his mind. By some means he then got access to the Commissioners, who had the sagacity to see at once that here, possibly, was a way out of their difficulty.

ROSALIE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW ACCUSER.

THE search for Paula had been continued without the slightest success, and every moment of this dreadful uncertainty respecting her fate had tended to excite the waggoners against Mr. Ellington.

Mr. Morris was puzzled by the explanations of the prisoner, and was inclined to stand between him and his infuriated enemies, but he could not really find a resting place for his good wishes.

"If this man of whom you speak could only be found," he said, "or if there could be any proof that an unknown individual is operating in your guise, I should have a lever to hold in your behalf. As it is, the boys are all as eager for your death as so many wolves."

The reverend gentleman was in a terrible state of mind, having faith in Mr. Ellington's assertions of innocence, but yet not having a fact that his friends would listen to as an inducement for discharging the prisoner. This anxiety, with the far greater trouble in regard to the whereabouts of Paula, conspired to nearly deprive him of the use of his wits.

"I am satisfied of the truth of your statement," he finally declared to Mr. Ellington, confidentially; "but I cannot overrule forty or fifty men who have a different opinion."

It was while matters remained in this state that a great cry was heard at one side of the camp, and one of the parties which had been sent in search of Paula was seen on their return, with torches flashing and voices mingling in great excitement and confusion.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Ellington, anxiously. "I pray heaven they have found her, and then they will know from her own lips the truth—that I have done her no wrong, and have not even seen her!"

This emphatic remark confirmed the confidence of Mr. Morris, and he replied:

"I join my prayers to yours. This terrible scene has lasted long enough."

All eyes were turned towards the scene of excitement in the edge of the forest, and a breathless silence pervaded the whole camp.

It was soon perceived by both Mr. Morris and Mr. Ellington that the returning waggoners bore a person in their midst, whom they handled with a great deal of care, and another instant brought an *avant courier* into the enclosure formed by the waggons, who shouted:

"Such a horrible discovery! We have found in a dark and secret dell in the woods another victim of the robber and assassin!"

"Who? Who?" asked Mr. Morris and a dozen others in chorus.

"You shall soon see," replied the waggoner, as he fixed a glance of fearful significance upon the prisoners. "He is only just alive, and has been able to give only the outlines of the facts; but you shall soon hear the whole story."

There was an excited interval of wonderment and anxiety, and then the moving crowd of men reached the centre of the camp. On a rudely-constructed litter they had borne in their midst, lay a figure presenting about as horrid a spectacle as can be imagined—the figure of a man covered with blood and bruises, apparently just able to move and speak.

His hair was matted, and his features ghastly pale.

This man was Harrison Norwood, the brother of Paula.

"In heaven's name," cried Mr. Morris, fairly recoiling from the fearful apparition, "what does this mean?"

"Some water," gasped the injured man, "to drink and to wash!"

Some water was instantly brought, and a number of willing hands aided the sufferer in washing the blood from his face and person.

A ready flask from the pocket of a waggoner furnished him with a powerful stimulant, and a physician in the party at once devoted himself, with suitable assistance, to binding up his wounds. In a few moments, as the effect of these attentions, the injured man roused himself, and remarked, in a feeble voice, that he felt better.

"And now," said Mr. Morris, "if you are able, let us know the meaning of this terrible affair. Tell us

who you are, sir, and how you came to be in this shocking condition."

The eyes of more than a score of rough-looking men were turned sternly and menacingly towards Mr. Ellington as this question was asked, and an ominous murmur of suppressed vengeance went the round of the excited group.

The eyes of the sufferer followed the general movement, and he started and fell back as if shot, as his gaze rested upon the old man's form and countenance.

"The very man!" he gasped. "Great heaven! what a retribution! How came you to secure him so promptly?"

There was an awful pause! A pause during which the cracking of a twig might have been heard among those men, and they looked from one to another.

"The very man!" repeated Bill Larkins, looking around with eyes rendered bloodshot by his burning emotions. "What do you think of my statement now? Don't I know a man as stands square afore my face and eyes?"

"Silence!" called Colonel Cook, to whom allusion has been made as a member of the party, and who had promptly appeared on the ground. "Let us have the testimony in due form and in plain English. Mr. Morris, swear this new accuser."

Mr. Norwood was sworn.

"Raise me up," he then said, to those who were supporting him. "Let me see your prisoner full in the face."

He was assisted to rise to a sitting position, and Mr. Ellington, nearly as ghastly as his accuser, and the very picture of consternation and horror, was placed immediately in front of him, where the light of a dozen torches fell upon him.

"My name is Harrison Norwood," he commenced, "and I am a resident of San Francisco."

"Father of mercies," interrupted Mr. Morris, moving towards him, as the name of Norwood was repeated excitedly among the listeners. "Are you the brother my ward was going to visit? Are you Paula Norwood's brother?"

"I am!"

A thrilling scene of excitement followed the announcement, the air ringing with exclamations of commingled joy and surprise, and then Mr. Norwood continued:

"A few weeks since my sister wrote me that she was coming to pay me a visit by the overland route. As the date fixed for her departure approached, I became uneasy on the subject of her journey, although her guardian—whom I recognize by his question," and he nodded to Mr. Morris—"was to come with her. I resolved to come a part of the way and meet my sister, and in pursuance of this plan, I reached the vicinity this afternoon."

This testimony was given with many pauses and some repetitions and incoherencies, but these exhibitions of his weakness only made the witness the recipient of greater attention.

"On reaching Horse Creek, as I knew it to be from my chart," he continued, "I met a man on horseback, of whom I inquired whether a wagon-train had lately passed here or was expected. In explanation of this inquiry, I stated my name and business. The man instantly replied that my sister had just arrived at his house, in the immediate neighbourhood, and that the train itself was only a mile or two below. Impatient to see my sister—for ten years have passed since I saw her—I accepted the invitation of the man to go home with him. He took me into the woods—to the place where I was found—and there, just as I was beginning to be suspicious of him, he assaulted me in the most murderous manner, knocking me senseless from my horse, and leaving me for dead. The next thing I knew was, that these men were moving me this way, having found me while searching for a young lady abducted from the camp."

"And who is the man who assaulted you?" cried a dozen voices.

Mr. Norwood gazed long and earnestly at Mr. Ellington, and then replied:

"This is the man!"

"Are you sure?" cried Colonel Cook. "Do you swear it before heaven?"

"I know it—I swear it! I noticed the very scar on his right cheek which you now perceive!"

There was a terrible commotion among the listeners—one of those wild and stormy tumults of passion, which no language can describe: hoarse shouts of vengeance, clenched hands, hot breathings, a swaying to and fro of forms, red and distorted faces, all the vivid and terrible features of an excited mob!

"One word more," said Mr. Morris, moving nearer to the witness. "Have you any idea whom our friends were seeking? The missing lady?"

"No, I had not inquired," was the hurried reply, "but you do not mean—surely it cannot be—"

He read the truth in her guardian's very attempt to

conceal it, and fell back on his litter, as unconcerned and motionless as a corpse.

Then arose a fierce outcry from those terribly frenzied men—a wild yell of vengeance and denunciation, which blanched the face of Mr. Ellington to a still more deathly pallor, and soon took an intelligible utterance in the one terrible word:

"Blood!"

The tumult was indescribable.

"Blood for blood!" cried Bill Larkins, in a hoarse voice than ever, as if the blood he craved were already choking him. "Death to the assassin! A rope and the nearest tree!"

The proposition was received with a storm of approving yells and shouts, and the whole crowd swayed towards Mr. Ellington. As his daughter sank senseless at his feet, and was snatched away to safety by Bill Larkins, a dozen hands caught the old man by his arms and shoulders, and hair and legs—wherever a hold could be obtained—and he was hurried toward the nearest tree, while half a dozen ropes appeared in the hands of as many willing executioners.

"Away with him!" yelled a score of voices. "A short shrift to the robber and assassin!"

It was in vain that Mr. Morris and Colonel Cook opposed themselves to the frantic crowd—the one in the name of mercy and the other in that of law and order: their objections and expostulations were unheard—they were swept away and hustled out of the central group—and half a score of eager hands hastened to place a rope about the victim's neck, and to accelerate his progress towards the tree!

CHAPTER XV.

PAULA'S RETURN.

ALTHOUGH Paula had not noticed the fact in her excitement, the ravine which had cut off her flight was thickly wooded with trees.

It thus happened that she was not seriously injured by the desperate leap she had taken, but, after lodging in the top of a hemlock, managed to descend in safety to the ground.

Her mind having been fully made up to a horrible death, it required a moment for her to comprehend her preservation; but, as soon as she could collect her thoughts, she moved slowly and silently forward among the bushes and under-brush, shaping her course towards the camp.

Once more hope reigned in her breast.

She could still hear the howling of the wolves, mingled with the muttered curses and exclamations of her enemy, and was materially guided by these sounds.

While Lorley was peering down into the treetops, and watching and listening for some sign of her, she had glided away under the thick branches of the evergreens, and was now fairly on her way to the camp.

"Free, free!" was the joyful thought that thrilled her at every step, as many pains as she suffered from the injuries she had received.

The only peril now to be apprehended was from the wolves, and this was soon passed. They were mostly gathered under the cliff where the horse had fallen, and she soon left them far behind.

As the moon was high in the heavens, its position, now that she had once seen the camp, gave her all the assistance required in directing her steps.

She went on through the woods rapidly and hopefully, and ere long permitted herself to look upon her eventual safety as a fact she could cherish.

The actual distance of the Junction from the precipice was two or three miles, and there were such difficulties in the way—rocks, brushwood, hills and ravines—that she made quite a long journey on her return; but at last, joyful moment! she came within sight of the camp.

Loud and excited voices had fallen upon her ears long before she emerged from the forest, and by the time she reached the edge of the woods, the din and tumult had become as terrible as strange.

She beheld an angry crowd of men, a motionless figure in their midst, and other men who were shouting themselves hoarse, in an effort to make themselves heard, and then, horrible sight! she perceived that as execution, in the style of the border-lynchers, was about to take place.

"Father of mercy!" she murmured, as she momentarily paused, and gazed upon the frightful spectacle. "Can it be that this is our camp?—that these are the waggoners I left? Perhaps they have all been taken by the Indians, who are now filling their place!"

For a brief interval, while endeavouring to perceive the features of the scene, she remained motionless. Then the voice of Bill Larkins was heard, as he placed the rope over the limb and cried:

"Up with him, boys! Hanging is too good for the rascal!"

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Paula, at the top of her

voice, not knowing who the victim was or what were the circumstances of the affair, but feeling, with a woman's true sympathies, a repugnance and horror of the violence taking place before her. "Help! Mercy! Stop!"

Her cries were overheard—not by any of the immediate actors in the attempted execution, but by a few individuals who had walked in that direction to avoid participating in the expected tragedy.

These persons recognized Paula, and the air was instantly rent with shouts:

"Hold on, there! Stop that business. It is nothing less than murder! Here is the woman!"

Panting and exhausted, but hurrying as fast as she could, Paula drew near the camp, assisted by the friends she had encountered. This new feature of the proceeding soon attracted the attention of a portion of the waggoners, and the operation of hanging Mr. Ellington was momentarily suspended.

"What is this?" cried a score of voices. "A woman?"

A moment later, as Paula approached, there was a general cry of recognition from the crowd, and the immediate companions of the weary girl again shouted: "Here's the girl! Here's Paula!"

A profound silence reigned for a momentary interval, and then such a shout of welcome arose as had never before been heard in that spot.

Paula was caught in the arms of half a dozen rough but whole-souled fellows one after the other, and finally deposited by a considerable waggoner in the arms of Mr. Morris, who had become so moved by the unexpected return of his ward that he was not able to utter a word.

"Three cheers for the glorious little Paula Norwood!" cried Bill Larkins, than whom she had no better friend among her many rude admirers. "And now let's know where she has been all this while, and how she has made her way back to us."

"In the first place," rejoined Paula, as soon as she could obtain a hearing, "let me know what is going on here. Who is the man that was about to be hanged, and what has become of him?"

Mr. Ellington was led towards her. He had not once uttered a word of complaint, or made an appeal for mercy, while the terrible peril he had described was menacing him; but now, as his daughter recovered her consciousness and came to him, clinging to his neck, and the missing lady also made her appearance, a gleam of hope shot through his heart, taking the place of the stony fortitude he had maintained, and he wept like a child.

"This is the man," said several voices. "Tell us truly now, Miss Norwood, is he the person that made the assault upon you and Bill?"

"He?" said Paula, pityingly, as she shook her head. "What is his name?"

"Mr. Ellington."

"Well, all I can say is, that I never saw him before. He is not the man that assaulted me, although the villain was so disguised as to present a very good counterpart of this man. No, my friends, the real villain who has been committing all these outrages is a person known to most of you, as our late travelling companion—and is no other than Mr. Lorley!"

As profound as was the surprise created among the majority of the waggoners by these declarations, not a voice was raised in denial of the truth. A few further statements and explanations from Paula, and there was not a doubt remaining of Mr. Ellington's innocence. With that suddenness of transition peculiar to the emotions of a mob, the very persons who were the fiercest in their denunciations of Mr. Ellington were the first to seek to make him reparation.

While a number of Paula's overjoyed admirers and friends were engaged in carrying her about the camp, in a chair of state improvised for the occasion from a waggon-seat, another group were paying equal honours to Mr. Ellington. He was fairly carried upon the shoulders of those who, but a few minutes before, had been so ready to murder him; and so many were the kind attentions showered upon him and Rosalie, that both soon dismissed their late griefs, and smiled with the smiling and rejoicing throngs around them.

By this time Mr. Morris had recovered the use of his faculties, and commenced breaking to Paula the news respecting her brother. When he had duly informed her of all the particulars—that he was present, though seriously injured by his fiendish enemy—they both hastened to his presence.

We shall leave the meeting between the brother and sister to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say that Mr. Norwood was soon under the care of Paula and Mr. Morris; that Rosalie and Mr. Ellington remained with them, to hear an account of the adventures with which they had been so terribly connected; that the excitement soon subsided in the camp; and that a dozen of the waggoners soon started out in quest of Mr. Lorley, proceeding in the direction of the spot where he had been last seen by Paula.

CHAPTER XVI.

LORLEY IN A NEW GUISE.

WHEN the first horror of Mr. Lorley was passed after seeing Paula throw herself from the cliff, he made his way down into the ravine, from rock to rock, and from tree to tree, to learn her fate. He was surprised to find that she had disappeared, leaving no trace of her late presence but a few broken twigs and branches on the ground at the spot where she had fallen.

"I must say she has been singularly fortunate," he muttered. "I think she has finally escaped me!"

He dashed through the bushes with all the speed of which he was capable, even with a wolf or two reconnoitring at his heels, but saw no signs of Paula. The reason was simple, it being that he had gone about as much to the left of the true direction of the camp as she had gone to the right. When he had satisfied himself that the search was fruitless, he fell into an easy pace, and advanced in a direct line towards Mr. Ellington's cabin.

The reason of this step was soon apparent in his soliloquies.

"If she really gets off," he could have been heard saying to himself, "it is to be presumed that she can and will raise a hue and cry after me. It is even possible that the waggoners will turn out a force to hunt me down. However that may be, it is certain that I must have a horse. I would have saved that belonging to Norwood if I could have foreseen the loss of my own."

On reaching Mr. Ellington's cabin, he was surprised to find it dark and deserted. Not a glimmer of light was seen—not a sound indicative of its occupancy was heard.

"Abed, all of them," he soliloquised. "So much the better."

He entered the little shed and untied Mr. Ellington's horse, leading it out into the open air. He judged from its movements and appearance that it was a very good beast.

After a somewhat protracted search, he found a saddle and bridle, and at once placed them on the animal, fastening him as near the house as possible, that he might have him ready to mount at a moment's warning.

"Now, then, if I only had my saddle-bags!" he thought, looking towards the cabin. "I must have them, if it is a possible thing. Perhaps I can get them without being seen. As I live, the door is open! I left them under the foot of the old man's lounge."

He moved cautiously towards the building, resting his hand upon a concealed weapon, and pausing at every few steps to listen. He was not long in making the discovery that the cabin was deserted by all its late occupants—that not a soul remained on the premises.

"Strange!" he muttered. "Can it be that the old man has been arrested for some of my acts?"

He advanced stealthily into the main room or kitchen, on the first floor, and commenced groping for his saddle-bags near the spot where he had left them.

"Ah, fortunate as ever!" he ejaculated, as his hand rested upon them. "Strange what has become of that pleasant-looking family I saw here. It's more than probable that they are in trouble. If such is really the case, I can occupy this place for a brief season."

He went out of doors and passed around the cabin, listening occasionally and observing everything that met his eye, and then he returned with a satisfied air.

"The coast is clear," he thought. "I can cast off the last vestige of my old man here, and come out in a new guise."

He found some embers in the fireplace, and some pine-knots in a box at one side of the room, and soon had a fire lighted.

Discarding Mr. Ellington's coat, he soon transformed himself, with the aid of the feathers, paints, and half-civilized garments he produced from his saddle-bags, into an Indian of such characteristic personage, that he would not have known himself in a mirror if the metamorphose had been made during his sleep.

This was the new guise to which he had alluded.

"I suspected when I reached here that I should have to play Indian a little," he muttered. "After my non-success with the girl, it is pleasant to have such a resource as this to fall back upon. Ha, ha! how are you, Mr. Indian?" and he made a face at his reflection in the mirror. "Strange what a change a little paint and feathers can produce in a man's appearance! My own father wouldn't know me!"

He placed his discarded clothes in the saddle-bags, extinguished the fire, and passed out of the house towards the spot where the horse was standing. His manner became more and more jubilant at every step, and when he again found himself in the saddle, he muttered:

"This game is not yet settled. On the contrary, it is only just begun!"

He rode down to the shore of the creek, and looked across to the opposite bank.

"I think I'd better cross for an hour or two, to be out of the way of the fair Paula's knights," he said. "I can reconnoitre the camp effectually from the western shore."

Having no difficulty in finding one of Mr. Ellington's boats, Mr. Lorley made his way across the creek, leading his horse by the bridle. Replacing his saddle-bags and re-mounting, after securing the boat to the bank, he rode down the creek towards the Junction. As he approached, he beheld a number of men crouched in the bushes skirting the bank, just above the Pony Express crossing, and these persons, as he speedily discovered, by exchanging secret signs with them, were members of his band, as we will frankly state, since the reader is already aware that he had one.

The next moment Mr. Lorley was the centre of a group of thirty or forty armed horsemen, who hailed him as their chief.

"Well, well, boys," was his first salutation, "how do you happen to be here at this juncture? Nothing can be more fortunate. I want you—every man of you—and you couldn't have arrived at a more opportune moment, if you had rained down in answer to my prayers."

From these men, only a part of those Mr. Lorley had at his control, he soon learned the cause of their appearance at Horse Creek, at that moment. A company of infantry had been recently sent from the fort in pursuit of them, and, with the aid of a party of men from the Mormon territory, the band of Stropes had found the Laramie Plains too hot for them. Knowing that their leader was somewhere to the eastward of the fort, dancing attendance on a waggon-train, they had moved down in that direction to meet him, under charge of his lieutenant.

The meeting was pleasant enough.

After conversing sociably a few minutes with his followers, Stropes—or Mr. Lorley, as we will continue to call him—took his officer aside and addressed him as follows:

"Carl, as you have undoubtedly seen, the waggon-train is encamped the other side of the creek. I have found out that there is no money of any consequence in the party, but there is still property enough to pay us for taking it. In the first place, however, I am going across alone, to carry out a little operation that concerns me personally—the seizure of a young lady therein. After I have seized the girl, a party of her friends will go in quest of her, and then will be the moment for our attack."

Not an instant was lost by Mr. Lorley in carrying out this programme. Leaving his men where he had found them, he rode back, recrossed the creek, and rode slowly and cautiously in the direction of the waggon-train camp. When he had arrived within sight of it, keeping in the shadow of the forest, he dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and continued to advance on foot, with a cool audacity that was characteristic of him.

"Death or success!" was the expression that fell from his lips, in a fierce whisper. "I'll have that girl or die!"

Mr. Lorley had evidently decided upon his course of action, and as certainly had the daring courage and energy to carry it out.

The very fact of his coming alone, when he might have made an assault upon the train at the head of his band showed that no considerations of his personal safety influenced him, but that he was willing to run any risk to secure possession of Paula. In fact, his muttered soliloquy, as he stole into the camp, attested his boldness and self-reliance.

"It is a dangerous proceeding," he said; "but I could adopt no other. She might have been killed in a general attack, and that possibility is not to be admitted! I want her living in my hands. All the rest is nothing!"

The false declaration Mr. Lorley had made to his lieutenant, that there was no money in the waggon-train, suggests that he had some ulterior plans and purposes which he did not care to communicate to his followers. The addition he now made to his outspoken thoughts explained what these plans were.

"If I got this proud beauty in my hands," he muttered, "and the fifty thousand pounds belonging to the Mormons, I will leave Carl and the rest, cut the business, and be seen no more on the overland route. Now, then, for the decision! This way leads to death or to Paula!"

(To be continued.)

ENGLISHMEN will probably be surprised to know that they are "posted" as national defectors on certain parts of the Continent. A certain Belmontet is in the habit of delivering a yearly speech with the object of goading the French Government to make Eng-

land pay a sum of 600,000,000*fr.*, which he asserts that she owes to France. This year his speech is aided by a pamphlet, which has been published at Brussels, and which has been distributed to the members of the Corps Législatif. It bears the title, "Six Hundred Millions and More Due from England to France," and the motto, "England has Received—she must Restore." The name of the author is given as M. Charles de Saint Nexant, Doctor in Civil Law. The claim—farcical though it really is—is not put forward as a joke, but in solemn gravity.

ORIANA.

CHAPTER I.

And at evening, evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaeters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

In a soft, quiet twilight, before the moon had risen but a little way, a winding funeral procession passed slowly through the narrow streets of the village, down to the burial-place by the sea. The chant was low and melodious, for Italian voices sang; the air was sweet and pure, for it was the air of Italy.

As chief mourner in the procession, a young girl walked, with eyes looking sightlessly forward—dry eyes of unmitigated sorrow. Her hands hung clasped before her, her mantle swayed slightly back by the breeze, every fold of it seeming to express something of the unutterable sadness of the wearer.

It was to her mother's grave she was walking.

They had left the village and now turned toward the small churchyard on a little plat of higher ground close by the beach.

Unmindful of all, the girl did not see at the gate of a field by which they passed, a young man who seemed waiting for them. He followed them at a short distance, and when the priest's words sounded on the air, he stood back, listening, his eyes fixed on the fair, colourless face of the girl.

Had any one noticed the young man, one would have seen one of those handsome, peculiarly picturesque faces which are sometimes seen in Italy, not so often out of it. A true child of the South he looked, with olive skin and large, black eyes, glossy hair, and long, drooping moustache. He watched the form lowered into the earth. As he did so, his eyes grew dim with tears, he passed a white, jewelled hand over his face, as if to clear his vision for the girl who knelt by the open grave.

At last the people moved away; he saw the priest bend down and speak to the girl, but she only replied by a negative movement of the head; then he, too, went away, looking back several times, as if half minded to return. The mourner was alone—alone, as it seemed to her she must ever be.

It seemed a long time to the young man that he watched her thus, motionless and silent. Overcome by the agony of sympathy and love, he advanced to her side, and laying one hand softly on the bowed head, he said:

"Oriana, do not shut your heart to sympathy."

A long-drawn, quivering sigh from the parted lips was the only response from Oriana. The young man stood looking for a moment down at that marble face of sorrow, then his hand left her shoulder, and he sank on his knees beside her, holding the motionless, cold fingers of Oriana in a close grasp.

At last the grave-digger came to cover the grave. He had waited long, and was impatient to get home. From the open windows of the convent not far distant, could be heard the chant of nuns. The man rose to his feet, raising Oriana with gentle force to his side.

"God help you, Oriana!" he murmured, leading her slowly away, his expression growing more and more anxious as he watched the changeless countenance of his companion.

They entered the village by a different street, coming up to the home of Oriana through the garden at the back of the house. On the steps that led to the door sat a little girl, holding in her hand a tiny, exquisite bouquet. She rose as she saw Oriana, came to meet her, extending the flowers, saying, simply, "For you, signora."

"And from whom?" asked the young man, as Oriana took the blossoms and bent her head in thanks. She did not listen for the child's reply, and only Giulio, her companion, heard it.

"From Signor Glyndon," replied the child, in imperfect speech, blundering over the foreign name. But Giulio understood well enough, and his brows contracted as the girl skipped away.

Oriana paused on the threshold, Giulio on the step below. She rested her hand on his shoulder and looked at him for the first time that night.

"You are very kind, Giulio. Now leave me."

Her voice sounded strange and foreign to him.

"Pardon me, but I cannot leave you with that look on your face, that tone in your voice. Do let me come in for a few moments."

Oriana stepped back for him to enter. That she granted his request with indifference was evident to her companion; she did not oppose him because she did not care to summon strength to do so.

They entered the long apartment which had been used by Oriana and her mother as a sitting-room. There were many articles in the room; altogether, it looked more English than Italian, for Oriana's father, long since dead, was a wealthy American, who, travelling in Italy, had seen and loved the woman who had loved him as a fervent southern nature can love. It was from the grave of that wife and mother that Oriana now came, entering the room for ever desolated by her absence.

Giulio had hoped the sight of this room would have brought tears to the eyes of the girl, but she sank down on a couch by the window, her grey eyes dilated and full of suffering, but tearless. Giulio's heart throbbed with pain, he wished that by some sacrifice, some offering of what was his best and dearest, he might comfort this girl who controlled all his thoughts.

"For heaven's sake, Oriana, weep, O weep!" he exclaimed, when he had endured that tearless gaze so long that his pulses beat only to pain.

Oriana raised her eyes to his with a look that seemed to tell him he asked an impossibility. She was yet in that stage so dangerous to natures like hers, when grief preys on the sensitive heart, finding no outlet which relieves the shallower soul.

Giulio looked around the room; the guitar lay neglected on the table, the piano was open, strewn with unused music, its keys had been long silent. Giulio remembered the last song Oriana had sung to her mother before she left this room for her chamber.

With a half fear that she might think it sacrilege, but with faith in its power, he walked to the piano. The very genius of music seemed to descend upon him as he drew forth the first sounds of harmony. A true, music-souled son of Italy, song was his birth-right.

Many times had the old house listened to the melody of his voice, but it appeared that never before had his soul been so entirely fused into his music. He broke the spell that had frozen the tears of Oriana; it seemed to her that her very being would dissolve, melt away in that ineffable music of sorrow and memory.

Dim tears rose to her eyes and flowed fast over her pallid cheeks, her soul appeared leaving her; unable to bear the strange power that possessed her, she rose and walked to Giulio, she sank on her knees by him, resting her arms on the cushion of the chair her mother had occupied.

"Oh Giulio!" she whispered, breathlessly, "Cease! You kill me!"

Her head bent to the chair, her face hidden in the cushion, tears falling fast. Giulio turned towards her, his dark face illumined by a smile soft and sweet. He had ceased singing as soon as she spoke. Again he put a hand on the blonde hair, so lightly she would hardly have minded the touch, the other hand wandered over keys awakening all that sad and yet consoling sympathy that dwells in melody.

A few moments thus, then Giulio rose, looked down with a face like a benediction on Oriana, who did not raise her head, then he went away, walking slowly with eyes fixed on the ground, not noticing the people he met. At the corner of the street some one brushed rapidly past him with a hastily muttered "Pardon!"

Giulio raised his eyes and looked after the man. As he looked, his face grew darker, his hand, thrust into the breast of his coat, clasped tightly. The bright hair, blue eyes and proud face of the man who had just passed him, made it easy for Giulio to recognize in him the Englishman, Robert Glyndon, the man who had sent the flowers to Oriana Mervale.

Glyndon stopped at the home of Oriana. Giulio turned and sauntered back, wishing to see if he were admitted. No, the servant who answered the summons refused to admit him; Giulio heard her say her mistress could see no one. He saw Glyndon walk away with disappointed face. The presence of the young Englishman had disquieted Giulio for months past.

He was more grateful than ever that circumstances had given him a freer access to the home of the Mervales, for his father had been friend and confidant of Mr. Mervale, and since the death of the latter, his wife had never suffered the intimacy to grow less.

A few hours later, Giulio, loth to leave the quiet, moonlit beauty of the night, wandered down to the beach, finding in the subdued peace of the sea nothing which grated upon his thoughts. His eyes were turned toward the water with that dreamy gaze which does not see material objects. His heart, full of the con-

sciousness of a fair, exquisite face with grey eyes and golden hair, was more susceptible than ever to the influences of the scene.

Looking straight out over the water, he suddenly became aware that, a little way from the shore, there floated and rocked a small row-boat. There was but one person in it, a man, who leaned on the boat's edge, one hand trailing in the water. Something in the figure of the man seemed familiar, but Giulio could not recognize him. Now that he had seen the solitary boatman, Giulio could not withdraw his gaze, but watched him as he would have watched a bird swaying idly on the smooth sea. Suddenly, startled by the splash of a fish close by his side, the boatman started in such a manner that his tiny, shell-like craft tipped over and precipitated its occupant into the sea.

"Not much of a boatman," thought Giulio, wondering how the man would right the boat, and knowing from experience that it was almost impossible to get into one of those boats, as this man would have to get in, without capsizeing it.

"Can you swim?" he shouted, running down to the water's edge, casting off his coat as he went.

"No," was the answer, and even in that one word Giulio detected a foreign accent.

"Then steady yourself by the boat till I get to you,"

Giulio, as expert a swimmer as years of familiarity with the sea could make him, ran into the water and struck out for the waiting man. As he approached nearer, the moonlight revealed the features of Glyndon. He refrained from uttering the exclamation that rose to his lips, and came up silently to his side.

"Remain perfectly quiet, and I will take you in shore," Giulio said, as he reached Glyndon's side.

Glyndon's face changed perceptibly as he saw now who had come to rescue him. He looked as if he would have preferred remaining there.

"Am I to be saved by you?" he exclaimed.

Giulio, resting one hand on the overturned boat, replied with coldness, "That is as you please."

"Not as I please, but as I must," replied Glyndon. "I do not wish to drown here, so I will accept your aid."

Giulio, looking at him, felt how disagreeable was the position of his rival, and pardoned him his words and manner. When they reached the shore, Glyndon said:

"You comprehend how unfortunately I am situated; you have now saved my life, a life that I shall employ in trying to win her love, and to succeed would make you miserable. I am not magnanimous."

Giulio made a gesture of impatience.

"Do you imagine I wish to lay a penance on you in payment for this trifling service I have rendered you? We can never be friends."

Giulio's tone and manner were haughty and repelling. He moved away as he ceased speaking, and Glyndon, looking after him, said, with an oath:

"You speak true, signor; we can never be friends."

The words were uttered low, and Giulio, striving off, did not hear them. The gleam in the blue eyes of Glyndon was malicious and savage, and the burning eyes of Giulio were not more kind. Under other circumstances, the incident would probably have awakened a friendship between the young men, but it appeared only to have kindled into flame the smothered fire of rivalry.

"Glyndon's is a new face, and a handsome one," Giulio thought, with bitterness, "and I have heard no word of love from Oriana."

And he walked slowly home, looking earnestly up at the embowered window of Oriana's room, and seeing the faint outline of a graceful, motionless figure sitting in the flickering moonlight.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
They'll sing through death who sing through night,
They'll sing and stan me in the tomb—
The nightingales! the nightingales!

It was perhaps a month after her mother's death that Oriana, oppressed and wearied by the morbid stillness of the house, wandered first into the garden, and finally across the fields to a small grove through whose leafy alleys the sea could be seen.

Evening was coming on, and Oriana's faithful maid, watching her moving slowly along the path, silently followed her, keeping quite a distance for fear of intruding.

At the outer edge of the grove, close by the steep, rocky shelf that went into the sea, Oriana stood leaning against a tree, her cloak wrapped closely round her, her face turned toward the water—motionless, silent.

Among the trees, melodious nightingales sang through the night, and pierced with their music the heart of the girl.

Like all sensitive natures, everything beautiful, everything exquisite, reminded her all the more

powerfully of her sorrow, at the same time that it pleased her presence.

Now, bewitched with the unspeakable beauty of the soft-stared evening, made captive by the birds, she yet never felt more utterly inconsolable than at this moment, when all her senses were flooded with loneliness.

While she swung back the garden gate, a man was walking rapidly along the narrow street that led by the back of the Mervales' house. He was just turning into the avenue that would lead him to the front of the house, where he could request admission, when the click of the gate made him turn and watch Oriana as she went away.

After a moment's thought, he sauntered after her, reaching circuitously the place where she stood, and avoiding the observation of the maid who sat a short distance from her.

He watched the girl's face with an intensity which in itself would have awakened the notice of a less absorbed heart. The fair, haughty face of the man grew interested and passionate as he looked. From the careless attitude he had at first taken, he changed to one of suspense and expectation; the light came he carried was grasped with nervous tightness.

"To think," he muttered below his breath, "to think that girl can decide my happiness. I possess the power to be good or bad, just as she decides. And I am not humiliated by that fact—Oh, I am proud to love her!"

With eager eyes, and one foot advanced, he said in English, in a low voice:

"Miss Mervale?"

Oriana did not hear or heed. He repeated the words, and, as she turned her head in a sort of slow surprise, he came to her side.

"I was going to call on you this evening, and seeing you come up here, I was bold enough to follow; am I pardoned?"

His voice was entreating and musical. Oriana had already turned her eyes again to the sea. She replied in an indifferent tone:

"I excuse you."

A shade of some sort passed rapidly over Glyndon's face. It seemed to him that she was hardly conscious of his presence. Desperately he resumed:

"I ought to leave this place in a day or two, but you hold me, as you have held me for these months past—"

Oriana turned her face quickly toward him; the inflection and emphasis, even more than the words, rendered her mute with astonishment, and some feeling she could not name, but which depressed her terribly.

"You have kept me, Miss Mervale, you—for I love you; I ask you to marry me."

Glyndon's face was white with excitement, his words were warm with passion. Like snow, soft but cool, were the words of Oriana. She, too, spoke in English.

"You think you love me, Mr. Glyndon?"

"Think I love you?" he cried, his face flushing suddenly and vividly.

A sigh, weary and heart-sore, passed through the parted lips of Oriana.

"You think me harsh and cruel, but I am not. Years from now, you will know that you do not love me, because—I do not love you."

Glyndon looked at her a moment in silence. At first his fierce soul rose in passionate anger, then it fell to despondency. He could not urge his suit to such a face as that. He took one of her hands, looking into that face so coldly kind. For an instant his voice refused to obey him.

"Miss Mervale, you wound me to death!" at last he cried, and dropping her hand he walked rapidly out of sight among the trees. He paused on the other side the grove, and threw himself on the turf. The nightingales sang to him and made his heart bleed. Pride and love were both wounded, but he thought it was only love, and he suffered more than he had ever suffered before.

Oriana, standing still near the sea, was even more wretched than ever—she had thought herself as unhappy as possible. Finally, anxious for her mistress, the servant came to her side. Without objecting, Oriana obeyed the girl's suggestion and went home.

"I cannot sleep," Oriana said to herself, as she laid her head on the pillow, but the lashes fell, her thoughts wandered, and deep sleep came to her.

The bell of the convent by the sea had rung the hour of eve. The smaller bells of the village had struck. Silence, save the birds and insects, was in the little wood.

Glyndon had not gone back to the village; he had returned to the place where he had spoken to Oriana. He felt that all places, save this, were hateful to him; when he left this quiet, odorous grove, he wished he could fly from Italy, not travel through it, with

every beautiful spot reminding him of that which he could not win.

"I will go to Leghorn early in the morning," he thought, "and take ship for somewhere."

With this thought in his mind he looked down toward the home of Oriana, but he could not see it. As he looked, he saw, stealing noiselessly between the trees, a dark draped form that came on without a moment's pause or hesitation. And as it came nearer, he instinctively drew back from his position, and a look of intense astonishment overspread his face.

In that grace of movement and figure, he now thought he recognised Oriana Mervale. At length she stood by the same tree she had left early in the evening.

She wore the same cloak, she looked precisely the same as when he had seen her there a few hours before, but when at last she turned her head so that he saw her face, that rapt, introverted, unseeing look revealed that she was not awake, that she was a somnambulist.

Glyndon became unquiet and anxious; he resolved to remain and watch her movements; he feared anything from such a sternly-set face, such blind, out-looking eyes.

But at present she was perfectly quiet; the air from the sea blew her loosened hair back from the smooth, snowy forehead, but it failed to bring the slightest colour to cheek or lips. There had been a moment's hush in the bird-singing, when suddenly in the foliage of the tree by which she stood, there burst forth a prolonged cry of passion and of sorrow from the heart of the invisible nightingale.

Oriana did not hear it, for she was not awake, but her soul heard it, and was pierced with anguish and despair.

With a sudden, quick movement, she started forward to the edge of the precipice that shelved into the sea. One instant she stood poised on the edge, with arms extended toward the death that seemed to await her—the next, Glyndon held her fast in his arms, his heart palpitating so furiously with the suddenness of the danger, that he could hardly hold her.

Oriana's eyes suddenly gained light and intelligence, and in answer to the frightened questioning which instantly appeared in them, Glyndon said:

"You came here in your sleep. Fortunately, I had remained here since the evening."

They were still standing so near the declivity that Oriana glanced down to the dark waters beneath. Glyndon could not repress a shudder as he said:

"You were about to leap off there."

Oriana, who stood a step withdrawn from him, looked up at him with sudden, irrepressible tears in her eyes.

"Thank you," she said, in Italian.

Glyndon did not know that in her moments of greatest emotion Oriana always spoke her mother's language.

"I will accompany you home," he said, with that courteous distance of manner so peculiar to Englishmen.

The sudden suffusion of the beautiful eyes of Oriana had affected him so powerfully that he assumed coldness as a defence against himself.

They walked in silence; as they reached the garden gate and Glyndon held it open for her, a rapid step sounded behind them, and Giulio came up, and passed through the gate, as Oriana gave her hand to Glyndon at parting.

It was a murderous look that was on Glyndon's face as he went away.

Oriana's hands trembled as she turned to go up the path to the door. Giulio stood waiting for her. He spoke:

"I might apologize for this untimely visit, but, returning from a business appointment which detained me, I saw you just coming in from a walk, so I knew, of course, you would not refuse me."

They entered the deserted sitting-room of her mother as he ceased speaking.

Oriana lighted the lamp that stood on one of the tables, then she sat down on a seat by the table, exhausted, but terribly excited.

With an effort, she finally raised her eyes to the face of the man who stood near her.

That face was pale and transparent, the eyes dilated with torture and blazing lightnings; the white hands of Giulio hung tense and clasped.

"If any man tells me he saw you out to-night, Oriana, I shall kill him!"

Giulio's voice was full of smothered passion; he felt that he must speak, but to speak was agony.

Oriana still looked at him, that strange inscrutable look which sometimes comes to a woman's face, but which is never a sign of coldness, though so often translated thus.

Giulio suddenly clasped his hands together, with the passionate gesture of the South.

"Oriana! Oh, my love, you have made my life horrible to me! To die would be happiness. There is no torture like this."

Mercurial, impassioned, fierce, yet with an exquisite chord of tenderness, Giulio's voice vibrated in the heart of Oriana. A faint red surged over her face, then went back to her stifling heart. Giulio saw it; he struggled for an instant to speak, and at last said, in the tones of despair itself:

"Ah, you love! That love will teach you how to pity me, who love in vain, but even in this misery do not call myself utterly wretched. Can I ever draw consolation because I possess the power of loving you? Oh, notwithstanding what I have seen to-night, I still think you the noblest and best of women."

With all the impetuosity of his nature, Giulio had already rejected as unworthy the suspicion that Oriana could be guilty of any impropriety, rejected even in the face of what seemed evidence.

Oriana thought her heart was breaking with the tenderness and love which possessed it. Reaching her hands toward him with an irresistible gesture, she said:

"Giulio!"

Obedying that movement and that voice, Giulio fell on his knees by Oriana.

"Oh, you bless me," he murmured. "Can it be—you do not love him?"

It was an ineffable smile that came to the lips and eyes of Oriana. She bent her head toward him, her unbound, perfumed hair touching his forehead, her breath sweeping softly over his lips.

"Yes, it can be," she whispered; "I do not love him—I love you, Giulio."

Half an hour later, standing at the long, open window that looked into the garden, Oriana watched Giulio as he walked away, and inhaled as she looked the damp fragrance of the greenery and flowers—heard the incessant bird-calls. To her mind came those words of her who lived in Florence, words she had heard from the mouth of her Tuscan mother when the two had coned the precious poems together:

The cypress stood up like a church
That night we felt our love would hold,
And saintly moonlight seemed to search
And wash the whole world clean as gold;
The olives crystallized the vales'
Broad slopes until the hills grew strong:
The fancies and the nightingales
Throbbled each to either, flame and song.
—We scarce knew if our nature meant
Most passionate earth or intense heaven.

C. E.

SCIENCE.

HITHERTO the Prussians have alone possessed the secret of manufacturing the fuminating substance used by their infantry for the needle guns. Numerous experiments have been made in other countries to discover the substances used, but without success. M. Corda, of Altona, has now composed a substance of that kind, which not only produces an instantaneous explosion, but is not affected by damp.

THE tinctorial power of the salts of magenta is something marvellous. Mr. Field stated, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, that no dye he had examined, whether from the animal, vegetable or mineral world, could bear comparison for one moment with this crimson colour obtained from aniline. One grain in a million times its weight of water gives a pure red; in ten millions, a rose pink; in twenty millions, a decided blush; and even in fifty millions, with a white screen behind the vessel in which it is dissolved, an evident glow.

HOW THEY DO IT.—In boring a well a correct journal is kept, showing the different kinds of rock and earth passed through, and the exact points where watercourses, gas, or shows of oil are found. If a large vein of oil is struck the well is immediately tubed with a 2in. or 2½in. iron pipe, put together in sections. The water from watercourses and the surface water is prevented from flooding the well by means of a leather bag, called a seed bag, filled with flax seed, which is placed on the outside of the tubing, and within the earth chamber below the watercourses. When the flax seed becomes saturated with water it swells, and completely shuts off all communication with the bottom of the well on the outside of the tubing.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—The atmospheric railway proposed to be laid down along the banks of the Thames is neither more nor less than the invention of the late Mr. Vallance, the well-known banker at Brighton. Thirty or forty years ago that gentleman laid down an experimental vacuum railway of one quarter of a mile in length, of the full size, and carried passengers up and down for some time very successfully. The only difference in detail between the

present plan and the former is, that the exhaustion is intended to be applied at one end only, and pressure for the return trip, a variation that will not ultimately be found to answer, the object in the present plan being evidently to avoid the expense of an exhauster at each end. In practice, however, there is a very great difference between exhaustion and compression. In the former case the action seems to be instantaneous, while in the latter the effect is unaccountably retarded, owing perhaps to the elasticity of the atmosphere combined with the friction in the tube. Under the compressed system, it has been found that if the pipe of communication be sufficiently long, the most powerful force blast will not blow out a lighted rush-light placed at the further end.

BLASTING.—A notable result of gunpowder blasting has been witnessed at the Colerow Granite Works, belonging to the Treffry estate, situated about one mile from Par Station. The granite rock operated upon measured 56 ft. in length, 55 ft. in width, and 16 ft. in height. The hole was bored near the centre of the rock, about 16 ft. in depth, and charged with about 30 lb. of the "patent safety blasting powder," from South Down. The result was that the quantity of rock fairly disengaged was 3,520 tons. Scarcely any noise was made by the blast, although the rock was rent in the form of a T, from top to bottom, and lifted as by a lever from its bed.

NEW CALORIC ENGINE.—A caloric engine, which possesses some peculiarities, has been recently invented in Germany. Its principle consists in pumping atmospheric air into an air-tight furnace, for the support of the fuel, which is introduced previously, and must be, from time to time, renewed. The combustion is effected within a fire-place of refractory clay, surrounded at some little distance by the closed cylinder which constitutes the furnace. The atmospheric air keeps the fuel in a state of such intense ignition that, at a pressure of four atmospheres, it will fuse wrought iron, and will change cast into malleable iron; it is, at the same time, greatly expanded by the high temperature. The gaseous products of combustion, mingled with a small quantity of steam—introduced chiefly with the object of lubricating the pistons—move two pistons of peculiar construction. After doing its work, the heated air passes into the atmosphere perfectly free from smell. There is a great tendency in this engine to acquire a very high velocity, since the combustion augments in intensity in proportion to its speed.—*Artisan.*

THE SILKWORM IN SMYRNA.—The *Journal de Constantinople* has just published the following information, received from its Smyrna correspondent, about the epidemic that has made such havoc among the silkworms in the neighbourhood, and the means by which the evil has been overcome. The immense losses that the epidemic among silkworms has caused the breeders during the last few years throughout the province have made them search earnestly for a remedy. The indigenous eggs would no longer produce anything; those which were imported from Thessaly, Macedonia, the island of Crete, and several other provinces of the empire, did not promise much advantage, as they contained in themselves the germs of the malady. They were hatched very unequally, despite all the precautions that had been taken, and the silkworms which they produced died before undergoing the second change, so there is no hope this year from these specimens. Some eggs, received in small quantities from Italy, and which came from those originally imported from Japan, were those that gave the best results. Their hatching was perfect, the silkworms produced were healthy, they grew much more rapidly than the other specimens, and they reached the third change in good condition; therefore, all the growers who know their own interests get their eggs from Japan.

A NEW INFERNAL MACHINE.—We have received the following letter from Toulon dated the 11th inst., describing a new and very destructive infernal machine: "The Maritime Powers, who spend fabulous sums in order to discover a system of iron-plating for rendering vessels invulnerable, seek at the same time the means of destroying them as quickly as possible. It is with the latter object that a decisive experiment was made here this morning of an electrical machine invented by the Maritime Prefect, a Vice-Admiral. The result exceeded all expectation, and henceforth, thanks to the new infernal machine, we shall be able to dispense with all dykes, batteries, and other old expedients hitherto employed for the defence of the ports and roads of the empire. If even an enemy's squadron venture to come before a French port it will be easily pulverised before having time to fire a single cannon-shot. This was demonstrated to-day by the fact that an old ship, twenty-five yards long by ten broad, was raised from the water, shattered to fragments, and sunk in less than a second at a simple signal of the inventor. The destructive effects of this machine are so terrible that it was allowed there was

no iron-clad vessel solid enough to resist such a shock. What is very remarkable in this new engine of war is that it is not necessary for the enemy's vessel to strike it in order to produce the explosion, as with the Russian and American submarine torpedoes. The French system is surer, and, above all, more expeditious. The electric spark reaches the enemy's vessel and destroys it with the rapidity of lightning.

FACETIÆ.

WHY was a cabman constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot?—Because at the best of times his business is at a stand.

WHY is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards?—Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves.

"**JOHN,**" said a troubled mother to her husband the other day, "I do wish that George was a girl. If he was a girl I think that he would be a nicer boy than he is now!"

"**STEEL** your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I would much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

A FEW days since a fellow was tried for stealing a saw, but he said he "only took it in a joke. The justice asked how far he had carried it, and was answered, "About two miles."—"That is carrying the joke too far," said the magistrate, and committed the prisoner.

A COUNTRY gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbour. "What! yow idle dog, asleep!" said the master. "You are not worthy that the sun should shine on you!" "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

A MORNING CALL

Mrs. and Miss Fitz Phipps looking out of parlour window:
Miss F. P. (to her mamma): "La! there is that horrid Mrs. Snoodle at the door."

Enter Mrs. Snoodle:
Mrs. and Miss F. P. (both exclaiming): "My dear Mrs. Snoodle, how glad we are to see you. We were just talking of you and hoping you would call soon."

Mrs. S.: "Thank you, I am very well, with the exception of my old complaint, the rheumatism."
Mrs. F. P.: "Indeed I pity you, for I know you never complain without a cause."

(Desultory conversation respecting the weather and hatching of chickens in Dutch ovens, including a bursting lunch of a glass of sherry and sponge biscuit.)

[Exit Mrs. S.]
Mrs. and Miss F. P. (exclaiming): "How glad I am the horrid old woman has gone! What a time she always stops, and invariably takes something to eat and drink."

A WELL-KNOWN banker, whose lower extremities were much afflicted with gout, was accosted one morning on the way to his office by an Irish beggar-woman for alms. He sharply refused her; but, undaunted, she made another appeal to his feelings by heaving a deep sigh, and adding: "Ah! if your honour's heart was as tender as your toes, you would give me something."

WHAT HAPPENED TO A QUAKER.

ABOUT thirty or forty years ago the following incident is said to have happened:

A quaker who was considered well off, being possessed of a goodly portion of this world's goods, fell in love with a widow who kept a china shop not far from his residence.

Friend Broadbrim used to visit the widow on the sly, for he durst not do it openly, for fear of incurring the censure of his brethren of the faith, the object of his admiration not being a quakeress. Accordingly he managed things in an underhand manner.

The widow, who no doubt would have liked to marry him for his money, soon found out that was an ultimatum which could never be attained, as Mr. Quaker stood in such awe of the church that he was afraid to ally himself to the unrighteous. However, he made many efforts to convert her, but they were of no avail.

At last she began to grow tired of him, and to think what plan she could devise to get rid of him. One day, when he came to see her as usual, she told him to be sure and come to see her the next night, as she had something particular to say to him.

Early the next night our staid gentleman came along, and after looking around to see if the coast was clear, knocked at the shop door and was admitted by the widow, who, smiling, led him through the shop to her parlour at the back.

In the meantime she had let some of her friends into the secret of the quaker's visits, and had secured

their services to help to fix him; according she had some of them stationed upstairs above her own room, while others were posted outside.

The quaker was no sooner seated than he heard a strange noise overhead, and on inquiring what was the cause of it, was informed by the widow that she being poor had let out the upper portion of the house. Presently footsteps were heard descending the stairs, and as the houses at that time were not built on the modern improvement plan, and a person who wished to go into the street or yard, would have to go through the lower rooms in order to do so, it was evident that whoever was coming downstairs would have to pass through the room in which the quaker and his inamorata were. This thought made the quaker feel rather nervous, in fact he felt very much frightened at the prospect of being seen and recognised in such a place and position, and audibly expressed his fears. The widow told him to go out into the lobby and she would let in the intruder.

As soon as he got into the shop, in which there was no light, somebody rapped loudly, and then opened the door, and the quaker, in his hurry to get out of sight, rushed in the dark against a heap of crockery standing on the floor, and as he was falling, happened to stretch out both hands to save himself, he grasped a shelf laden with crockery, which, giving way, came to the ground with him, making a most tremendous crashing noise. Poor fellow, he was literally buried in crockery.

The widow, when she heard the noise, rushed out, and seeing the havoc made in her stock-in-trade, commenced to cry piteously, calling the quaker by name, reproaching and threatening to sue him for her lost property.

As soon as he recovered himself he asked how much the crockery was worth; to which she replied, sobbing, "Four hundred pounds," which he paid without demur, sooner than be disgraced.

The widow could not but chuckle when she thought what a nice speculation she had made—her crockery not being worth more than ten pounds.

The last that was heard of that quaker was when he was cautioning his son in the following terms: "Samuel, Samuel, beware of the widows!"

A YOUNG writer in *Charivari*, with a large stone under his arm, was stopped the other day on the Boulevard by a friend, and asked what he was doing with the stone. He replied that he wished to sail his house, and had therefore got a sample of it with him in case he should accidentally come across a buyer.

The Parisian ladies have adopted a new method of silent language, and are able to tell the world by their waists the condition of their hearts—in a word, they have brought out a fashion which they call "Perfect Contentment Sashes," and it is to be presumed, as a natural consequence, that the larger the waist the more is their content.

The Emperor of the French is going to give the Parisians something novel in the soldier way to play with. The idea struck him while he was in Algiers that he would have a regiment or two of blacks of the most inky colour that could be found, and all to match. It will be a curious mingling of the colours of the population of the gay capital.

The Christmas bill which the Emperor Maximilian will receive from the Emperor of the French will run as follows:—His Majesty the Emperor of Mexico to Louis Napoleon (arranger of Foreign affairs in all directions—distance no object). For supplying man and means, and working the diplomatic oracle to enable you to obtain the Mexican throne, commission included, £13,080,000.

"**TO-DAY'S Times?**" said a boy selling papers last Saturday on the South-Western line; upon which a passenger, attempting a witticism, cried out, "What's the use of to-day's Times? I'll give you a shilling for to-morrow's!" and the boy immediately handed him the *Sunday Times*! The passenger refused to give him more than sixpence, but his fellow-travellers made him keep his word, and give the sharp-witted lad a shilling.

A DEY LEGACY.—Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I., was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent railery and practical jokes. Before he died he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drink. The servant concluded that something handsome had been left him; but, after his master's death, his disappointment was great in finding that his legacy consisted of nothing but a red herring.

LUDICROUS INCIDENT AT AN AUCTION.—During the present week Messrs. Ludlow and Daniell have been conducting the annual sale of unclaimed articles at the Goods Depot of the London and North-Western Railway, at Curzon Street, Birmingham. On Tuesday

the auction had drawn together a mixed assemblage, and in order to fix his eyes on the articles placed, as if by the touch of magic, under the auctioneer's hammer, a Jewish gentleman present clambered on to the top of a barrel. No one seems to have warned the gentleman of the contents of the barrel, and certainly few, if any, anticipated what followed. An article of a peculiarly enticing description was put forward. Competition was on tiptoe, as was also the individual on the barrel, when just as the auctioneer had pronounced the last of the seducing words, "Going, going, gone!" he—the individual on the eminence—was observed to apply the hint to himself and to disappear. On search being made it was found that he had passed through the cover of the barrel to the inside, which was nearly filled with oil. Of course he was taken out, but his appearance provoked much merriment. The laughter, we are told, was much increased by the individual expressing his determination to make a claim against the company for damages!

A PAIR OF SHOTS.—A Western hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet and one keg of powder. With these, he says, they killed on an average twenty-seven head of buffaloes a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following cross-questioning: "How did you kill all these buffaloes with only one bullet?" "Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffaloes per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

HOW TO GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—An M.P., who owned extensive estates, and possessed a considerable personal celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honourable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter I—, and what shall we do?—what shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate M.P., "just say she refused me?"

TITLES FOR OIL COMPANIES.—On account of the rapidity with which oil companies are formed, and order their engines, together with the difficulty they experience in procuring a good title for their company, as well as for their land, we respectfully submit a few "taking" names. The poet has said that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and so it might; but then we don't want to appeal to any sense of smell in an oil company, nor, indeed, to any sense at all; consequently, either for a good dinner or a good name, give us a big mouthful.—All-Oak-leather-rig-big-tank-and-derrick Oil Company; Horse-neck-and-heels-over-head-Burning Springs Company; Musk-rat-trap-and-cat-fish-creek Oil and Mining Company; Tar-pitch-and-turpentine-homestead-Petroleum Company; Tidont-Waiting-for-a-rise-on-the-flat Big Auger Company; Wither-up-and-wither away Oil and Mining Company; Big-Rock-on-which-the-Church-split-land-is-safe Oil Company; Hide-and-seek-farm land, Coal, Gold, and Petroleum Company; Jersey well-to-do-and-hope-to-do-well-Big Sandy Company; Athens-oil-and-Greece-Lubricating Coal Company; Jonah's-gourd-mining-and-some-Pumpkins Oil Company. The origin of the latter name may need some remarks by way of explanation, and especially to parties who go in on "ground floors," and are not supposed to be acquainted with the work from which this short biography is taken.

MAXIMS.

By our own Babbage.

It has been observed that two and two make four—but what for?

It is frequently argued that three twos make six; but then a rough sea-voyage will do the same.

The conjunction of four and four constitutes eight, but the union of a couple is not always productive of love.—*Fun.*

MUSICAL MEMS.—In composing a round you should always use circular notes. Why is the leader of the orchestra at the opera the most wonderful man of the age?—Because he beats Time.—*Fun.*

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A young friend of ours, whose opinions derive a tinge of bitterness from the beer he imbibes, says that although it is quite true that "one swallow does not make a summer," a summer like this makes one swallow—a good deal of liquid.—*Fun.*

DO YOUR DUTY.—We hear that Sir James Ferguson, Bart., M.P., intends to move for leave to

bring in a bill to repeal the duty on marriage certificates. A deputation of married ladies waited on the honourable baronet the other day, and suggested that the duty of obedience should also be repealed. The deputation tried to persuade Sir James to let them insert their clause in his bill, but he declined to let them have a finger in it.—*Fun.*

BY THE RIVER.

I stood upon the margin of a stream,
Watching the sunlight shadows dance and gleam
Upon its placid breast,
So calm in its sweet rest.
I threw a pebble half-way from the shore,
And saw its ruffled surface calm no more;
But tiny wavelets from the centre went,
And eddying circles with the shadows blent,
And such, said I, is life:
Sometimes all free from strife,
The heart reposes, careless, happy, calm,
Till some light trifle fills it with alarm,
A pebble in the stream.

A hazy cloud swept o'er the azure sky,
The stream grew dark as it passed swiftly by:
I saw the shadow there,
'Twas dark where once 'twas fair.
A little breeze came with the darkening cloud,
The willows on the bank before it bowed,
The troubled waters rippled 'gainst the shore,
And plaintive sighed—"We are at rest no more."
How much, said I, is this,
Like life's strange, fitful bliss:
A little cloud, a breeze, sweep o'er the sky,
And all our hopes and joys grow dark and die;
As shadow on the stream. J. G. E.

GEMS.

The weakest spot in any man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

WOMAN—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by standing in our own light.

PACK your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

It is easy enough to make sacrifices for those we love, but for our enemy, we have to struggle, and overcome self. Such a victory is noble.

STATISTICS.

The number of passengers conveyed on the Metropolitan Railway on Whit-Monday was 83,440. This is the highest number conveyed in one day since the opening of the line.

The annual amount of British produce and manufactures exported to the Russian empire from the United Kingdom is inconsiderable, taking into account the extent of its territory and the magnitude of our imports from that country. The declared real value of late years has scarcely averaged three millions sterling per annum. The amount in 1864 was 2,854,898*l.*, or 159,622*l.* more than in 1863, or 783,980*l.* more than in 1862.

A work recently published in Paris gives, professedly on good authority, statistics of the cost of the Crimean war to each and all of the powers who engaged in it. During the twenty-two months of the war the losses in killed, sick, and wounded, were, to France, 95,615 men; to England, 22,182; to Piedmont, 2,194; to Turkey, 35,000; and to Russia, 630,000, or, in all, 784,991. The same writer puts the expense of the war in money, including the cost of placing the Austrian Army on a war-footing, at no less than twenty-eight millions sterling.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO MAKE LEATHER WATERPROOF AND FOR SORE HANDS.—The following recipe is the best thing ever tried; it improves the leather, and is also the best thing for rough or sore hands, caused by binding wheat or husking corn. Take one ounce of the balsam of copalva, and one ounce of bees-wax, melt together and apply warm; rub it in with the hand.

NEW ADHESIVE TISSUE.—M. Fort, of Paris, proposes the following compound in lieu of the ordinary court plaster. Unlike the latter, it is flexible, not subject to cracks, and extremely cheap. Picked gum arabic, 75 grains; distilled water, 120 grains; glyce-

rine in sufficient quantity. The gum is dissolved in the water, and to this solution a proportion of glycerine is added enough to give the mixture the consistency of syrup. The solution is then spread with a camel's-hair brush on very smooth linen, which latter should be first gummed, to prevent the solution from running through the meshes. The operation should be done rapidly, and the number of layers regulated according to the thickness required. It should be cut into strips, and slightly wetted with water before it is used.

TO PRESERVE WOOLLENS FROM MOTHS.—The simplest and best way of preserving woollens through the summer from the destruction of moths, is to wrap them well up, after brushing and beating them, in cotton or linen cloths. The moths can pass neither. Two covers, well wrapped around, and secured from the air, will be sufficient. An old sheet will answer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen has now eight grandchildren, six of whom are boys.

The French think that it is as delicate a compliment to the Emperor of the French as has as yet been paid to him, *à propos* of the *Life of Cæsar*, that the Queen of England has placed the name of the English translator of his Majesty's work upon the list of those who are recipients of literary pensions.

The French papers speak, with what right we will not inquire, of a pretty thing said by the Prince of Wales to the Count de Langrange before the dinner to which the latter was invited. The Prince pointed to his necktie, blue and red, and the knot in it, and said, "Count, this is the knot which ties England and France together from henceforth."

A curious story is told of a marquis who let his house, in 1862, for 20,000 francs, on the condition that the rent should be doubled if Florence became the capital of Italy. That event having now occurred, the marquis claimed the fulfilment of the contract, but the tenant refused, on the ground that Florence had become the capital under circumstances which the marquis could not have foreseen when the contract was made. The matter was eventually brought before a court of law, and the marquis gained his suit.

TRAIN COMMUNICATOR.

An improved method of communication between passengers, guard, and engine driver of a railway train, has been invented and patented by Mr. J. C. Stovin, of White Lodge, Whitehead Grove, Chelsea. It consists of wood or other material, permanently fixed on the top, one, or both sides of the centre compartment of any carriage, opposite to which at a regulated distance, and fixed to a plate of metal, is an arm or signal, with the handle inside the centre compartment of the carriage, upon pulling which the arm is raised, bearing the signal requisite, that is, a lamp by night, or a circular disc by day, either of which would hang suspended from the cross bar or centre of the fork. The signal would be raised to the height requisite to make it visible to the guard from his raised box at the end of the train, or to the engine-driver, if so desired, from a looking-glass placed between the eyes of the wind-guard, or slightly elevated above it, so as to command a view of the whole length of the train. The engine driver, standing in his usual position, that is to say, with his back to the train, would in this glass see reflected the tops of all his carriages, and consequently the signal when raised. According to its colour it would indicate to stop at the next station or immediately. The same colour that indicated this to the engine driver would either tell the guard to come at the next station or immediately. To do this it would require the carriages to be fitted with two signals, of different colours.

Should one signal be considered sufficient, the centre lamp and socket, now used on each carriage, might be adapted for the purpose, and be understood, when raised extinguished by day, or lit up at night, as simply calling the guard. This plan would save all expense of extra lamps or signals. The signal, fixed over the centre of each carriage, could be used by passengers quite as effectively in any compartment of the same carriage; by turning the handle of a small rack wheel, connected with a strong wire, and conveyed through a brass tube to the centre compartment it would raise the signal as effectively as if the person turning the wheel had hold of the signal itself, and the stop on the wheel would secure it when raised. It is intended that the signal, when raised, should lean over from the engine, as its own form and the wind acting upon it would tend to keep it in its place until secured by a strap provided and fixed near the handle. This would be required for the centre compartment only.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMUS.—The Latin rendering of the words is "Amor pro amor."

INQUIRER.—Apply at the General Registry Office for Seamen, London Bridge.

ALEXANDRA.—The pay of all petty officers is regulated by their rating on the ship's books.

THIRIA.—Yes, you may call a cameo a gem; and also an intaglio. The handwriting is very good.

H. S. MARTIN.—We can only refer you to the notification at foot of this page, respecting MSS. forwarded to us for perusal.

AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN.—An application to the principal of the University in question will obtain for you all the desired information.

W. LEE.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the poem entitled "The Beauties of Nature," which is declined with thanks.

C. R.—Obviously, the best place to make the inquiry which you have put to us, is at the office of the railway contractors named.

C. W. S.—Covers for binding THE LONDON READER can be obtained direct from the publisher, or by order through any bookseller or newsdealer.

A CLERK.—The term "bank" comes from *banco*, a bench; benches being originally erected in market places, or other public resorts, for the convenience of money dealers.

FREDERICK H., a son of Neptune, who is twenty-one years of age, with fair hair and blue eyes, offers himself to any young lady who will favour him with a matrimonial communication.

KEMP.—The simple reason why discount is different from interest is that discount is the sum subtracted from any given amount before or when due, and interest is the sum added to an amount after it has become due.

O. C. L.—The term insect is applied to invertebrate animals, because it has reference to the insected, or divided, appearance of the body; hence in English we have insect, in French *insecté*, and in German *insecten*.

CAPUT.—The difference between the terms "idiotcy" and "fatuity" is, that "fatuity" is the state of defective intellect produced late in life, while "idiotcy" is the want of mental power originally.

H. B. C.—"Hue and Cry" was the old common law process of pursuing with horn and voice all persons accused as felons. The "hue and cry" has fallen into disuse; but it may still be legally raised.

J. W.—The properties of hydrogen gas are that it is colourless, inodorous, insipid, and resists condensation; it is indecomposable, and simple or elementary in its character. It is the lightest body in nature.

S. R. F.—Bride-cake originated in the old Roman custom, called "conferentia," or dividing a symbolical cake of wheat and barley between the husband and wife. (Hand-writing not good.)

A. Z.—"The golden rule" may certainly be used in the sense of "doing unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" but it is strictly understood to bear reference to the rule of three, on account of its universal use.

T. R. E.—We have only one rule respecting literary contributions forwarded to us for perusal; and it is plainly set forth at the foot of this page. We do not answer correspondents privately through the post-office.

W. SAVAGE.—There is not the slightest difficulty in finding a solicitor in whose hands to place your case; but as we never give the addresses of, nor recommend, professional men, we cannot otherwise assist you than by referring you to the "Law List" or the "Directory."

ELSIE, who is seventeen years of age, rather tall, of fair complexion, with brown hair, blue eyes, and is a very good-tempered, wishes to correspond with a gentleman who is tall, dark, and moderately good-looking, with a view to matrimony.

ALFRED S. and CHARLES W. have strangely mistaken the object and character of the matrimonial announcements in our columns. Their communication is of so widely different a kind, that we cannot comply with their request for its insertion.

O. N.—1. The least chapter in the Bible is the 117th Psalm. 2. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it. 3. The 19th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

B. R.—It is not strictly correct to say that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. He merely confirmed what was declared, but only partly demonstrated, by two medical writers (Servetus and Celsus), who wrote and experimented nearly a hundred years before him.

J. DILLMUE.—The reply given to "G. C. S." was correct. The early history both of clocks and watches is enveloped in so much obscurity, that it is impossible to point out with any degree of exactitude a particular period or date when they were invented. An author who has written more on the subject than any other person concludes his remarks with the belief—for which there appear to be good grounds—that the striking clock placed by Henry de Wyck on the palace of the Emperor Charles V. could not be considered the invention of one man or period, but the result of successive discoveries. You have confounded the meaning of

the two terms clock and horologium; the latter was well-known in very early times, but as the term was generally applied to a clock as well as a dial, nothing decisive can be inferred from its use; the conclusion being that a regulated horological machine is by no means of so ancient a date as some writers suppose.

O. J. W., who is nineteen years of age, rather tall, and good-looking, with dark hair and eyes, and respectfully connected, wishes to correspond with a young lady who is prepossessing in appearance, of a lively disposition, good-tempered, and belongs to a respectable family.

WILLIAM R., who is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with fair complexion, dark brown hair, and hazel eyes, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a young lady who is about the same age, good-tempered, well-educated, fond of music, and qualified to make home happy.

ALEXANDER would be glad to exchange *cartes* and correspond matrimonially with a young lady from twenty-five to thirty years of age, pretty, good-looking, religious, domesticated and possessing £200 or £300. Is a widower, thirty years of age, with one little girl, and has a good and respectable business in a town in Wales.

E. D., a young lady, eighteen years of age, wishes to exchange *cartes* and enter into a matrimonial engagement with a gentleman, not under twenty-two years of age. Is well educated, has dark hair and eyes, and is considered good-looking. The gentleman should be also well educated, tall, and good-looking.

IN THE NIGHT.

From far dim field and dimmer wood,
Slow shrouding all things from our view,
The wreathing mist of evening drew
Around, and wrapped as where we stood.

And like one sound of varied tone,
The murmur of a brooklet's fall
Came blended with the cornet's call,
O'er near home meadows yet unknown.

I spake, in answer to a charge—
"Of faults of youth say little, love—
Say nothing, for they nothing prove;
More thumb-marks on a page's marge.

"I have been somewhat weak, no doubt,
But the strong germ my spirit hold,
The kernel of true vigour—awaked,
And crowded aught of weakness out.

"Then what I was, but am no more,
Tell not, I say; nor even think
Of me as one who touched a brink—
A fatal brink—and fell not o'er."

She listened, looking through the night,
As if her fond and earnest gaze
Had pierced the dreamy evening haze,
And found some new far-off delight.

Then murmuring something soft and low,
She fondly crept into my arms,
Like one who fled from false alarms
Returns to find them doubly so.

And all that balmy summer eve,
Slow wandering through the woodlands wide
She nestled close to my side,
As though she'd never care to leave.

T. P.—No; "epoch" and "era" do not mean the same thing. An "epoch" is a certain point generally determined by some very remarkable event, from which time is reckoned; the years computed after that period are called an "era." Thus, the birth of Christ being an epoch, the years reckoned from that event are called the Christian "era."

SAMUEL A. is desirous of receiving a matrimonial introduction to a young lady, about sixteen to eighteen years of age, 5 ft. in height, and good tempered, &c. Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. height, tolerably good-looking, neither dark, nor fair, but having light brown hair and moustache, and being affectionate and very good tempered. *Cartes de visites* to be exchanged.

D. N. R.—The law affecting the use of locomotives on common roads will be much modified by the provisions of a bill on the subject, which has already passed the House of Commons, and will probably become law before the close of the present session of Parliament. It is entitled the "Locomotives on Highways Bill," and in it you will find all the information desired.

LILLIE, having a very natural objection to the "doom of old maidism," intimates that she would be happy to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with a gentleman, even though he were the very crustiest of bachelors. Is twenty-one years of age, but does not look more than sixteen, very petite, and considered very pleasant and propositional. ("Lillie" would not object to receive matrimonial overtures from "C. W. D." in No. 109.)

C. W. S., who is in a government situation, with a salary of £150 per annum, and has also the near prospect of succeeding to £500 a year, will be happy to exchange *cartes* and matrimonial communications with a young lady. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, with brown hair and blue eyes, is well educated, of gentlemanly appearance, and not of irregular habits. ("C. W. S." would be glad to hear from "Annie St. Clair," No. 110.)

H. W. ELLIOTT.—Candidates for appointment in the Department of Director of Engineering and Architectural Works in Somerset House, or the Royal Dockyard, are examined by the Civil Service Commissioners in writing from dictation, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), architectural drawing, English composition, and writing out a *précis*. To your other inquiry, apply at Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

INQUIRER.—Gold is nearly as soft as lead; its specific gravity is 19.3. It is so extremely malleable that one grain may be extended over fifty-six square inches of surface, gold leaf being about 1/280,000 of an inch in thickness. Gold is also exceedingly ductile, a single grain may be drawn out into 500 feet of wire; in point of tenacity it is inferior to iron, copper, platinum, and silver; a wire 0.789 of a line in diameter is capable of supporting about 150 lbs. In some descriptions of gliding, a grain of gold will cover about 40 square inches without leaving a single aperture bare that is perceptible to the naked eye or to magnifying glasses, or

discoverable by the action of aquafortis. A cubic foot would therefore cover about 402,640,000 square inches, which gives a thickness for the coating of gold of about 1-233,000,000 of an inch. Gold suffers no change by exposure to air or moisture, even when heated. It melts at about 2,016 of Fahr., according to Daniell's pyrometer, and when in fusion it is of a brilliant green colour. It is scarcely at all volatile, and may long be kept in fusion in a furnace without losing weight; but when it is melted by the heat of a lens, a plate of silver held over it at some inches distance becomes gilt by its vapour. It contracts more than any other metal in cooling, and crystallizes in octohedrons.

JUVENIS is anxious, with a view to a matrimonial engagement, to make the acquaintance of a lady who is between sixteen and eighteen years of age, a Protestant, pretty and amiable, a lady by birth and education, and who would be object to a long courtship. "Juvenis" is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height; says nothing on the score of personal advantages, but states that in a few years he will have a good income, and be able to supply all the comforts a wife may require.

A CALLEDONIAN.—There has been a world of controversy (which we cannot here go into) about the origin and meaning of the terms *Gael* and *Celt*; the latter term you may pronounce *Kelt*, if you like—that having been, indeed, the former pronunciation of it. The most probable origin of *Celt* is that which connects it with the Gaelic *ceall*, a wood; whence *ceallach*, a people dwelling in a wooded or country. This is also the origin commonly assigned to the term *Caladonians*, which is supposed to be *Caladonians*, literally "wood people."

L. C. S.—The rule for determining the Sunday dominical letter is simply this:—In our present calendar the days of the week are distinguished by the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F, G; and the rule for applying those letters is invariably to put "A" for the first day of the year, whatever it be; "B" for the second, and so on in succession, to the seventh. Should the first of January be Sunday, the dominical or Sunday letter for that year will be "A," the Monday letter "B," &c.; and as the number of letters is the same as that of the days of the week, "A" will fall on every Sunday, "B" on every Monday, &c., throughout the year.

J. J. L.—Glass may be gilt by the following simple method:—Dissolve some isinglass in water by means of heat, evaporate the liquid, and allow it to crystallize. Dissolve some of the crystal, and after making the mirror of the usual consistence of glue, dip into it a piece of clean chamois leather, which is to be drawn only once over the parts of the glass that are to be gilt. Lay on the gold leaf, which will adhere, and allow the whole to dry. On this coating of gold another may be placed, in a similar manner, being careful to draw the isinglass only once and lightly over the former coating. It will be generally necessary to repeat the process a third time.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

A. S. O. will be happy to exchange *cartes* and matrimonial communications with "D. E." (No. 101.)

FREDERICK W. is anxious to exchange *cartes de visites* with "Eliza" with a view to matrimony. Is twenty-two years of age, 6 ft. 6 in. in height, and considered good-looking.

D. H. will be happy to exchange matrimonial communications with "Wilhelmina." Is eighteen years of age, tall, fair, amiable in temper, and has received a good English education, but has no fortune.

S. E. P. is willing to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "A. B. C." with a view to matrimony, and would be object to an early marriage; is forty-five years of age, and has no income, but would make a kind and affectionate wife.

M. C., who merely intimates that she is good-tempered, well educated, and as the daughter of a highly respectable tradesman, possesses business habits, would have no objection to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with "Charles T."

"H. Y." would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "R. G." Is thirty-eight years of age, of medium height, with fair complexion; possesses a good temper and kind disposition, is well educated, respectfully connected, and is every way calculated to make his home happy.

A REPORTER will be happy to exchange *cartes de visites* with "Eliza," with a matrimonial view (or, in case "Eliza" does not respond, with any young lady who is affectionate and good-tempered). Is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and considered rather good-looking.

J. P. will be happy to enter into a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Edith." Is nineteen years of age, good-looking, of fair complexion, and blue eyes, with light curly hair, and can speak French and German fluently, and command an excellent situation with a salary of £200 a year.

MAMEE thinks she would make "R. G." a very suitable wife, being fond of, and having been accustomed to young children for many years. Is thirty-one years of age, 5 ft. 5 in. in height, of dark complexion, with brown hair, of a cheerful disposition, and very domesticated. *Carte de visite* required as a preliminary.

EDWARD and JOHN respond to "Rose" and "Lily." "Edward," who is twenty-one years of age, of middle height, considered good-looking, would like to commence a matrimonial correspondence with "Rose." "John," who is nineteen years of age, rather tall, and also considered good-looking, would prefer to correspond matrimonially with "Lily." Both are very respectable, and in good circumstances, and feel quite sure they would make good husbands.

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